

38



72-77a-P.E.M.
38
Reminiscences II
Forly
Genova

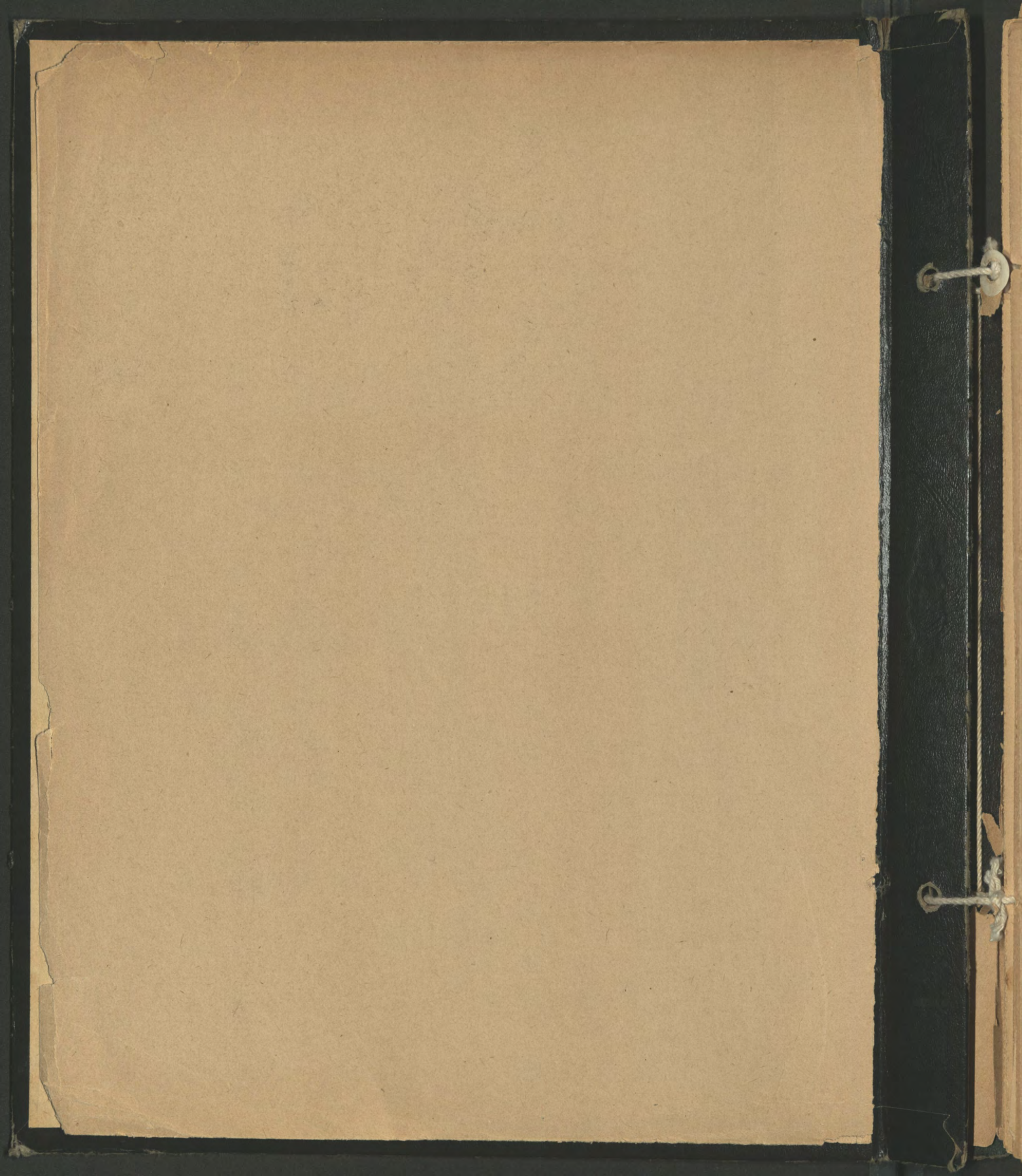
Scrap Book



Reminiscences

II.

General



Nantucket as a Visitor Found it a Century Ago.

We recently came across some pages from a magazine called "The Port Folio" which was printed just a century ago, and in it was a description of Nantucket as a visitor found it in 1831. A note at the bottom of one of the pages states that the "visitor" was the world-famous traveller Joseph Sanson, who wrote in Nantucket the nucleus for what the "Port Folio" called "one of the most entertaining articles it has presented to its readers for several months."

In contrast to the Nantucket of 1931 we feel that the description of the island written by Joseph Sanson a century ago will be even more interesting today than it was then.

A Description of Nantucket.

Nantucket constitutes a county of the same name, in the state of Massachusetts, containing eight or nine thousand inhabitants, who have a right to send nine representatives to the general court but they seldom think it necessary to depute more than one person, to attend to their interests at the seat of government; though the full extent of the elective franchise was lately exerted by the democratic party (which is here predominant) to influence some political question; and nine persons were chosen for legislators of the state, with as little regard to qualification for office, as is frequently displayed in some other parts of this land of freedom, to the great disparagement of universal suffrage.

The light house upon Nantucket stands in latitude 41.22, longitude 69.58. This singular island, which seems to have been designed by Providence, as a nursery for sailors, pilots, and fishermen, lies about eight leagues to the south of the peninsula of Cape Cod, and about seven to the east of the island of Martha's Vineyard. It is reckoned about ninety miles from Boston, and three hundred and eighty from Philadelphia.—Though little more than three miles in breadth, it is not less than fifteen in length, from east to west, with a long sandy point, stretching to the northward; which makes a fine road for ships, on the north side of the island, except when the wind is at northwest. The harbour is a fine natural basin, about a mile over, and 12 or 15 feet deep; but a bar of sand stretches quite across the mouth of it, on which there is but 7 feet of water at ebb tide, which renders it necessary to unload large vessels by means of lighters.

The town was originally called Sherburne after a seaport of that name in Dorsetshire, G. B., but as there is no other place of any consequence upon the island, the distinctive appellation is lost in the general name of Nantucket. It is pleasantly situated upon a gentle slope, on the southwest side of the harbour, surmounted by a row of windmills, and flanked, to the right and left, by extensive ropewalks. There is generally 15 or 20 sail or square rigged vessels in port, with twice or three times that number of coasters, presenting a lively scene, as you enter from sea; the stores and houses, which are built of timber, being mostly painted red, or white, and crowned by the steeples, or rather towers, of two presbyterian meeting houses.

This town has the honour of giving birth to the maternal grandfather of the great Franklin, his name was Peter Folger, and the doctor tells us, in the interesting narrative of his early life, that he was thought to have inherited from this ancestor some traits of his disposition. He was a writer, and dates a poetical effusion, upon some local subject, with the public spirit so characteristic of his grandson,

"Your friend, who means you well."
"From Sherburne, where I dwell,

The whale fishery, upon which Nantucket depends, and which gives a peculiar character to its inhabitants, who are reckoned the most expert whalers in the world, is said to have been first attempted, about the year



1690, in boats, from the shore. In 1715 they had six sloops in the trade; and from 1772 to 75 the fishery employed 150 sail, from 90 to 180 tons, upon the coast of Guinea, the West Indies, and Brazil. The Revolution put a stop to this prosperous commerce, and it did not immediately revive upon the peace of 83; in consequence of which many families removed to Kennebeck, New Bedford, Hudson's River, North Carolina, and other places on the continent; but their place has been since amply supplied by new comers, who flocked thither from different parts, on the revival of trade, under the new constitution.

A number of families, under the direction of the respectable William Rotch, had gone over to France at the invitation of the then prime minister, the count de Vergennes, to prosecute their useful occupation with peculiar privileges and immunities, at Dunkirk; but the revolution which hurled Lewis XVI from the throne taking place soon after, prevented their intended establishment; and the greater part of the adventurers happily returned to their own country, where some of them in their native place, and some at its thriving colony of New Bedford (distant 60 miles) have ever since pursued their favorite occupation; and, having chased their gigantic game out of the Atlantic, now pursue the flying whale into the great South Sea, frequently doubling Cape Horn, and sometimes ascending the north west coast of America, till they nearly encompass the globe, in voyages of two or three years duration.

On these whaling trips round the world, instead of wages, every seaman takes a share in the ultimate proceeds of the voyage, a mode of engagement palpably conducive to radiate industry and fidelity. They are often mere boys, who grow up during the voyage; but mostly married men, who have left wives and children behind them, to whom they return with all the earnestness of conjugal or parental affection, to share with them the well earned savings of their long protracted voyage.

There are at present about 1200 sailors, and 15000 tons of shipping employed at this place; and 15 or 20 spermaceti works are erected on the island, which manufactures great quantities of candles, and supply the numerous light-houses of our coast, as well as the streets of our cities with oil; besides occasionally contributing to the unbounded consumption of the London market, and the frequent wants of Cadiz, Marseilles, and the Levant.

Industry and frugality are virtues at Nantucket, and idleness is a vice. Every man upon the island is well acquainted with the cheapest method of procuring lumber from Kennebeck or Passamaquoddy, beef and pork from Connecticut, flower and biscuit from Philadelphia, or pitch and tar from North Carolina; and knows how to exchange codfish, and West India produce for such articles as are wanted in New Spain, or on the northwest coast.

Such is the simplicity of this primitive place, and so small is the resort of strangers, that the streets which have branched out from each other by imperceptible degrees, every man being at liberty to place his house according to his own fancy, and being naturally more disposed to regulate his front by a point of compass, than by the direction of the street, had never any names given to them, until the assessment for the direct tax under president Adams; and the sounding appellations of Federal street, Washington street, &c. &c. then given, have fallen into disuse, with the unpopular measure which occasioned them; and inquirers are now again directed, as before, to the well known neighbourhood of such and such an old stander, in the respective quarters of West Cove, Up-in-town, or the North Shore. The most common

family names are Coffin, and Bunker, and Starbuck, and Hussey, which are frequently combined according to the genius of the place, with the scriptural surnames of Peleg, and Shubal, and Obed and Jethro. Thus if you do not know where such a one lives, you may be gravely informed, in Elisha Bunker's street, or David Mitchel's street, or Tristram Hussey's, or captain Haydn's. The streets, or rather roads, for none of them have ever been paved, run along the hollows, or wind up the hills, but the houses stand generally single, presenting to the passenger sometimes a line, and sometimes an angle; and so rare is anything like a row, that two or three standing together will be currently described as, "The long houses". Yet two banks and two insurance offices, accommodate the trade of the place; and the town is supposed to have nearly doubled its population, in the last twenty years. Several new streets have been laid out in straight lines, and a number of houses have been built, within a year or two, with ceilings of ten feet high. This however is considered as a piece of useless extravagance, the old fashioned stories of eight or nine feet being generally reckoned high enough, and to spare.

Every other house in this sea-faring place has a look out upon the roof, or a vane at the gable end; to see what ships have arrived from sea or whether the wind is fair for the packets. Sea phrases accordingly prevail in familiar conversation. Every child can tell *which way the wind blows*, and any old woman in the street, will talk of *cruising about, hailing an old messmate, or making one bring to*, as familiarly as the captain of a whale ship, just arrived from the north-west coast, will describe dimension to a *landlubber* by the span of his *gibboom*, or the length of his *mainstay*. If you have a spare dinner it is *short allowance*; if you are going to ride, the horse must be *tackled up*; or if the chaise is *rigged out*, and you are got *under way*, should you stop short of your destination, you are said to *tack about, or to make a harbour*. This technical phraseology, however, is attended with the concomitant frankness and honesty of sea-faring life. You meet a hearty welcome wherever you go; shop windows are without windowshutters for security; and winter's wood is piled up in the street.

Before the revolution county courts were regularly opened once a year, at the time prescribed in the almanack; but the officers of justice only assembled to smoke a pipe or two, and adjourn the court. During the war even this formality was dispensed with, and disputes were universally settled by arbitration; but since peace and prosperity have occasioned an influx of strangers, lawsuits are no longer unknown in Nantucket; and now they say supercargoes are pestered with attachments, and sailors with writs of suit, before they can get cleared out for their triennial circumnavigations.

Criminal prosecutions however are still unheard of, in this abode of primeval simplicity. The only person that was ever executed on the island was an indian, who had committed murder upon the high seas; and corporal punishment (once so freely dispensed in Newengland, and not unknown even in the best days of Pennsylvania) has here long been obsolete.

The prison is admirably adapted to this state of things, for it would not readily contain more than two or three inmates at a time. Of its present incumbents, one is a little danged, and refuses to quit the place; and the other, it is said, might go too if he would. The dimensions of the poor house are proportionably contracted, for there are no idlers at Nantucket, and the decrepid are supported in their own neighborhoods by voluntary alms. The courthouse itself is but a one story frame of 20 feet square.

Not so the grammar school, which is a capacious edifice with a belfry, or the Free Masons' Lodge, whose ample halls are occupied as free schools, and serve occasionally for public or municipal purposes, whilst five large meeting houses, two for presbyterians, two for friends (or quakers) and one for methodists, assemble the greater part of the inhabitants of this peaceful island two or three times a week.

Every thing here reminds one of a religious community, like that of the Moravian brethren, for instance, abstracted, but not wholly withdrawn from the world. The tranquillity of a convent pervades the streets, except when the bell rings for dinner, and droves of cows go out and come in under a herdsman grotesquely accoutred. The great bell agreeable to a good old Newengland custom, is tolled every evening at 9 o'clock, to warn the citizens to their homes; and one of the steeples, in the true spirit of commercial usefulness, has been constructed with a view to serve for a look-out. It commands the whole island, together with its sea girt horizon; and there is one individual, whose observant eye is sharp enough, with the help of glasses, to distinguish the different vessels belonging to the place, as they come to anchor, occasionally, in the harbour of Martha's Vineyard. Even the amusements of children partake of the seafaring spirit. They learn to row spontaneously, as they learn to swim; and nothing is more common in the harbour of Sherburne, than to see the boys paddling about upon planks, or putting before the wind little sail boats of their own construction. This early initiation begets a hankering

after the sea, and by the time they are ten or twelve years of age they will ship themselves for cabin boys, and are with difficulty restrained by their parents from undertaking the most hazardous adventures. Not long since a boy of ten years old broke away from school, and got on board of the Bedford Packet, he was gone some days before he could be heard of, and when the little rogue was asked what could have induced him to run away from his friends, he coolly replied, *He was tired of seeing nothing but Nantucket*.

The numerous ponds upon the island once abounded with Teal, Brant, and other varieties of wild fowl; and the head of the harbour, running several miles inland, furnished the first settlers with plenty of clams and oysters. These have now become scarce, from being too freely used; but the neighboring banks still abound with cod, halibut, seabass; blackfish, mackerel, herring, flounders, smelt, perch, &c. The soil produces spontaneously, besides beach grass, blue grass, herd grass, and white clover; and peat is found in the swamps; but it is totally destitute of stone as well as of timber.

In common with other places of easy circumstance, and difficult access, the people of Nantucket are happy to see strangers, and such as have any thing to recommend them to notice, are entertained with unbounded hospitality from house to house. Luxuries are held in common, for whoever has anything better than his neigh-

bours will send it to them without asking in case of company, or sickness. If one who gives a dinner is scant of provisions, he makes no scruple to borrow a joint of meat, and (what is frequently less convenient to the lender) a horse, or a riding chair, will be applied for without reserve; and a refusal would hardly be taken well, though the loan should reduce the owner to go out himself in a cart, the usual carriage of the island, in which the most responsible personages are seen riding about with all the gravity of decorum, in hats and wigs, with their wives and daughters at their side.

When riding chairs were first introduced at Nantucket the ottomandish conveyance was considered as too effeminate for manly use, and of the two persons who first risked the innovation, one was persuaded to renounce the unbecoming indulgence, and the other only retained it in consideration of delicate health, and on condition of lending it to others in the same predicament. The progress of improvement, however, and the influx of wealth, were not to be long resisted; but the obnoxious vehicle is still regarded by the commonalty with a jealous eye, on occasional rencounters in the streets; and the riders in carts unwillingly give way to the riders in chairs, on their afternoon excursions to Quayes, and Palpus, and Pocomo, and Squam, lone houses of the same sober gray with the heath which surrounds them, unsheltered by a single tree of native growth; yet there is one spot on the island which is still called, "the woods", though it has been time out of mind, without a shrub, the native trees having gone to decay on clearing the fields and letting in the sea air.

Upon a high bluff which breasts the surges, at the east end of this monotonous plain, are two fishing villages, Sesakaty and Siasconsit. The latter consists of about forty houses, or rather huts, of one story, standing apart, in four rows, leaving three broad lanes between them, which are covered with a fine sward of grass, the place being only resorted to spring and fall; when the bank is crowded with women and children, and 20 or 30 boats are sometimes seen off shore at a time, catching cod. In a more simple age it was customary for visitors from town to make themselves welcome at any table in the place; and when they went away to take what fish they pleased, for nothing. Now two or three widowed families make a living by entertaining strangers, and if they want fish they pay for it.

Before the revolution, the people of Nantucket were like a band of brothers. They were then an unmixed race, of English descent. They were all clad in homespun, and minded their own business. Such a thing as a bankruptcy was therefore almost unexampled. They are now much intermixed with strangers and concomitant habits prevail; yet they still frequently call each other by the familiar appellations of uncle, aunt, cousin, &c. Persons of note are saluted by every body they meet; and the popular name of captain is often bestowed on respectable people, who never followed the sea, and perpetuated, as a creditable title, like that of squire on the continent, to those who have retired from business. One quiet lane, leading into the country, is called India Row, from the number of persons of this description, who reside there, in ease, and affluence; and Mitchel street, so called from being mostly inhabited by people of that name, forms a delightful retreat along shore, for those concerned in the whale trade; some of whom are very rich, and many of them inhabit roomy houses, and live in the genteel style of middle life, except only the use of that elegant luxury called a coach.

From the habit of transacting business in the absence of their husbands, women are frequently concerned in mercantile affairs and manage them to advantage. Two lawyers suffice the wrangling of the bar, and ply their talents upon the continent, between the terms; and three doctors recommend themselves to practice by making up their own prescriptions, and frequently adopting the simples which were used by the Indian natives.

During the war the people of this secluded island were prevented by their situation, from taking any part in the struggle for independence, and they were suffered to maintain a sort of defenceless neutrality, between alternate marauders, neither party suspecting treachery, or committing unnecessary depredations at Nantucket, whose peaceable inhabitants are to this day allowed an exemption from the oppressive routine of militia duty; but the harbour of Sherburne is mostly filled with ice every season, and in the hard winter of 1780, the surface of the sea was frozen over as far as the eye could reach, and all communication with the continent was cut off during forty days. Such a circumstance had never occurred before, the winters being rarely severe. In summer they enjoy a happy temperature, the thermometer seldom rising above 80° of Fahrenheit; and the highest winds seldom preventing a daily intercourse with the neighboring continent.

The whole island is held in common, under shares of propriety, originally no more than twenty-seven; but these have been subdivided, by purchase, or inheritance, till many proprietors of the poorer class hold no more than gives them a right to pasture one cow, or eight sheep; a horse being reckoned equivalent to two cows. A council of proprietors prevents encroachments, and decides, every season, on what part of the island the great corn field shall be. Here every one cultivates his own share, which is sometimes but a narrow slip, the bounds of which he carefully marks, by sticks or stones; but should these be displayed the horse that ploughed it up, may safely be trusted to find the spot again. Once a year, about the middle of June, all the sheep, amounting to some thousands, are driven into pens, when each man selects his own, shears them himself, and separates such as he wants for use. This is the only holiday which is kept at Nantucket. The whole country turns out to enjoy the occasion, booths are set up with refreshments, and the annual merriement is as highly relished by these sober people, as the salutations of May morning, or the healths of Washington's birth day.

Such has been, for a century and a half, the patriarchal manner of occupying the island of Nantucket; but the spirit of innovation has found its way even here; and there is now a plan in agitation for dividing to each proprietor his share, in fee simple, under the specious plea of putting it into the power of every man, "to man-

age his own affairs, in his own way." Should this operation take place, it will probably throw large tracts into particular hands, who may improve the breed of sheep, and ameliorate the soil—perhaps plant trees that might again keep off the spray of the sea, and cover the nakedness of the land; but the place would lose forever its most interesting peculiarities. It would be no longer a copartnership of kinsfolk, with a common interest in the general prosperity. The small landholders would be obliged to sell their freeholds, because they would not be worth fencing in.

The present equality and sociability of all ranks, would give place to that emulation, and reserve, which prevail in more cultivated societies; and, in another century, the people of Nantucket would be no longer remarkable for an attachment to their native place, which is now one of their distinguishing characteristics.

Nov. 7, 1931

We copy the following article from the Boston Atlas and Bee, from the pen of Dr. Hobbs, who visited this place on Saturday last. It will repay perusal:

Nantucket—Its People and Characteristics.

WHAT WAS SEEN ON A VISIT OF FORTY-ONE HOURS.

Nantucket is a place by itself. Nature made it so at the start, and its people have continued it in a like praiseworthy condition up to the present time. It is quite unlike any other town, city, village, or other community in the country. If we mistake not, it is more peculiar, more original, and more characteristic than the rest of the world and mankind generally. Geographically it is at least thirty miles from anywhere and "elsewhere," and some sixty miles from New Bedford. It has about 7500 inhabitants, is a very queer and ancient-like looking place, has a wonderfully hospitable people, and numbers some five females to every male; at least, such it appeared on our visit of forty-one hours, beginning at 2 P. M., on Saturday, and ending at 7 A. M.; yesterday, Monday.

The great feature of Nantucket, as before intimated, is that of originality. Doubtless its geographical position accounts for this to a degree. But not wholly so. It is like all the rest of the world in some respects. For instance, the ladies dress fully up to the standard of city life. Fashions flower there nearly as soon as in Boston or New York. The ample skirt crowds its leading streets; the gay in silk and satin; the delicious perfumes of Lubin and other noted chemists and toiletteurs—these and manifold other indications of fashion in dress and high life are there, and in attractive profusion. But then there are some things, some manners, some institutions which pertain to the island more or less exclusively. Everybody in going to Nantucket expects to see something a little different, a little more peculiar, a little more *sui generis*, a little more original than is to be found elsewhere; and if he uses his eyes well he will not be disappointed.

Nantucket, as before hinted, is an ancient place. Every day makes it more so. It is growing old. It is, we grieve to say, going down hill. The census will clip it down at least one thousand; and in point of business it is lamentably behind the times. The roofs of the houses are becoming mossy; its people, the comparatively few young excepted, are silvered with age. There are next to no vessels at the wharves; its merchants are not smiling; it feels itself, quite plainly, a place of the past. And yet there are few localities where time can be passed more pleasantly or profitably. The society in a great degree is unusually good. The schools are unsurpassed. The social element is cultivated at an extent greater, probably, than almost in any other part of the country. The churches are up to the average of much more pretentious places. The people are thrown upon their own resources, and are not slow in inventing ways and means by which to pass away the time, and in a sensible manner. The result is, naturally and logically, in a shrewd, intelligent, but at the same time singular and characteristic people. In few respects save the active business of life, is it behind the times. The latter is accounted for in the almost entire cessation of the whale trade. It is that which originally made Nantucket, and gave it its wealth and mercantile position; and wanting which it is retrograding. As whales are yearly growing scarce, provokingly regardless of what Nantucket expects, if not piously prays for, our fear is that the famous island, as a business place, has seen its best days.

We have already given some of the peculiarities of the people and island. We have seen that they and it are peculiar, original, interesting and attractive. We have also seen that there is a great and refreshing superabundance of females, over males. We think this is fortunate; much and more fortunate in fact than if the numerical force preponderated the other way, for who does not know that your "gander" communities are anything but good and commendable? How felicitous then, is Nantucket—the island set down there in the sparkling sea, apart from the rest of the world, as if better and truer and more good looking.

It is well that we note a peculiarity—for we believe it such—not before put down. It is the prolific turn of the population. As an illustration on this point we may state that one family had five children in a single year! It is not indeed uncommon to have three, as is related to us. The island, it is true, is diminishing in population, but it is not because there are not births there; by no means. It is rather that more people go away than remain. Whether the sea air, the salubrious latitude and longitude, or any other similar or dissimilar causes will explain this fecundity is not in our knowledge to state.

We have alluded to the soil of the island. The old story that Nantucket people put green goggles upon the eyes of their horses and cattle, and feed them on shavings, and from necessity, is a piece of wicked wit. Finer crops are rarely seen in New England. Parts of the island are sterile, and other parts quite the contrary. In the way of corn and potatoes it is famous. Wheat, beans, &c., also grow abundantly. In respect to fruit the island, so much as we saw in forty-one hours, and we "did" a great part of it, is not of account. The inhabitants therefore look to the main land for their supplies, sensibly contenting themselves with having, as a compensation, the best of vegetables, good wheat, &c. &c.

An interesting experiment is progressing on the island. Some five years ago, millions or the seed of the Norwegian pine were sowed in various directions. Some two-thirds of these took root, and, as a consequence, portions of the island are putting on altogether a new and quite refreshing face. Five years hence there will be a fine growth of this tree, the color of which is always so grateful to the eye. The climate is found to be good, and the trees are apparently as thrifty as if on their own native soil. The projector of an enterprise like this will be remembered with honor and esteem by a grateful posterity.

As one goes over the island, his ears are saluted by Indian names, some of which are agreeable; but, for the most part, we are bound to say, are of the most zig-zag, crotchety, jaw-breaking of any we have ever heard. We do not marvel that these red men have all disappeared. How could they expect to live after afflicting mankind with such verbal monstrosities? Gradually these names are having their jettings and corners hewn down and polished off. This is encouraging. Let the good, the sonorous, the mellifluous be preserved; but let all others be banished.

Touching crops, we forgot to mention a comparatively recent enterprise upon the island. It is that of raising cranberries. The experiment, thus far, has proved profitable, the demand for the berry having been far beyond the supply. The low lands are found to be admirably adapted for its culture, and acre after acre has been redeemed from utter worthlessness, and now rank as the most valuable land. Some localities are valued at \$1000 per acre.

The prevailing color of the Nantucket ladies under thirty-five is blonde. This is generally accompanied with black eyes. The two put together make as good a fusion as could well be contrived. Grace of carriage may also be said to be a characteristic of the Nantucket ladies; as is likewise a good development of chest. There is little consumption among them, but much of muscle, florid cheek and ruby lip. Some of these possessions, or all of them, added to their excellent education, refined manners, and virtuous principles, account for their meeting so readily with husbands.

Nantucket is musical. It not only sings, but plays. Eight houses in ten have pianos; and, we presume, eight in ten of the young ladies play upon them. The atmosphere favors the vocal organs. If it is easier to sing in Nantucket than elsewhere, it is possible this may explain the general culture of the art upon the island. In a community where there is a general cultivation of music, it may be generally accounted a good one.

Nantucket also—so it was represented to us—gossips. It is given to talk. It has a wonderful faculty, so it is said, for getting information at the earliest moment, and distributing it with the greatest speed. It is said there is no need of a telegraph upon the island. The events of the moment, the talk of the hour, is sent abroad through the community in quick time. Gossip, however—and on this point we again write from second hand—takes a mild form of scandal. If characters are to be cut up, they are done tenderly. A very sharp knife is used, and well lubricated with the oil of roses, or something equally as good. This is certainly

creditable. If there is one thing more atrocious than another, we think it is your retailers of rough scandal; women and men who slash up and pummel reputations like butchers and pugilists. Not so with Nantucket. Its weapons are keen; its work skilful and refined. Those, therefore, who go there, should behave with becoming propriety; otherwise the sharp censors may be "round."

Carriages differ in Nantucket. There is the elegant, the fair-fair and the queer and the very jolly. The latter is an institution, and deserves to be looked at for a moment. It is a vehicle with two wheels, having a high body set upon iron springs. The shafts are straight. The general impression to any one not accustomed to seeing them, is that they are of a hand-cartish genus. They are, however, very servicable, being used for a cart, a pleasure carriage, and we don't know what, also. Entrance is made at the rear. The vehicle is highly useful, no doubt, but not in the least elegant. Something similar is in use in and about Montreal and Quebec, chiefly by the French.

Among the churches visited on Sunday, was that of the Quakers—the "aristocratic" wing of it, as we afterwards learned. This is a small house, holding about 200. On this occasion it was full, about one-half being of the wide-brim and drab race. The clergyman, Rev. Christopher Hussey, preached without notes, and gave utterance to a very good, practical, common sense sermon. He is a man of evident talent; is a graceful speaker, and held his audience on his tongue for half an hour, very successfully. The congregation is said to have represented two million dollars. The church is plain and very neat. The other churches, on Sunday, were full. The Unitarian lends in respect to social position, it taking a great part of the cream of the island. The Nantucketers love the church, and as a people are piously inclined. They are yet free and liberal, and respect those who differ from them.

While at Nantucket, the reporters, (for such was our company) were invited to inspect, at the residence of Capt. John Gardner, a miniature model of a whale-ship. It is an exact representation throughout of a craft of this sort. Upon the deck, a whale having been caught, the processes of extracting the oil are going on. Each is given. Every man is in his place busy at work. The whole design is a most ingenious affair, and as a work of art is wonderful. It was executed by Capt. G., who for many years followed the seas.

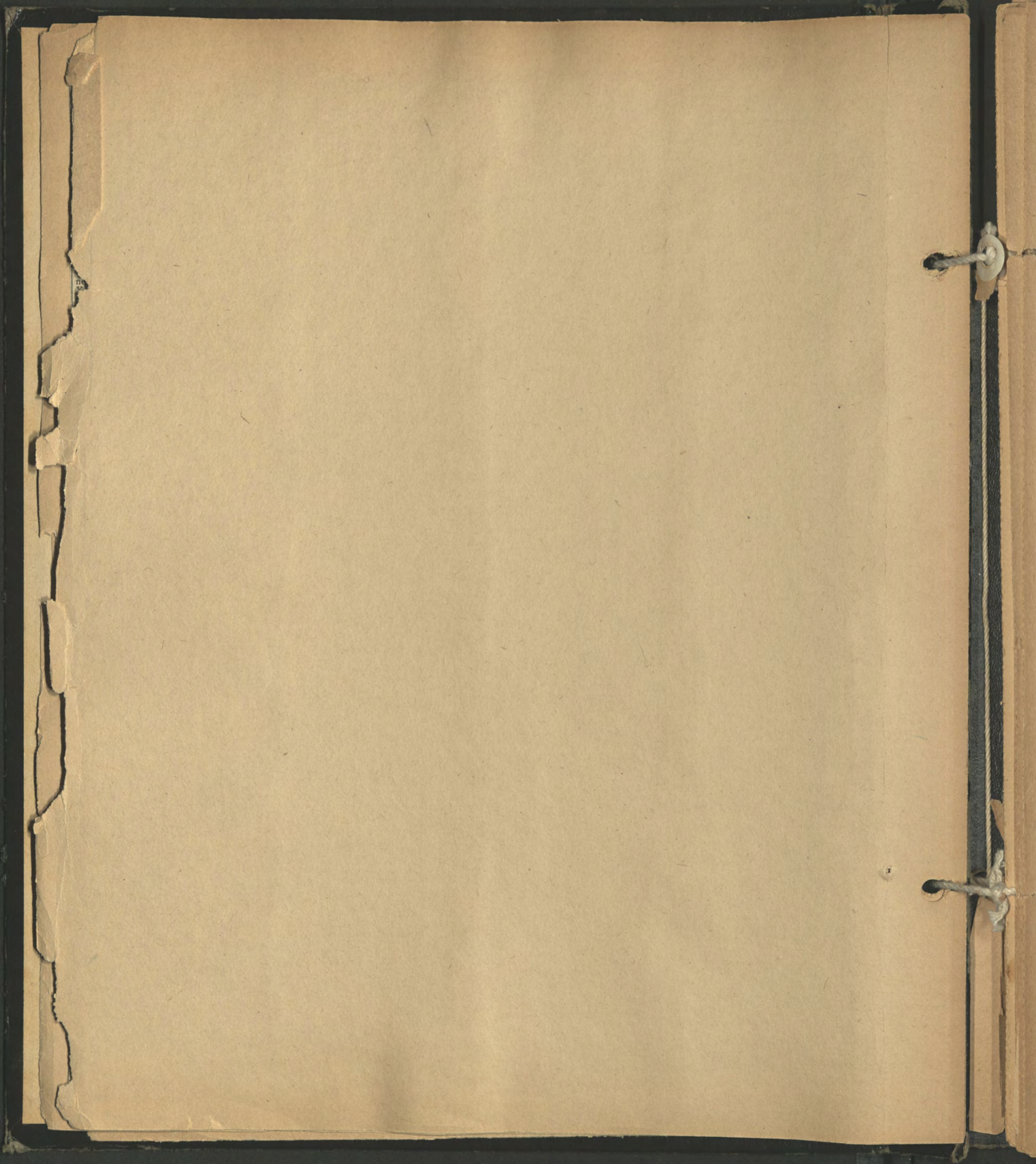
Among the resorts of interest on the island is the studio of Mr. Fish of New York. He is a native of Nantucket, and returns to his home annually during the heated term. His rooms are in the Athenaeum building, where he has several exquisite paintings, drawings, &c. Mr. Fish is a true artist; and as such is appreciated at his just merit. He is pressed with orders just now, by Nantucketers. Besides an artist in the true sense of the term, he is every inch a gentleman.

Such are, briefly, some of the objects seen, and the impressions made, in our short visit of forty-one hours to Nantucket. A week could be spent there not only with interest, but with profit, so far as information goes. We repeat our suggestion of yesterday, that Nantucket is worthy of a resort to all who seek to renew health, or recuperate exhausted energies. It has unlimited resources for the seeker of pleasure, and contains a community that for intelligence, refinement and exhaustless hospitality, is not exceeded, if equalled, anywhere.

How to get there—that's the question.—We will answer. Go to the Old Colony depot on Kneeland street, take the cars hence to Middleboro', at which point the Cape Cod Railroad commences, and travel over one of the best rail thoroughfares in the country, to Hyannis. At this place the steamer Island Home, Capt. Manter, will be found in readiness to cross over to the famous island, one of the finest ocean rides that can be found. Once there the visitor will not fail to enjoy himself or herself. Not to have been at Nantucket will make a blank in life; going there will fill it to a graceful roundness.

But it may be asked, where do visitors go and what do, when they resort to Nantucket? Our suggestion is, first to make their headquarters at the Ocean House, kept by Mr. L. A. Hooper. He is one of the best of landlords, and his hotel one of the finest to be found anywhere. His table is excellent, and his sleeping apartments all that can be desired.

Aug. 17, 1860



NANTUCKET.

QUIDNIT, NANTUCKET.

Wednesday, don't know the date, 1873. }

Roaming down Cape Cod some years ago your correspondent found the Island Home lying at her wharf at Hyannis just ready for her return trip to Nantucket. I was out on a hunt for strange things and new sensations, and so without hesitation boarded the Home and within three hours was kicking my heels against Straight wharf and talking with an old skipper who had never seen the cars and could tell when bluefish were plenty "by the water-melon smell in the air." "Found at last," I exclaimed, "The quiet resting place so longed for and so persistently hunted all these past years." And it seemed strange to me sitting there on that quiet August day, the old time whaler pouring in to my ears the stories of sixty years ago, when he sailed with Captain Burgess for sperm, the wharves deserted, the streets silent, with no hints of commerce or fashion anywhere in sight, and nothing that suggested working for a living, save the measured creaking of a decaying windmill. I say it seemed strange to me then that I should finally stumble on to the very spot I had traveled so many miles, and spent so many days to find, by accidentally loitering onto a steamboat. But I had found it, and so the two or three days I had assigned to the Cape lengthened into two pleasant and somewhat busy weeks on Nantucket.

Let me see, this was in — well, I won't go back and count the years, but it was before the steamer found a profit in running to Martha's Vineyard, before the rails were laid to Woods Hole, and I am not sure that it was not some years before the Methodists had discovered the possibilities of Oak Bluffs. Certain I am, however, that it was when the Home carried few passengers and no fashionable pleasure seekers; in the time when the Home rounded Brant Point, without stirring up the sand, and landed her passengers amid a respectful gathering of islanders; in a time when there were no clamorous hackmen and no solicitous yachtmen, when liverymen were few and prices ridiculous. So you may know it was an attractive place and full of that restful quiet so seductive to those whose summer saunterings are away from the fashionable resorts. Well, every August since my discovery of the island on that bright day has found me here, and I have never left it behind me without a feeling of reluctance and regret.

Heretofore my letters have always been dated from "Nantucket." Making the town my headquarters and the Ocean House mine inn, I have given you as best I could an idea of the quaint old place and its peculiarities, I have told you of the meat auctions, and the town orrier; of the museum and the "walks;" of the house of commons and the house of lords; of the decaying storehouses and the Squantum; of the windmills and the Quaker element; of the old weather-beaten hulks that go drifting up and down the streets, and the attractive girls who sell sea shells; just stop a moment and repeat "She sells sea shells" as rapidly as possible; it's worse than Peter Piper, etc. I have given you Quady, the last Indian, and Parker, the hermit; have written of 'Seonset and the lighthouses, of South Shore, Sankoty Head, Tuckernuck ribs, the Haul-over, and Maddequet; of the frequent wrecks 'long shore and trips to the South Shoal light ship, of bluefishing through the surf and yachting through Great Point rip, of scupping in the bend, and clambakes on Coatsue, of trips to Shell beach, parties at Atlantic Hall and eeling at Coskata.

Speaking of eeling reminds me of a Nantucket story, which possibly may have already drifted to the mainland, but is nevertheless worth repeating. At a time when eels found a market at five cents the dozen, and the island claimed nine thousand residents, Jerry Mahew set his pots in Coskata creek and carted his catch to town. Jerry's hulk was a

staunch one, but having a bad habit of overballasting, he finally took too much aboard on one of his trips, and as a result "his body was found drowned," as the old skipper told me, in the creek. It was taken out by some of his mates, placed in a cart, and Jim Veedor selected to drive the horse and carry the sad intelligence to Mrs. Mahew.

"Break it to her kinder car'ful like, you know, Jim, 'cause she sot a good deal by Jerry, and if you tell her more'n a little at a time it'll scuttle her, sure," were the parting instructions received by Jim as he started for Mahew's house, two or three miles off. This was a new undertaking for Jim, but he had it well in hand and his plan for breaking the news gently fully completed by the time he drove up to the house.

His rap on the door was responded to by Mrs. Mahew in person, when something like the following conversation took place:

Jim—"Good morning, marm; who lives here?"

Mrs. M.—"Why, Jerry Mahew, of course."

Jim—"Bet you five dollars Jerry Mahew don't live here. If he *does* live here, where in thunder is he cruising?"

Mrs. M.—"Why, he's down to the creek, or gone to town with eels."

Jim—"Bet you ten dollars he ain't down to the creek, an' bet you fifteen dollars he ain't gone to town. If he is down to the creek, or gone to town, how's his health?"

Mrs. M.—"He's hearty as a shark."

Jim—"Bet you twenty dollars he ain't hearty's a shark; got his korps out here in the waggin; found him drowned full of eels."

Mrs. M.—"Jerry's korps full of eels! How many d'you get?"

Jim—"More'n ten dozen."

Mrs. M.—"More'n fifty cents worth! Take him back and set him agin. Can't have no funeral to-day with them chances."

I refer you to Captain Coffin for the correctness of this story. If you don't know Mr. Coffin step on to the bank steps in Nantucket and yell "Coffin, Captain Coffin." You can then select your man from the two or three hundred who will respond to that name. Let me see—when the eels interrupted me I was making a little inventory of the things I have already written about so as to go 'round them. But I needn't continue it; I shall take it for granted that you know all about Nantucket—that is, the old town, which rests under that name, with its queer characters and generous-handed, open hearted and honest speaking people—and talk of those things which may possibly be new to you.

I have been exceedingly amused time and again to hear people who have spent only a day or two here, talk about Nantucket, and I am surprised at the small number of visitors from Hartford; the names of ten or twelve only are recorded so far this season against the hundred or so at Oak Bluffs. Now and then one of them drops down here from the Bluffs, wanders about the street a little while in the afternoon, buys a few shells, visits the museum, sits on the Ocean House porch in the evening and departs early the next morning, deluding himself and his friends when he talks about his visit, with the silly notion that he knows something about Nantucket and her peculiar people. My visits have been regular for some years and always use up the best portion of two weeks, a good part of which is devoted to browsing around after strange things and new attractions which I find in abundance as I wander up and down the island from Great Point light to Muskeget island, or across it from the Cliffs to Tom Nevers Head, and so knowing the island so well and something of what still remains for me to investigate, I say I am amused to hear people talk about it who have been on it only a few

hours. When any one undertakes to tell you about the island, ask him if he has ever been straight to Quidnit alone without losing his way. If he answers, yes, then let him gush and believe the biggest story he can tell. If otherwise, listen to his narrative but doubt its correctness.

Several times last year I found myself at Quidnit but somehow, could never tell how I got here unless I happened to come by way of Seonset; then I knew I could get back to Nantucket by simply following the cliff up to Sankoty light and taking the 'Seonset road through the Pines home. Quidnit, with its large fresh water pond, full of perch and pickerel, eels and earp, its old hermit, its magnificent beach and always glorious surf, its fishing houses and trusty fishermen, its splendid breeze and cool nights and its peaceful days and restful evenings proved a great attraction last year. So I made my arrangements for a short stay here this August and a few days ago set about learning the straight road; accomplished the difficult feat, and here I am in about as much danger of running across the grasshopper bend or seeing a stove-pipe hat as I am of being translated in the Graphic balloon.

What Nantucket was a few years ago Quidnit is to me now, just a peaceful place to rest in. When I discovered Nantucket it was quiet and dreamy, the pleasure pursuers had not heard of it and the health hunters were on other scents. The hotel was kept by an old Nantucketer and its table groaned under salt water food. Its yachts were sailed by old whalers who wouldn't take you for bluefish unless they could guarantee good luck, and its famous whale's jaw rested unvisited in an old barn; good ten-room houses could be bought for three hundred dollars and decent board in private families was three dollars a week. All this is changed now, and while the change gives promise of better and prosperous days for the island it drives me out of the town to new places. While every one of the forty-three hundred inhabitants is rejoicing that the price of each of the forty-seven hundred houses on the island is steadily advancing, I am correspondingly despondent, for some of this new enterprise which is now astir will surely slop over into 'Seonset and Quidnit and force me to move on for that other dreamy place somewhere in waiting for me.

Much of the new life which is so apparent this year grows out of the change in running the boat to Woods Hole, where connection is made with the Boston cars and to Martha's Vineyard, where twenty thousand people are now gathered in search of pleasure. This convenient arrangement induces many people to drop down to the island, many of whom are quick to discover its superiority over a majority of sea-side resorts, so the tide is gradually augmenting, bringing with it many of the best classes, who care more for rest and restoration of health than they do for fashion and frivolity. Mr. Allen, the long-time proprietor of the Ocean House, has sold the property to Messrs. Howe & Elmer, of the Evans House, Boston, who have spent a large amount of money in improving it. Its table is as good as the best, and hops are given nightly in the parlors. Every room is filled and many guests are "slept out." This fall large additions are to be made, so that next year the house will accommodate three or four hundred visitors and will undoubtedly be full. When I struck it first, forty guests made things exceedingly lively. Other hotels have been opened and new ones are contemplated, while a large number of private houses have been opened for boarders. This shows something of the change spoken of above.

Then again, among other improvements which the Nantucketers have in hand, and which are certain to be carried out, is the erection of a summer hotel at "Surf Side," with a number of neat and attractive cottages, to be rented by the season. This enterprise

will absorb about fifty thousand dollars at the start, in laying out the lots, building roads, etc., and as much more before it is fully completed. A large tract of land, having an ocean frontage of three miles, has been handsomely laid out, near the centre of which will be located the hotel, which will be conducted on the European plan, with a first-class restaurant and spacious parlors for the use of the occupants of the cottages. A horse railroad is to be built from town to the hotel, a distance of only two and a half miles. Lots will be sold at low prices to those who will build upon them, and Surf Side will undoubtedly soon become a favorite resort, as it has one of the best beaches on the coast, with an always magnificent surf. The only thing for the projectors to do to make it a great success, is to bring its attractions to the attention of frequenters of such resorts. This is another of the changes alluded to.

Besides all these changes there is a busy hum of increased activity on the two business streets. The stores display a larger variety of goods, and there is a dressing up of the store windows that seems so out of place to me. Several new yachts have been brought over from the main land with skippers who solicit patronage, and two or three dilapidated hacks imported from city storage stables with drivers who crowd you on the wharf and importune you to ride, displaying a hankering after your quarters which no driver on Nantucket was guilty of before this year. Houses have gone up too and real estate is looming. It takes four or five hundred dollars now to buy a fair residence, which is out of all proportion to my carefully educated notions of the fair thing in this line on the island. Besides this I actually found two carpenters at work on an old house putting on a Mansard roof. I put them down as refugees from Boston, and told Elmer of the Ocean House about it, who informed me that the carpenters with a single exception were very busy. He had endeavored to get the exception to do a little job for him, but exception said he'd been pretty active for six weeks and guessed he wouldn't work during the hot weather. "Hot weather" here means from 60 to 76 in the shade. I offered to bet Elmer a Spanish mackerel that exception was born on the island and didn't propose to compromise the average reputation of the Nantucket carpenter. I revere him for his firmness in resisting Elmer's bribe. Two or three more livery stables have been opened, but as yet the prices are quite reasonable. For two dollars you can get a horse and beach wagon carrying four persons to go to South Shore, keeping it from sunrise to sunset if you choose.

There are other changes which I hav'n't the time or the disposition to enumerate, all of which the people hail with pleasure, as they are reliable indications that a new order of things is soon to be inaugurated. The Nantucketers are just awakening to the fact that the island is one of the most attractive spots on the Atlantic coast, and with a very little effort and expense can be made as famous as the Isle of Shoals. Already there is talk of putting on a second steamer to the main land. This done, with the hotel accommodations increased as now promised, and visitors to the island will be counted by the thousand instead of as now by the hundred.

While I rejoice with the Nantucket people over their prospective prosperity, I regret it for myself, as it breaks up one of my loitering spots, and sends me hunting for other unknown and quiet sea-side places. But I'm generous and won't ask them to stop their improvements on my account. I have moved on already, and am out of their way at Quidnit.

The waters off the coast here swarm with shark, and perhaps the place is noted as much for its shark-fishing as it is for its hermit. I have interviewed both the S. and the H. to the best of my ability, and if my present intention holds good for a few days, will drop you a line concerning them.

H. T. S.

NANTUCKET.

The Cliff.

The pleasure boat "Dauntless," built and commanded by Captain Burdett, is quite an institution and much prized by the visitors to Nantucket. The sail to the cliff is delightful and the temperature here the most delightful I have ever enjoyed along the Atlantic coast. In half an hour we had rounded Brant Point lighthouse and landed at the bathing shore. Here we found a cluster of bath houses similar to those erected at Atlantic City; and for the sum of fifteen cents were furnished with a room in which to change our dress, which included the wringing out of the clothes when coming from the bath.

There is no surf, but the bathing is very fine; the water is very warm and perfectly safe—a paradise for children where they can wade and splash about in the water without fear. To me it was a glorious sight,

For at sixty years old I am oft beguiled
By the merry shout of a sinless child.

At the top of the cliff an artist from New York, Eastman Johnson, has converted an old dwelling into a studio and taken up his summer residence.

Many who do not like this tame bathing go to the south shore, about two miles from the town, where they can have a fine rolling surf; and when the wind is from the southeast is fully equal to Atlantic City.

The ride to the south shore is a great novelty to any one who has recently left the green fields and closely shaven lawns of German town. There is no particular road laid out, but after leaving the town a wide-spread moor opens before you, with deep ruts worn apparently by ages of travel, and from which it is very difficult to emerge when another vehicle is approaching. This moor is covered with stunted bayberry bushes, lichen and clumps of antler moss resembling patches of heather, reminding one of the moors of Scotland, so graphically described by Scott. Acres of pines have been planted across these moors with a view to return the forests that originally covered the island and which were so ruthlessly destroyed by the first settlers, but the rude blasts of winter are too severe, and their stunted and decrepid appearance give evidence of their early decay.

We reached the south shore yesterday afternoon, just in time to see the fishing dories coming in through the surf loaded with blue fish—splendid fellows weighing from eight to ten pounds apiece, the largest of which we purchased for twenty-five cents, making a full meal for a family of ten persons—these dories bring in from one to two hundred and find ready sale at this season when the boarding houses are all filled with strangers from all parts of the United States.

Although there are many strangers here, yet the worriment and anxiety, the dress and foibles of fashionable life, the parvenues and shoddy with their glittering diamonds and baubles have never reached these shores. Happy Nantucket! long may she be exempt from the glittering anxieties and cares that linger around our fashionable watering places, destroying with their poisonous influence all that is natural and true. Long may the primitive simplicity and social intercourse that now exist in this far-off island of the sea continue to lure to its haven of rest the way-worn traveller who seeks its shelter, spent and weary with the battle of life.

A Clam Bake.

We had a glorious sail this afternoon across the harbor, with a fine company of ladies, a tight boat and a spanking breeze, to Coats Point. In a small boat attached in the rear Captain Burdett had stowed a bountiful supply of clams and all the etceteras for a well-appointed clam-bake. We landed after an hour's sail, on the Point, and followed a path a few hundred yards from the beach, where we found a small frame, or rather shingled building, in

which the captain keeps his delf and other appurtenances for setting a table in the wilderness. It is a desolate looking spot as far as the eye can reach on the land. It was covered with whortle and bayberry bushes, with here and there a cluster of prickly pear (our only native cactus); but the view out to sea is charming. In the rear of the house at about fifty feet distant, we found the captain's clam hearth, in the open air. It consisted of a large collection of cobble stones, gathered from the beach, and surrounded by a wall of large ones. On this hearth was built a great fire, made with pine wood. When this became a mass of living coals it was swept from the hearth, which had become sufficiently heated for cooking, after the principle of an old-fashioned country oven. Upon this was evenly spread a bushel of soft-shell clams, the most delicious of all the bivalve fraternity, then a layer of green corn in the husk, in the centre of which was placed a pair of fine tender fowls, nicely wrapped in a nice napkin, and over the whole a huge pile of wet seaweed was piled several feet in height—the steam that arose filling the air with its savory savor. Whilst the cooking process was going on a large tent was erected and a table spread, upon which the plates were placed, with here and there a bowl of melted butter, nicely seasoned with salt and vinegar. In about an hour the feast was on the board. Did you ever eat a baked soft-shell clam? If not, what a sadly neglected education! You lift the gentle bivalve from its tiny covering—and holding the projecting syphon at one end, betwixt the thumb and the finger—you immerse it in the melted butter, and then, pan after pan, "come like shadows, so depart." The corn was delicious, and the fowls done to a turn, and, when the feast was o'er, we felt like the old lady eating cherries—who said "she eat and she eat until she thought she should have died, and ever since she wished she had eaten more."

From Coats Point the sun's warm ray
Was slanting o'er the sea,
As our light boat, through foam and spray,
Was sweeping wild and free.

And as we reached Nantucket pier,
The shades of evening fell;
Each grateful heart was free from care;
The clam bake ended well.

Siasconset.

August 23 we spent at Siasconset, called by the natives "Seonset," but we being coofs, a term given to visitors from the main land, prefer to call it by its Indian title. In fact, most of the places of interest on the island still retain their Indian names, although the last survivor of their race, Abraham Api Quady, died in 1854. He had lived to an advanced age, entirely alone, in a small house built by his own hands, and supporting his declining years by the sale of berries collected on the moors—even the house in which he lived has been consumed by fire since his death, and we could only see the spot on which it stood. Poor "Lo" is gradually fading from the face of the earth, and in a few more years

The race of yore,
That bounded o'er the hill and plain
With the fleet deer shall come no more
To wander 'mid these wilds again.

We left Nantucket, via Orange street, early in the morning, in a Nantucket carriage and horse, with a Nantucket boy for a driver, (it would be dangerous driving with a pair of horses on account of the deep ruts mentioned in a former letter,)—but the inhabitants think nothing of crowding six or eight persons in their spring-carts and jolting down to Seonset unmindful of the horror and disgust with which my friend, Mary E—, of German town, (who is sojourning here during the summer) views them with raised hands and frantic gesticulations as they pass.

The day was glorious, as we opened on the wide spread moor, the breeze from the ocean came sweeping across the plain, laden with perfume from the resinous pines, which some benevolent hands had planted twenty years ago.

The distance to Siasconset is seven miles and a half over this desolate rolling waste, covered with whortleberry and bayberry bushes, interspersed with scrub oaks scarce two feet in height, presenting with their gnarled and twisted trunks trailing along the ground the hard struggle for life in their battle with the blasts of many winters. Here and there were patches of solidago (the golden rod) about six inches high, in full bloom, mingled with aster and a purple flower resembling our garrardia. As we drew near to Siasconset we halted by the wayside to examine the manufacture of peat which is extensively used by the inhabitants and makes a bright brisk fire resembling coke. It is dug from a marsh near the road, and carted across to an open field, where it is spread out upon the grass about four inches deep in plots about thirty feet in length; the top is moistened and smoothed over with shovels, then cut into squares or blocks six inches in length, and left in the sun to dry. The process is now complete, and in a few days ready for sale, and is disposed of at two dollars per load.

We entered the town through the main street, which consisted of low cottages generally one story, many of which are fishermen's dwellings, which have been fitted up and partially modernized to suit the taste of summer visitors, and to whom they are rented for the bathing season at a very low rate.

We stopped at the Ocean View house, recently erected on Sunset Heights, which commands a fine view of the ocean. It was the bathing hour, and we descended to the beach to mingle with the crowd who were witnessing the scene. A large cask was anchored out beyond the surf to which was attached a strong rope, passing over a high pole on the beach and fastened by a peg driven securely into the ground. To this the bathers cling as the heavy surf rolled in and covered them. To me it appeared to be a very unsafe place to bathe, especially for children, although they said the surf was unusually high this morning. The undertow appeared to be very strong.

After dinner we rode through the town, which had the appearance of a deserted village. But few were to be seen upon the streets, as this was the time for their siesta. After five (their supper hour) the streets are thronging with the busy crowd who all turn out to promenade and enjoy the cooling evening breeze. After the visiting season is over, the inhabitants of Siasconset are busily engaged in catching and drying codfish from which they generally reap a bountiful harvest. And it is said that the fish from this point are as fine, if not the finest, that are prepared along the coast.

From Siasconset we rode about two miles to Sankoty-head lighthouse. It is built upon a cliff one hundred feet in height; the lighthouse is seventy-five feet in height. The police keeper, Mr. Folger, piloted us to the top, (which is gained by an iron spiral stairway,) and explained to us the mechanism of the revolving light. It flashes ten seconds in a minute, showing a bright light for fifty seconds, the time taken for a revolution. The clock work is perfect. The flash has been seen forty miles at sea; and the steady light is distinctly visible for seventeen miles. Mr. Folger informed me that he has sometimes seventy visitors per day, and has ascended sometimes as often as forty times to gratify their curiosity, and as no compensation is allowed from visitors it seemed to me to be a rather treadmill past-time. He has a large collection of stereoscopic views of the lighthouse and scenes around Nantucket; but few visitors leave without making a purchase, which in a measure compensates him for his toil.

The thermometer stood at 88° when we started from Nantucket, and yet the breeze was so invigorating from the ocean that we did not suffer from the heat. Before we reached home the sky became overcast, and although the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled over our heads, not a drop of rain fell,—but the thermometer did, and when we reached our quarters it stood at 65°, and we were glad to draw up to the social hearth and enjoy a blazing wood fire.

B. J. L.

REMINISCENCES.

How Nantucket Looked Fifty Years Ago as Remembered by An Old Resident.

A week or two ago while looking over a newspaper printed in a thriving Massachusetts town, my attention was arrested by a communication, written by an old resident, recalling to those who could well remember, and holding up to the view of the younger portion of the community, the appearance of the town as he remembered it half a century before. Although I had never been in that place, I read the article with interest, and it occurred to me that perhaps something of the same kind, pertaining to matters and things in our own town, might be of interest to the readers of the INQUIRER AND MIRROR. Taking my pencil, I jotted down a few headings that might furnish material of interest, and have given them just as they are daguerreotyped in my memory. If of any service to you, Messrs. Editors, use them; if not, your waste basket is handy. First, let us look at

OUR STREETS

half a century ago: Starting from the Straight wharf and going west, up Main street, to the Charles Folger house, now occupied by Samuel Lowell, less than forty buildings are now standing on the line of the street that stood there half a century ago, and the greater part of these have been so remodeled and made over as to be hardly recognizable as the same buildings they were then. Below the monument, not more than half-a-dozen could be pointed out as the same by a person who had been absent during that time. Keeping on, west of the Lowell house, beyond where the road branches, all the houses have gone—the Bowen, Thomas James, Nathaniel Frost, (an old Revolution pensioner) the Folger, Whitteus, Randall, Newbegins and Daniel Allen houses have all disappeared, only the Elihu Coleman (Hosier) and the Paul Gardner (Cornish) houses being left to mark what was formerly known as Upper Town. Through Centre, Orange, Union, Fair, Liberty and Pleasant streets, the changes have been very great, many of the old houses in all of them having been taken down, and new ones put up in their places; while the whole district between Main and Broad, east of Centre, and also that east of the south part of North Water, which were swept out of existence by the great fire of 1846, have been entirely rebuilt, widened, and of course have lost every vestige of their former appearance. Independent Lane, running from Centre to Federal streets, opposite Rose Lane, was taken in by setting back the buildings on Main street, and Biscuit Alley, running from Centre to Federal streets, between Lower Pearl and Chestnut, was also closed up. Fifty years ago the new South tower had just been completed, and the North tower was soon after built, as well as most of the street cisterns. Pearl (then India street) was wet and unpaved, with a row of wooden reservoirs along its south side, and large poplar trees growing on both sides, from the branches of which the youth of those days manufactured their whistles, those noisy articles not being so plenty and cheap as at present.

Not only have the buildings been taken away and new ones erected in their places, but the improvement in the general appearance of Main street has been wonderful; it has so come on by degrees, that we have failed to note it. Let any one who can remember it look back to the unpaved street, with the great uncouth covering over the cistern at the corner of Main and Pleasant streets, upon which the boys were wont to congregate to spin their tops while waiting for the Fifth day Friends' meeting to be out; and on First days to view the throng of Friends that came pouring out of the

Sept. 20, 1873

over

The wish having been expressed by many that Mrs. Lovering's paper on "Nantucket Memories," might be printed in THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, I have prevailed upon her to permit me to send it to you for publication. Owing to the length of the programme, Mrs. Lovering thought best to abridge the paper somewhat in the reading, but it is given in its entirety below.

YORICK.

BOSTON, Nov. 22. 1898.

When one arrives at the sere and yellow leaf period, reminiscence plays a greater part in life than anticipation or realization. It is impossible for one to have more than rounded a half century, to have known the work as well as the play of life, the eager buoyancy and expectancy of youth and the more sober experiences of advancing years, and finally, the sunset rather than the sunrise view, without having a wide range of memory.

It is then that the thoughts dwell on the early past, perhaps because the divine freshness of life furnishes a more impressible surface, which retains early impressions almost indelibly, unlike our later memories, which often resemble buried cities, whose belongings must be excavated to be fully discovered. And therefore, what more fitting in this joyous company of classmates and kinsfolk, than to recall something of the past Nantucket life, so dear to all of us who behold the retreating mile-stones which mark our long and sometimes tortuous way.

The old, simple life of forty or fifty years ago in our island homes, is indeed only a memory, the simple pleasures as well. Some of us can recall the "cent-school," a combination of the most elementary teaching and the modern day-nursery, of which it was the remote predecessor, for were not cribs or sleeping places provided for the almost infants who were sent there daily, to relieve the mother, overburdened with a large family, or the parent who desired more restful leisure? With the "cent" closely elapsed in the hand of the elder brother or sister, who conveyed or escorted the small charge, often accompanied by the needed pillow and lacteal refreshment, the day was auspiciously entered upon, and when a proper lunch was provided, some did not return till the waning afternoon. As likely as not, the thrifty head of the cent-school, further eked out a slender income by selling "emptins" (yeast-cakes in those days being an unknown quantity).

Then there were the daily sessions of the older schools, with their free half-days on Wednesday and Saturday; one extra afternoon in each term being voted for by all the scholars, which holiday the writer frequently spent with a merry group of girls, visiting the Newbegin sisters, invariably rolling down several of the hills on the way, from top to bottom, with cheerful indifference as to consequences to the wardrobe thereby, or the long-suffering mother at the other end of the town. A visit to the rope-walk near the road,

"In that building long and low,
With its windows all arow,
Like the port holes of a hulk;"

was rarely omitted, with a flying race through its favoring length.

Can we not see the approach to the Newbegin homestead, the old, weather-beaten, unpainted house on the knoll, with its strange interior inhabited by the three queer sisters; the coarse half-masculine attire of one; the somewhat timid, somewhat weak appearance of another; the short, stout figure of "Phebe," in the low chair under the end window, and her trembling, half-palsied head and quavering voice which invited us, when seats were short, to "take a cheer on the baid?" Then there were the very much-at-home hens, each with its own name, and their vigorous announcement from the open bureau drawer of a newly-laid egg; the primitive surroundings of the poorly, barely furnished room; the rough, open fire place, often full of ashes; the low doorstep; the sombre grays and greens of the neighboring landscape, and also, I am sorry to say, the somewhat thoughtless young girls within, who saw nothing but amusement in all this; whose careless, inexperienced youth did not penetrate the pathos, the poverty, the hopeless vacancy of such lives. Phebe's parting words were always the same: "Come agin, all on yer."

How much pleasure we all had through the genial days of spring and summer, from the first successful hunt after the early flowers, those shy violets and hepaticas and houstonias, and especially the modest, fragrant arbutus, which in those days knew no other name than "Mayflowers;" and again, the young aromatic leaves of the boxberry, with their later coral fruit so pleasant to the taste.

And then too, the long enjoyable days on the free unfenced commons ("moors" is an imported word) after juicy wild berries and rosy beach plums, and the spoils of swamp and pond and shore; the delightful, old-fashioned "squantum"—parties looked forward to with inexpressible joyous desire by us younger ones, for we were once young, very young—and its convivial company, whose cheery, bright, even witty talk appealed to to every elastic, buoyant element in our natures, and gave almost as much pleasure as the savory clam-bake, so admirably prepared by the skilled sous of Neptune. Always the fragrant bayberry or sweet fern beneath the wheels on our homeward return; always the distant rhythm of the sea; the flush of the beautiful western sky, as fair as any about Italian shores. How healthily tired we all were; how good was the early bed after it all, and the renewed springs of life for succeeding days!

And oh, the glamour and poetry of those moonlit nights, and the drives to the South Shore ("Surfside" is also a modern term), especially when old enough to have the young men as cavaliers, and each carriage had only two occupants! The long stretch of silvery beach, the broken masses of clouds, lit up by the softly-sailing moon, which shed its beauty o'er sea and shore; the incoming waves with crests of snow above the green, translucent arch of the curving billows; the onward rush of some more aggressive surge whose wet contact we barely escaped; the subdued feeling which all this grandeur of Nature created; and some times enthusiastic expressions of admiration from the more imaginative, poetically-inclined beholders!

I remember one occasion when our somewhat tensely-strung feelings were relieved by a hearty laugh at the expense of one of our companions. In our party was a prosaic maiden, young, fair, and quick of repartee, but absolutely without a vestige of imagination. It was an unusually beautiful night, and every now and then some more than ordinary appeal to our highest selves by all this beauty called forth some appreciative remark, or in one instance, several poetical quotations from one of the youths, already earning his living in a large city and only home for his short, summer vacation. Only Miss Prose had not said anything, simply because she was not remarkably impressed. She felt that she ought to follow the others, but she mustn't repeat some one's else rhapsody.

"Don't you think it's splendid, Susan?" finally asked one of the girls who stood near her.

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed, fervently, as a curving foam crest broke almost at her feet, "it's just like—just like—rolling dough!"

The "Seonset parties, the picnics at private shanties on various parts of the coast, the winter candy-frolics and chowder-parties, the mild dissipations of the young people (called "balls," which the older ones often shared, and the music limited in quantity and quality, though not lacking in spirit, especially when led by the immortal Handy's fiddle, only equalled by his quaint calling out of the various movements of the dance, are never-to-be forgotten memories. Dress and hours were strangely and widely different from modern festivities bearing the same name.

"We girls" always took "our work" when going out to tea, which was served soon after five, and we heeded the warning of the "nine o'clock bell," as directed before leaving home. Nantucket crullers or "wonders", corn and berry puddings and pound cake deserved their reputation and were surely never fashioned so appetizingly and successfully anywhere else. All properly-constituted Nantucket palates will sustain the writer's opinion. The reading parties, the Shakespeare and Browning clubs, the French class (all regarded with great respect by outsiders) had most appreciative participants, and our lecturers from away included the most honored names in literature and science, whose presence, even today, would confer distinction upon any audience.

Much of all this has passed away; some of these things are only traditions, while what is imitated by the young people of today is but an imitation; the flavor of the past, its simple, natural, unaffected atmosphere they can never have nor know, as we and our elders can testify. It was not necessary then to kill time through the long, sweet summer afternoons with incessant card-playing; and the modern furbelows and trills and elaborate and wonderful dresses were unknown. We were close to Nature's heart and responsive to her call, and we knew her voice and followed over sea-swept shore and fragrant commons, and by tangled swamp-land and reed-edged ponds of heavenly blue.

And those of us who can remember, like the writer, the prosperous days of our beloved island, albeit it was then in its early wane, can recall the unceasing sound of the cooper's hammer, the industry of boat-builders, rope-walks, candle-houses and oil refineries, the busy rush of the makers of pilot-bread or ship-biscuit, and the watching for the incoming whalers, the struggle to be first to announce the good news to the captain's wife and receive the never-failing dollar. We recall the dull, jolting reverberations of the loaded trucks, the tolen rides on their swaying ends when empty, the smell of oakum and tar on the wharves, the ships waiting to have the accumulations of long voyages scraped off and new copper sheathing applied, the fresh paint and rigging,—can we older ones not see and smell it all, like some phantom odor of a long-ago past?

The writer, in whose family considerable shipping was owned, always pleased to accompany the owner on his first visit to the lately arrived whaler. The imagination of the child was silently stirred—for she never spoke of it—by the thought of the strange seas and lands and people which the ship had visited; its conflicts with the leviathan of the deep; the peculiar life of its crew; its eloquent silence for lack of the power of speech; and sometimes, the strange unfamiliar shells or curios brought home by some sailor or officer, which still further kindled the child's imagination. The grimy and weather-beaten look of everything but added to the fascination of it all, and the little girl lay awake many an hour conjuring up pictures suggested by all these things.

The Quaker atmosphere of that time leavened the whole loaf. First Day and Fifth Day beheld the sober garb of the Friends, peculiar to both sexes, very much in evidence, and a goodly congregation assembled in their plain spacious meeting-house on Fair street, now gone and only a memory. Quarterly meetings were great occasions, and some of the most noted Friends on both sides of the Atlantic enjoyed the liberal hospitality of the Nantucket brethren.

The friendly "thee" and "thou" were common among many of the children, who were taught to respect their Quaker kin, and to use the plain language in their presence. The writer, although of and surrounded by "the world's people," seldom forgot to address the Quaker elders who were her grandparents in their proper speech, and to this day cannot see a Quaker bonnet or anything pertaining to the Friends' dress, especially in Philadelphia, without the old familiar "thee" and "thou" rising to her lips, and, if occasion calls, she drops into the old expressions as readily as the immortal Silas Wegg dropped into poetry. Who that has ever known them can forget those quiet, peaceful homes where simplicity and a high level prevailed? The plain surroundings, the neatly-appointed table, the silent grace, the subdued intercourse, the hushed feeling that companioned us homeward; how familiar to many of us!

And so we might go on indefinitely and speak of much else that must necessarily be omitted from the natural limit of such a paper. We can only enumerate the old shearing time—such a joyous occasion—which alone would require a separate article; the picturesque figure of Abram Quady in his lonely cabin by the harbor shore, the last connecting link of the Nantucket Indians; the queer two-wheeled spring carts, whose bounding, rattling motion required human spines almost as elastic as the familiar whalebone, yet boys and girls filled them to repletion, standing up, as did their elders, holding on to the side-ropes, to each other, or to any available part of the vehicle itself, and enjoying beyond expression a "cruise" therein with some supposedly-safe family horse, which was not always as safe as his appearance would indicate. Later, the more comfortable box-wagon superseded the gymnastic requirements of carts, springless or otherwise, and it is still a favorite with the native Nantucketer. We are

inclined, too, to think that many a specimen of the old-fashioned chaise, such as Holmes immortalized, could have been found long after it disappeared from prominent off-island centres. The same might be said of the use of open fire-places for cooking, and the prevalence of tinder-boxes with their flint and steel and brimstone—dipped matches of home manufacture. The old "tin kitchen" with its savory roast on the spit, the baking kettle suspended by pot-hooks, with the hot ashes or coals on top to brown the cakes of bread within; the skillet; the three-legged iron pots; the useful warming pan for the cold beds; and the big brick oven; as well as those queer pounding barrels, are within the memory of some of us who had conservative ancestors to whom, for example, the innovation of cooking stoves was as formidable as the sewing machines later, which were going to spoil the beautiful hand sewing which our feminine kin did so perfectly, even artistically.

A few of the old calashes (that strangely-fashioning and voluminous silk head gear) were still used occasionally by some of the older women, and the modern rubber overshoe had strange predecessors which had to be warmed to make them pliable.

We can only mention as later, but still youthful memories, John Bodle's famous Quaker school, (John and his assistant being the chief Quaker element in it) now the Historical Society building, and the old Coffin and High school days also, with the never-to-be-forgotten principal of the latter, Augustus Morse, that able, conscientious, but somewhat eccentric instructor. The academy too, of briefer reign, had its noted and faithful teachers, all of which the writer attended with a comparatively short experience in the public schools, so called to distinguish them from the two prominent private centres of learning.

A more complete account of these lightly-touched upon memories and the strange individualities, the peculiar idiosyncracies and characteristics of certain Nantucketers, and their unique and often so singularly appropriate nicknames must be left to other chroniclers. The past is past, the memory of it alone remains. Have we not in our later years, like Charles Lamb:

"Ghost-like paced around the haunts
of childhood,
Seeking the old familiar faces,
The old familiar places."

It is on such occasions as this, that memory asserts itself, and we are grateful that the old feeling of clan and kin is renewed. In the genial greeting, the warm hand-clasp, the familiar appellation of other days, we indeed renew our youth, we live in the past tempered by the atmosphere of to-day. Past and present,—companions of our lives!

"Thus the seer, with vision clear,
Sees forms appear and disappear
In the perpetual round of strange, mysterious change;
From birth to death, from death to birth,
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;
Till glimpses more sublime,
Of things unseen before,
Unto his wondering eyes reveal
The universe as an immeasurable wheel,
Turning forevermore
In the rapid and rushing river of Time."

ELIZABETH C. LOVERING.

For The Inquirer and Mirror.
JACKSONVILLE, ILL., May 26, 1901.

Mr. Editor:

In our issue of May 4, 1901, you have an article on Capt. Reuben Joy, who for years conducted a store at corner of Main and Gardner streets. I read that article with much interest, as in young boy days I dealt with him much. Our family lived on Mill street at foot of New Dollar Lane, and Capt. Joy's store was the nearest in 1840 and 1842.

It might possibly be of interest to your many readers, born on the "Sea girt Isle" to know of one peculiar feature of the trade done with "Uncle Reuben" as I was taught to call him. He was very particular to see that all dealing with him got exact change, so kept handy to his cash drawer needles and pins, and always made the exact $\frac{1}{2}$ cent change when it could not be done in cents, in needles, pins, candy, or something else. That was the day of Spanish money, and the silver in circulation was 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ pieces, so there was often the old $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ cent due the customer. Again "Uncle Reuben" would not give candy in change unless he was sure the mother of the child sent, was willing the child to have the same.

Yours truly,
ISAAC COFFIN COLEMAN.

"Swimming" at Nantucket Long Years Ago.

Editor of the Inquirer and Mirror:

It is many years since I ceased to be a Nantucket boy and became a citizen of the city of Providence. Sixty-three years ago! A long time; yet how brief.

A frequent visitor since then to the isle in the sea, I have never lost loyalty to and appreciation for the town where I was born. Visiting it this year in the middle of July last, I surely did enjoy my few days tarry. Memory across the years, and reality of business and social conditions as I now find them—what a change! I now reminisce on but one of them.

What a decided social function is bathing now at Nantucket. An unexcelled beach is a charm for the visitor and resident. I doubt if a finer beach or better shore and sea waters for bathing than those of Nantucket can any where be found. I am unqualifiedly firm in that opinion.

"Bathing," when I was a "Nantucket boy?" Nay! Verily, Nay! Swimming was then the slogan. "Goin' in swimmin'," was what we boys then called it. How often in my brief boy life in my home town have I walked south along its inner eastern shore, then a clean, attractive white beach. Some distance over, and over to the left, was a swimming hole, called the marsh—"the mash", we boys used to say. Just before reaching the bend of that shore at the south, we used to head eastward and wade across to the Shimmo shore, now I think, known as Monomoy.

There at the creek, or "crik", as we dubbed it, was our famous spot for swimming. There many of us Nantucket boys learned to swim. That big round hole, which we then called the "pot", a deep opening which, at high tide, was over our head—never a better place for learning to dive. There we learned the art, for art it is, of swimming. From there we went to the wharves, and on, around and about those old docks. Clothing, Ah, No! Unlimited liberties were ours. Dressed only in our birthday clothes, how we did enjoy that invigorating pastime. Whale-ships were then docked about those old wharves. What a change since!

In those days, on those old wharves, rolled together in casks, enclosed by rough boarding at the sides, covered over by sea-weed, hundreds, yes, I guess thousands, of gallons of sperm and whale oils were stored, waiting for good, salable markets. Swimming around the wharves and the old ships offered the best kind of conditions in the fulfillment of that rare sport. Some of the more daring boys used to climb the rigging, up to the spars, and cross-trees, half way up the masts, and even to higher altitudes, and dive into the water from those dizzy heights.

Occasionally there was a ship outfitting for a voyage. With a rope attached to and high up on the mainmast, the other end connected with a windlass on the wharf, the craft was drawn over and so careened as to bring a side exposed from keel to taffrail. This was for the purpose of removing the old copper over the sheathing and to re-copper with bright new material.

About a ship so careened was a raft or floating low stage, very commodious in area. This the workmen used as a platform as they engaged in service. Tools all about, yet there was room for us boys, which was generously granted us, to divert ourselves of clothing. We enjoyed many a swim, under those ideal conditions, in the clear waters which laved the wharves. Because of these rare conditions and privileges the Nantucket boys became expert swimmers; in fact, it was said that they were quite unexcelled in the art.

I well remember the oblong sheets of copper, and how dazingly brilliant the side of a ship, covered with them, was, as its brightness was reflected in the sunlight. The old copper removed was valuable, and was carefully saved for sale as old material. Some of it, however, went overboard, "into the drink", we boys use to say.

Many of the more venturesome of the boys, coming down to swim from the stage, used to bring cloth bags or sacks with them. We had learned that our eyes could be opened under water and that we could clearly use them without harm. Diving, they used to crawl around at the bottom under the water, salvage and bring to the surface much of that "lost" material.

"Findings was keepings", and the boys cashed in on it at "Dick" Hosier's on Federal street. That old Hosier building, where we boys sold the old junk which we found about the streets, still remains and now is the property of the town, bequeathed to it by will of the last of the Hosier family.

The old island of Nantucket is wonderfully historic! There I first saw the light of day, and there I lived my early boyhood. It is a shrine that I delight to visit. Reminiscences of those old days often flood my mind. I like to give expression to them.

—J. E. C. Farnham.

Providence, August 16, 1927.

Aug. 27, 1927

BRIEF HISTORICAL DATA AND MEMORIES OF MY BOYHOOD DAYS IN NANTUCKET

A DE LUXE VOLUME
of
QUAINT OLD NANTUCKET

"Oh, it's a snug little Island!
A right little, tight little Island."

*Profusely Illustrated with Attractive
Views of that Enchanting Town*

Exquisite Paper and Binding
360 Pages—Size, 6 x 9

THE ISLAND OF NANTUCKET, a jewel in the sea, graceful in its marine setting, has an unusual charm of entertaining history and folk-lore.

Once universally noted as a whaling town, it is now equally famous as one of the most delightful seashore resorts of New England.

Generally known as one of the prized insular possessions of Massachusetts,—the old Bay State—it is not so extensively known that, for nearly a century, it was equally prized as a part and possession of the Empire State of New York.

Within that old town and upon the waters surrounding it have been enacted some of the most vital and captivating experiences ever known within the theatre of human activities.

This new volume has much of eventful history of far-back years in the old town of Nantucket, and an entertaining compilation of boyhood memories during the mid-way years of the nineteenth century.

Only a limited edition has been printed. A book of unusual and valuable for individuals, libraries and historical societies.

PRICE, \$5.00; POSTPAID, \$5.25

JOSEPH E. C. FARNHAM,
Author and Publisher

P. O. Box 916 Providence, R. I.

July 7, 1923

Boyhood Incident on Nantucket.

From the Brockton Enterprise.

A Nantucketer who adopted Brockton as his home a good many years ago was relating an incident of boyhood days on the island. A blacksmith who was one of the town's characters had his shop at the head of one of the harbor wharves. Every morning he drove down with a white horse and beach wagon, tethered his reliable old nag back of the shop and drove back home again in the afternoon. In between coming and going anyone who wanted the horse and wagon for any purpose could hire the outfit for 15 cents, a fixed tariff, but always with the proviso that they must be back by 4 o'clock.

One day in summer the lad who was telling the story and three of his pals decided to go to Hummock pond for an outing and agreed to make the adventure in style with the blacksmith's one horse power craft. They carried lunch, along with feed for the steed, did some fishing and swimming, and about 3 in the afternoon figured it was time to head for town, as old Whitey was not geared to high speed.

Part way back one of the boys touched on the subject of paying for the ride and the financial side of the outing brought up a serious problem. All the four could muster in coin of the realm was five coppers. What to do? One of the boys rose to the occasion. "Old Gardner"—if that was the name—he recalled, "pays five cents apiece for horseshoes. Whitey will have to chip in a couple to help us out." The cavalcade came to a halt, jack-knives and a piece of fence rail served to separate the irons from two of the unprotesting animal's hoofs, and the journey was resumed.

They got to the shop just before 4 o'clock, and when it came to settling up admitted they were a little short of cash but would turn in a couple of horseshoes to make up the balance due. The blacksmith looked over the shoes, allowed he could make use of them and the four lads left his vicinity without tarrying for further conversation.

What did Mr. Gardner say when he found his white horse shy of shoes on two feet? That can only be conjectured. None of the lads who were involved in the financial operation ever undertook to find out. They gave that part of the town a wide berth for the rest of the summer.

Aug 29, 1931

doors, filling the streets in every direction—now, alas, dwindled to a handful. On the opposite side, where the brick houses now stand, was the great green yard with the little unpainted house standing back from the street, and the old pump in the middle of the yard; the rough board fence running down to the next estate, where now the eastern brick house stands. On the eastern corner of Pleasant street, where now stands the residence of Joseph S. Barney, Esq., and the house formerly occupied by his father, stood the houses of — Cartwright and Abihu Coffin, fronting south, back door to the street. The land on this side was much higher than on the other, and the eastern house stood on quite a high bank, below which, on hot days, the town sheep used to lie where they could get a little shade, although their periods of rest were brief, as they were frequently started from their repose by some boy, taking a little malicious pleasure in starting them up. Wonderful animals were those town sheep! taking up their abode within the precincts of the town, lying nights under steps and buildings, they became accustomed to all the noise and bustle of a busy mart, which Nantucket was then, and would run from nothing but human beings. We be to the stranger dog who came among us and made an attack on a flock of them. That dog would go rolling over and over in the mud, and be off yelling, while the sheep would go on eating as coolly as if nothing had happened.

Between Trader's lane and Pine street, where the houses of the late Job Coleman and Mr. George C. Macy now stand, was another large house fronting south, with its long, low back roof, running down to just the top of the back doors, the outer ones of which were invariably painted red, and was the only part of the houses in those days guilty of paint. Further down, just in front of the eastern portion of Atlantic Hall building, the Franklin school house stood, jutting out nearly into the middle of the street, and I believe, though I am not quite sure, that the road went on either side of it. Just where the residence of Mrs. Sarah Hallett now stands was a long, unpainted carpenter's shop, standing side to the street, upon the side of which on huge iron hooks hung the fire ladders, kept there, I suppose, because it was a central situation, and the side of the shop seemed specially adapted to the purpose. The space between Fair and Orange streets was occupied by an antique looking building known to us as the Carey building, in the yard of which on the Orange street side, up a flight of stone steps was a well of excellent water, where the thirsty passer-by always stopped to slake his thirst. The land on the west side of Orange street was high like that on the west side of Fair street, and was dug down by P. H. Folger, Esq., when he built the brick house now standing thereon. Below where your office now is, to the wharf, the street on this side ran on nearly the same line as now, with large buildings occupied as dwelling houses, stores, paint shops, offices, etc.; but on the north side, from what is now Parker's corner, the street trended south, narrowing until it came to where Moor's auction room now is; the building at that place standing half way across the street; the flag stones leading from there to the opposite corner below being still to be seen; forming what was called the "lower square." From the building now occupied by the Custom House down to the head of the wharf there was a constant stream of teams carting to and from the wharf, which was crowded with vessels from New York, Boston, Providence, Baltimore and more southern and eastern ports; and the resident of to-day can have but a faint idea of the activity and life manifest in those times. The wharf was filled with long tiers of oil casks, just landed from some returned whaler; staves and heading from Albany; brick, hay, beef, pork, flour, and provisions of all kinds, which were be-

ing landed from vessels; while others were taking in oil and candles, our principal articles of export, which were being sent away in exchange, and stores for some outward bound vessel fitting from the bar.

As it was on the Straight wharf, so it was on all the others. A scene of bustle and active life that I have not seen excelled in any other place, and which serves to make an old resident feel lonesome when he wanders down, and contrasts the scenes of half a century ago with those of to-day.

1830.

Boys' Clans in Nantucket.

By FRED ELIJAH COFFIN.

The natural savageness of human nature seems to be an accepted fact, and it often finds manifestation in the antipathies and scrimmages of the small boy, as yet untrained in self control. One way in which it evidenced itself was in the clannish antagonisms of boys of different sections of the town, who were rarely associated together.

There were two large divisions of these boys; one, the largest, was known as the "Newtowners," from the section where they lived—Newtown. The other division was composed of the "Chookies" and the "Westcoes." How we got the name of Chookies no one but the boy who first coined the word ever knew; but the Westcoes of course were named from the western part of the town where they lived. The Chookies lived in the more central part of the town. The Chookies and Westcoes affiliated. The Newtowners were a large class of themselves. There was always enmity between these two principal divisions. How this antipathy originated was never known or considered, but probably the Newtowners thought that the Chookies and Westcoes were rather "stuck up;" while the latter regarded the Newtowners as ignoramuses. The "Northshores," were a less belligerent party which sometimes united with the Westcoes.

These petty unpleasantnesses were forgotten when busy in school; and in spring and summer boys in their leisure hours had various matters and little excursions to attend to and were not in a hostile mood; but during the Wednesday and Saturday half-holidays of fall and winter they had time to think over and nurse their petty grievances. The Chookies and Westcoes were generally united, yet at times there were brief disturbances between them, but their homes were nearly contiguous with no district boundary line between them.

When, occasionally of a Saturday afternoon, the word was passed around—"the Newtowners are coming" there would be a general gathering to oppose them, armed with sticks and laths, but mostly with gesticulating arms and fists and loud shoutings of menaces; and the Newtowners would be "armed" in about the same manner. After a few simple sorties, which served mostly to give vent to their innate savagery, there would be a withdrawal of forces and a temporary peace.

Sometimes these gatherings would number twenty or thirty boys on a side, which made quite a display. One particular occasion is remembered, when for a fortnight or so there was bitter animosity between the clans. Its origin was a mystery, or it was probably a case of spontaneous com-

bustion, with no better basis than that of certain older boys in the terrible Crimean War, which is said to have originated in the dispute over the possession of a key—to the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. Men are but boys of a larger growth.

One special preparation for our coming conflict was made by some of us late on a Friday afternoon in winter, by making up a lot of large and compact snow-balls which were treated to full saturation in water and placed where they would freeze during the night. That conflict, like the others, must have ended in mere ferment.

Those belligerent and clannish manifestations came down from a former generation, as witness the following from *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

"We are pleased to hear from our former schoolfellow (C. C. Hussey) of over half a century ago, whom we had supposed had long since been gathered to his fathers. Although we were one of the small boys, and he one of the big ones at the opening of the Coffin School in 1827, we well remember him as the acknowledged leader of the "Chookies" in our snow-ball battles with the "Newtowners" which were carried on with such relentless fury in those times." (Editorial in an 1881 issue.)

But a contemporary letter-writer, alluding to the "Quarter-Mile" snow-slide at the west of the town, writes:

"I never slid on the 'Quarter-mile;' it wouldn't have been healthy for an 'under-the-banker' or a 'Newtowner' to show up there." And again he says: "Here (on Mill Hill slide) a hundred boys could be found on a moonlight night—all residents of the immediate neighborhood—for heaven help the 'Northshorer' who fell among them." (Nevins, in *The Inquirer and Mirror*, March 21, 1914).

These juvenile strifes continued through several years, but have vanished before a broader system of instruction in the public schools, the Sunday schools, the newspaper, etc. In the great cities no instrumentality is more efficacious in leading the boys, and girls, too, into humane and harmonious ideas of life and duty than the Sunday school; and although this work is done in Nantucket it is the belief of the writer that it has never been overdone, and that more personal effort might yet bear much good fruit.

The writer of this, during his older boyhood, was associated for a few years in one of the larger stores with a saleswoman who was a much interested teacher in Sunday school. She knew very well that her fellow clerk had not been accustomed to attend, nor was then in such a school, yet she never gave a hint or invitation to visit or attend the school. Shortly after, when he entered with an active business house in Boston, inquiry, a hearty invitation to attend a certain Sunday school and church was extended to him, and as heartily accepted, and he made his first appearance in a good deacon's Bible class. One of the members of that class was the late lamented President of the A. B. C. F. M.—one of the most effective missionary societies of the world.

This little experience of mine in its earlier phase proved a lack of personal effort and of the missionary spirit. No one would dare affirm that there is a lack of the humanitarian spirit in Nantucket, for it has ever been practically manifested. There has ever been a spirit of good will and humanity as real and pervasive as the deep diapason of the ocean's roar; but has not personal and missionary effort been somewhat lacking?

The Special Quaker Preacher.

When two or three whaleships arrived home within as many weeks there would be quite a gathering of smart sailor lads about town. My father, when a young man, got home once from a voyage at about such a time as this. The Quakers were then predominant among religious believers. My father related to me one amusing experience of their "activities."

A Quaker preacher of more than ordinary reputation was then visiting the island, and the young sailors, of whom there was a good many in town, mostly new arrivals, were specially invited one evening to hear this preacher, the meeting being mainly for them. Now, young fellows who have been at sea for two or three years could find something attractive and interesting in anything that was going on—even a Quaker meeting—so they all went.

The large plain meeting-house was filled with sailors and their friends, and with Friends indeed. The special preacher was there also, and the elders on the high seats. After assembling, stillness settled down upon the great congregation, and the impressive quietness continued, remaining unbroken through all the hour, until the elders on the big seats gravely arose and shook hands—signifying that the meeting was closed—not a word having been spoken by any one!

Now, what sane excuse or explanation could there be for such a procedure? Those young sailors were just at the age and under circumstances when instruction, counsel and warning and Christian exhortation was what they most needed. It might be said that the solemn quietness and thoughtfulness of the place was what they most needed; but to sailors the quietness of the place with the sermon would have been fully as impressive, and the solemn thoughtfulness would have far more solemn and practical if the preacher's words had given shape to their thoughts.

It may be claimed that "the spirit did not move"; but the Holy Spirit is a worker, and it is safe to say He does not sanction the failure to improve such openly-declared and valuable opportunities. There is much sentiment used concerning the Quakers—although, to be entirely candid, it is not all sentiment, but this is a very practical world and sentiment is not on the throne.

However, this incident occurred about a century ago, and the present methods of work in all the brotherhoods of the church are far advanced from the customs of those days.

AUGUST 1, 1914

Memories of Nantucket Island 1880 - 1881, 1884 - 1885.

It was said there were two sisters—Martha and Nan. They had their choice of two islands, one near New Bedford abounded in grapes. It was called the Vineyard. The other island was far out at sea. Martha didn't like the sea, so she took the Vineyard. There was only the other island left, so Nantucket.

It was in my sixth year when my parents decided to spend the summer on Nan's island. My mother went down there first to get us accommodations. There were two hotels on Orange Street, the Sherman House and the Bay View House. The latter had been a private mansion, with spacious grounds. It was owned then by the Adams family who lived in a grey shingled cottage down the slope back of the hotel amidst a little grove of quince trees. The proprietor of the Bay View House in those days was a Mr. Patterson.

Dad, Mother, my sister, then 19, and mother's maid left New York in late June 1880 aboard the Fall River Line's floating palace the steamer Bristol. My dad knew the captain and took me up in the pilot house for a 10 minute visit. We arrived in Fall River early the next morning, there took the boat train from the wharf for New Bedford. Arriving there we went aboard the Island Home, then under the command of Captain Manter. My dad knew the captain well, and I feel sure he was a fine man, and I was doubly attracted by the little gold wire earrings he wore. Captain Manter let me hold a spoke of the wheel and so I "helped" steer the Island Home.

Upon our arrival at Nantucket we were driven in a beach wagon up Orange Street to the Bay View House. A second wagon brought our trunks. Orange Street sidewalks were made of fitted-in bricks, the street of all sized and shaped cobblestones.

We had the entire second floor of the Bay View House—a covered piazza extended across the back of the house on the first and second floors.

I soon found the big white gate between two large posts at the left of the house as you faced it. It opened onto a wide brick walk with flower beds on either side. Going to the back lawn and turning to the left you entered the flower garden, the walks bordered by low boxwood hedges. At the end of the walk and the crest of a hill one came to a long narrow summer house from which a panorama spread out before you. The summer house was roofed over. A unique spot for romancing on moonlight nights.

Facing the Bay View House at its right was a narrow lane with a wooden town pump. The house next to the lane belonged to a Mrs. Lowden, whose son Jimmy became my playmate. On the other side of Orange Street was a grocery store where they sold sour giant pickles out of a barrel, and also pickled limes. I tried them all.

Of course, the main feature of Orange Street was the tall church. From the lookout tower Billy Clark, the town crier, sighted the boat from New Bedford, blew his horn, then descended to the street, where he would ring a bell and cry out the news. Local advertising was often brought out that way. Billy Clark had a cracked voice, but understandable. I can hear him now, crying out "Meat auction at Joe Folger's! Grand excursion to Gay Head—Gay Head!"

I also remember the Old Mill when it was grinding corn. There were worn out grinding stones in the long grass near the mill, and I would sit there with the old miller and listen to his stories of other days.

To reach 'Sconset or Surfside, as the South Shore was called, a horse and beach wagon or two horses and a beach wagon were needed. The first named rig went in ruts for the wheels and a pounded-out place in the center for the horses feet. With a team of horses there was a mound in the center and two pounded out places for the horses feet, one on each side of the mound. There were a number of each going to the above named places, and also to Wauwinet.

A little steamboat also ran from the Nantucket wharf to Wauwinet. There they served a wonderful shore dinner. A pond near the Wauwinet House was alive with perch. In that shallow water the line was wound around a spool which once held shoe thread. Sand fleas were used as bait and kept in a wide-mouthed bottle.

At Sankaty Light there were no houses along the bluff. I rolled down that bluff once and they had to have a rope tied around me to pull me up to the top.

At Surfside, they caught bluefish from the beach, whirling around an eel-covered hook and heavy jigger then pulling it in, generally with a fish on the hook. The blues were very large at Nantucket. Some caught at Great Point weighed up to 17 pounds. I often went with my dad for a day's fishing.

On the way to Surfside were groves of pine. They burned over great sections of the prairie each summer to bring in the grasshoppers, then the plover came to feast on the hoppers and the gunners bagged the plover.

Bathing was enjoyed at Surfside, but 'Sconset had a bad undertow. At Nantucket proper bathing was enjoyed along the beach below the cliff. A catboat with a red star on the sail near its peak carried people to the cliff beach, or you could drive there.

In 1880 my sister rented a rig, the horse's name was Lovely, the fastest horse on the Island. That winter Lovely was bought by the Coffin family.

During our summers at Nantucket the railroad was built to Surfside and later a branch to 'Sconset. Surfside later boasted of a great wooden hotel and roller skating rink. My father put money in both and lost it.

Billy Clark, the town crier, had cards with his name and the date of his birthday printed on them, then he gave them to the summer people. My family always sent him a present.

I often went to the beach at Brant Point, and knew the keeper of the light there.

One day, I cannot recall the year, the sky turned into the color of copper as if the heavens were on fire. People were so frightened that some knelt in the street to pray, thinking the end of the world was at hand. There was no telegraph in those days, and no one ever explained it, for by late evening the sky was studded with beautiful stars.

All that I have put down here I remember vividly, also my visit to the Whaling Museum where I first saw a Catamaran and became interested in whales and whalers.

John L. E. Pell
Westport Point, Massachusetts.

July 30, 1955

NANTUCKET MEMORIES.

There is here and there in Nantucket a mansion that impresses one as being of the patrician order, as possessed of that indefinable something which marks houses as well as men. The one we have in mind stands on the corner of a principal street, with well-kept lawns and gardens in the rear, a house that has entertained General Grant and President Arthur, with many men distinguished in other walks of life. Its owner is a retired merchant, one of those who forty years ago made this isolated isle known and respected to the remotest corners of the earth. He began his business career in 1832, as shipbuilder, and sent out many craft that were the pride of the seas. In 1839, as our Consul at New Zealand, he threw to the breeze the first American flag ever hoisted there. When the gold fever broke out in 1849 he sent his ship around the Horn to San Francisco, and himself performed the journey overland, enduring all the hardships incident to the way. He owned the first tea ship that entered the port of Foochow after it was opened to commerce in 1854. One of his last ventures, of which a pleasant chapter might be made, was his journey to London and then to Paris in 1835, where he chartered to the French Government the ship *Great Republic*, then the largest vessel in the world, to be used as a transport in the Crimean war. The ship took at one voyage 3,300 horses, with officers and artillery, and earned \$184,000 for her owners in fourteen months.

As may be imagined, the reminiscences of such a man are of the most interesting character; his library would delight a collector, not alone for its printed volumes, but for its relics and manuscripts, old letters, day-books and ledgers of merchants, log-books of whaling ships, parish registers, and records of the old families of the island. A piece of oak wood stained by sea water, lying on his table, attracted our attention during a recent call. "That," said he, "is a piece of the belfry of the good ship *Endeavor*, in which in 1769-70 Captain Cook completed his famous voyage round the world. Some will be surprised to learn that the *Endeavor* finished her career by being broken up in Newport Harbor, her iron and some of her timbers going to build a new sloop; but such was the case. The *Endeavor* had an eventful history. She was originally built for a French company of Dunkirk, and was employed by them in fishing in the Arctic; at length she was captured by the British and tendered by the Admiralty to Cook for his expedition to the Pacific to observe the transit of Venus. On his return she was sold to a whaling company and employed in their adventurous calling for some years; finally she drifted into the merchant service, and in 1795 brought a miscellaneous cargo from London to Newport, consigned to Gibbs & Channing (George Channing, junior member of this firm, was the father of the famous Dr. Channing). They loaded her with a return cargo and in going out she struck on Brenton's Reef, was taken back and condemned. She lay for years a useless old hulk. Finally she was purchased by Captains John and Stephen Calhoun, hauled out on the flats and broken up. Mr. William Gilpin, of Newport, has or had the crown of the *Endeavor*. Boxes were also constructed from her timbers, some of which were sent to England, and on the publication of Cooper's 'Red Rover' in 1827, several gentlemen of Newport—Robert P. Lee, Nicholas G. Boss, Peleg Clarke, and others—had a box made from her keel, and presented to the novelist in appreciation of his genius. I had some curiosity as to the fate of this box, and so wrote to the novelist's son, Mr. Paul Cooper, who answered as follows:

ALBANY, October, 15, 1874.

"The box you speak of is in my possession. It is plainly, even roughly, made of wood blackened as I suppose by exposure to water. On its top there is a silver plate upon which is engraved a ship seen from the stern, partly, so as to show one side fore-shortened. The stumps of her masts and bowsprit are all that is visible of her rigging—or rather no rigging appears—only the four stumps. She is floating on a moderate sea, not in a storm. Over the ship, in the middle of the length of the plate, is an inscription, thus: 'To the Author of the Red Rover.' The box is oblong and I should think five or six inches in its greatest length. The top opens like that of the ordinary work-boxes used by ladies and the hinges and locks are iron. The inside is plain rough wood. I do not doubt the rough style of the box was intentional."

"Long Tom Coffin, the hero of the *Red Rover*, was a Nantucketer, Reuben Chase by name. I learned this interesting fact from my friend, Charles Deering, of Sag Harbor, the bosom friend of Cooper—they owned ships together—who told me that Cooper told him this fact, and that he had the story of Chase's exploits from Paul Jones himself. It is certain that Chase was with Jones in the *Bon Homme Richard*. He first went to sea as a whaler; early in the Revolution he drifted over to Paris, and there met Jones and Dr. Franklin, to whom he was probably known, Franklin having often visited his mother's kindred on the island. Possibly the recommendation of the sinewy whaler may have influenced Franklin somewhat in procuring Jones his ship. Chase stood six feet four inches in his stockings, and came of a race of island giants. One of his sisters weighed 350 pounds and the other 250. The former was noted for her prowess and feats of strength. For the greater part of her life she kept a boarding house at the foot of Roosevelt street, New York. The gossips told of her overturning in the ditch a cart and load of wood upon it, which an obstinate cartman had left before her door and refused to move.

"We hear a great deal nowadays about reaching the North Pole, yet I'll wager that in this old log-book of 1788 there is a record of a navigator's getting as near as any one ever has, and he only a whaler with a whaler's outfit. Under date of June 5, of that year, we read: 'Saw two barks stranded by last gale. Got clear water. Land one whale. One hundred sail in sight. Lat. 78 N.—that is, within twelve degrees of the pole. Seven days later he exceeds this, however, and records 79 0 2. Those early Nantucketers I have sometimes called the foremost men of the earth. Consider some of their exploits. Marine telegraphy was first invented by them in the war of the Revolution. British frigates cruised about the island continually and cut off vessels that sought to make the port. There were four large wind-mills on prominent sand-hills south of the town, and the vanes of these were utilized as signals, those of the east mill denoting when a cruiser was on the northeast of the island and those of the west mill if she was in the west channel. The British captains became so incensed at this manoeuvre that they reported the matter in New York, and a party was sent to burn the 'indicators,' as they were called. A Nantucket merchant, too, and his ships were largely responsible for the famous tea party in Boston Harbor, in 1773. William Rotch was a great merchant here in those days, and in 1773 two of his ships, the *Beaver* and *Dartmouth*, with a third, the *Eleanor*, were chartered by the East India Company to convey cargoes of tea to Boston. December 11, 1773, Rotch was summoned before the Boston Committee, Samuel Adams in the chair, and commanded to return the teas in the same vessels that brought them over, without paying duty, as you have doubtless read in the account of that affair. I have proof that the East India Company paid Rotch the freightage on those teas. It's a pity that the life of this great Quaker merchant could not be fully written; it would make a volume of surpassing interest. He died in 1828, aged ninety-four years.

"Ben Franklin's mother and grandmother were residents of the island, and I suspect a good share of his mother wit and sound sense were due to Nantucket sea-breezes and nitrogenous food. Here is the record of his mother's birth: 'Abiah, daughter of Peter Folger, born August 15, 1667.' She was of the same family that produced the late Judge Folger. Quite a romance attaches to her mother Mary Moriel, the wife of Peter Folger. She was a maid-servant in the family of the Rev. Hugh Peters, one of Cromwell's chaplains, and in 1662 accompanied her master and his family to the New World. Peter Folger was a passenger on the same vessel, and became so enamored of the maid, that he bought her indenture of her master for £20, an enormous sum in those days, and on landing, married her. Dr. Franklin often visited his mother's relatives on the island, and kept up a correspondence with them. Here is one of his letters to a female cousin here:

LONDON, August 29, 1769.

"LOVING COUSIN: I had the pleasure of hearing yesterday on inquiry of our cousin Folger that you and your husband and daughter were well when he was last on the island. I recollect that when I sent you the Sliding Plate, I receiv'd a Dollar more than it came to, which I thought to have settled when I should send you the last Plates, but as that Perhaps was omitted after I came away, and I know not whether the Plates were ever made or not, I send you herewith a pair of very nice snuffers in some sort to balance that. They cost

six shilling sterling, which is a little more than the Dollar. Seeing some very neat candle-sticks where I bought the snuffers, with a pretty contrivance to push up from the bottom, I bought some for my wife and a pair I send you, which I pray you to accept as a token of my regard."

"The letter is addressed to Mrs. Keziah Coffin, the wife of John Coffin, a great merchant of those days. The candlesticks and snuffers were preserved in the village until destroyed in the great fire of 1846.

"Here is another letter from Franklin, showing his attention to small things:

"PHILADELPHIA, March 24, 1757.

"DEAR SIR: I enclose you some of the grain called whisk corn or broom corn. It must be planted in hills like Indian corn three or four grains in a hill. It looks like Indian corn when growing till the top comes out, of which they make the brushes for velvet and other brooms. The grain is good for bread and for fowls, horses, etc., being a kind of millet, and of great increase. The stalks, etc., make excellent thatch. It grows ten feet high, and I believe must have a little more room than you commonly give your Indian corn, but plant it at the same time. When 'tis ripe gather it. You may strip the seed off by hand from the whisk, or your fowls will pick it off. Give my dear friend Katy enough of the tops to make a whisk for her mantelet, and with it, if you please, a kiss from me and my best wishes. My respectful compliments to Mrs. W. and other friends. I expect to sail next week for England, where if I can be of any service to you, favor me with your commands, directed to me at the Pennsylvania Coffee-house, in Bristol Lane, London."

"Perhaps you would like to copy this epitaph on himself, written by the philosopher, though it is familiar:

"The body of Benjamin Franklin, Printer, Like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stript of its Lettering and Gilding, lies here food for worms. But the work shall not be lost. It will, as he believes, appear once more in a new and beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author. He was born Jan. 6, 1706, and died 17—."

This is a copy, but the original, in Franklin's handwriting is preserved in the village.

The Folgers, Franklin's mother's family, were a notable race of captains and merchants. Capt. Martin Folger was the first to discover the mutineers of the *Bounty* on Pitcairn's Island in 1808. The Coffins and Rotchs, too, were famous in the same way. John Coffin, husband of Keziah, was one of the greatest merchants of his day, exceeded, perhaps, only by William Rotch. Capt. Daniel Coffin carried the first cargo of cotton in bulk to Liverpool in 1790—before that it had been carried only in small lots as samples. Isaac Coffin, of this family, rose to be Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart., Admiral in the British navy. One of William Rotch's ships, the *Bedford*, companion of the *Beaver*, was the first to fly the stars and stripes in an English port. She arrived in London February 13, 1783, and caused the Treasury officials no little perplexity as to how to treat the flag."

C. B. T.

[NOTE.—The person spoken of as consul at New Zealand was not consul, but under commission from Mr. Forsyth, secretary of state at that time, established James R. Clendon first consul of the United States, which event was properly celebrated. Sir Francis Baxter, of France, a cousin of some of our townsmen, was present.

A writer in the New York *Evening Post* corrects some of the statements above made, saying the *Dartmouth* was not a Nantucket ship, but of the port of Dartmouth (now New Bedford). The life of William Rotch was fully written by himself in 1814.—Eds.]

JANUARY 23, 1886.

Magazine Article Of 1873 Records Life On Nantucket After Decline Of Whaling

A fascinating story of the Nantucket of nearly a century ago—a sharp contrast to the picture of the Island today—is told in a Scribner's Monthly magazine article, written in 1873 by an unidentified writer who visited here then.

The article, profusely illustrated by clear sketches of Island scenes in that day, was recently discovered by Morgan Cunningham, a New York researcher and writer.

Believing that Nantucket Institution For Savings Bank might be able to use it as promotion material for the bank, Mr. Morgan sent it to President George M. Lake. Although he had no direct use for the article, Mr. Lake considered it highly interesting to Nantucketers and it is.

Its illustrations give a fine idea of what the Island was like. On what may have been the Old North Wharf is a bustling crowd and several two-wheel and a four wheel horse drawn-carts about to greet the old sidwheeler steamboat, Island Home, just off the end of the dock.

The wharf has an ell, which is not now a feature of the present Old North Wharf. In another sketch illustration, entitled "A Nantucket Frolic" several gay Nantucket lassies have been mischievously dumped by their escort to the ground from the rear of the two-wheel dump cart. Still others show an Island auction scene, the town crier, the familiar view of Nantucket Harbor from the Unitarian Church Tower, the residence and studio of famed Artist Eastman Johnson on the Cliff, the Old Mill; "The Old Fish Dealer" by his hand drawn cart; Coffin School, Abraham Quarry, Nantucket's last Indian; Admiral Coffin, "The Hermit of Quidnit;" wreck of the ship Poinsett, "Sank-at" Lighthouse, medal of the Humane Society; jaw of a spermaceti whale then in the museum of the Athenaeum; and a primitive fishcart utilizing a key for wheels and drawn by a horse.

Rather puzzling and mystifying is the sketch of an old building entitled "A Fruitless Experiment" which leads one to believe that it is Chadwick's Folley.

Whaling On Decline

Nantucket whaling industry which had made this Island the foremost of the world in that field was in rapid decline when the Scribner writer visited the Island.

"Of the great fleet of (Nantucket) ships which dotted every sea," he wrote, "scarcely a vestige remains. Two vessels were still abroad at the time of our visit but they had met poor success, and were more likely to be sold then to return with cargoes of the precious oil. The solitary brig Amy lay rotting at the wharf, waiting for some purchaser to take her away and turn her to some more profitable use."

The author repeats a variation of a yarn, whose authenticity he doubts, as to the origin of the names of the Elizabeth, Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard Islands.

"A father—so the story runs—" wrote the visitor, "when about to die, allowed his three daughters to choose for themselves among his possessions. The eldest, Elizabeth, for some not very evident reason, fixed preference upon the Islands, which accordingly took her name. Sensible Martha had the next choice and did not hesitate to appropriate the Vineyard. Alas! for poor Nancy, the youngest, nothing remained but a desolate heap of sand scarce rising above the ocean's waves. But necessity knows no laws and so 'Nancy tuk' it."

Doubts Story

"It is a pity to spoil so good a story, in whose accuracy many an Islander implicitly believes, but it is reasonably certain that Nantucket was an old Indian name, while Martha's Vineyard (called by the Indians Capawock) and the Elizabeth Islands, each of which still retains the aboriginal name, received their present appellations from the discover, Captain Bartholomew Gosnold, who, in 1602, made upon one of the latter the first attempt at colonization in New England. Good Queen Bess was certainly intended to be honored in the designation of the smaller group. What fancy led Gosnold in naming the largest Island is uncertain, and is worthy of note that for years the name fluctuated between Martha's Vineyard and Martin's Vineyard."

Scribner's writer made his trip to the Island when its only communication from the mainland was the sidwheeler Island Home. The mainland terminal was then Hyannis, connecting with the Cape Cod Railroad. And the vessel made the trip from Hyannis to Nantucket in two hours, he reports.

Declaring it was difficult for a vessel drawing more than nine feet, to center Nantucket harbor then, the writer described the use of camels, to help whalers over the bottom of the bar.

Crowd Awaits Steamer

"A goodly part of the population" was awaiting the steamers arrival. This scene, the writer describes, thus:

"As varied as was the assemblage about us were the carriages that stood ready for the reception of any stray passenger. There was the unavoidable hack, of course, to accommodate the fashionable visitor and carry him to one or the other of the hotels; and a few carry-alls of foreign construction.

But the majority of the vehicles were those peculiar wagons which the old-fashioned Nantucketer clings to with fond affection and styles his carts."

The genuine Nantucket cart, however, said the visitor, had but two wheels. Because it had no permanent seats, chairs from the kitchen were provided for a family ride.

Indulge In Frolics

"It is in these 'jaunting cars,'" Scribner reported, "that natives of Nantucket are particularly fond of indulging in their country frolics. Indeed, the young gallants are said to like nothing better than to collect in the car a goodly number of their female acquaintance, and then, having reached some convenient spot, slyly unfasten the hooks that retain the body of the cart in its horizontal position, and suffer their screaming companions to slide out upon the soft sand."

The 'town crier' who heralded news provided some amusing material for the visiting magazine writer.

"It would be a vain attempt to represent on paper his tremulous inflections of voice," he wrote of the vocal news reporter of the day. "For the town crier is an 'institution,' and whether he cries a 'Concert in the Church' or a 'meat auction' his singularly comical tones command instant attention.

"There are those indeed who will have it that this notable character is not altogether of sound mind, alleging in proof the circumstance that, having enlisted for a bounty during the late war, he soon reappeared as a civilian, and could give no better reason for his speedy return than that he had been discharged 'because they said that he was 'noncompous,' or something of the kind,' an allegation in no wise credible, in view of the apt retorts he has been known to make.

Town Crier Has Rejoinder

"For instance, to a somewhat forward young lady, who from the steps of a boarding-house inquired of him where he had obtained the bell he was ringing, he instantly rejoined: 'From the same foundry, ma'am, where you got your brass.'"

Coatue was a favorite place then for "squants" or picnics during the Summer, reported the writer. Prominent visitors were then being attracted to the Island which was to eventually draw most of its livelihood from the resort trade.

"The artist, Eastman Johnson," Scribner's magazine reported, "has shown his usual fine taste in taking up his Summer residence here, and has transformed two or three old houses that stood on the site into a home, a convenient studio."

Two Mills Left

Only two of a long line of old mills remained standing on the Island in 1873. Churches, built for the population of 10,000 at the height of the whaling era, were too large for the steadily diminishing population which then was leveling off to 4800.

Main Street was alive with fish-peddlers "at the proper time of the day," their merchandise on tables. They are described as "respectable and intelligent elderly persons, who to a man have followed the sea for a living and 'are full to overflowing with strange stories of outlandish places.'" Another customary scene of the day on the same street was that of the auction which the author said was patronized by "a goodly portion of the population."

A trip to 'Sconset in a Nantucket cart was something of a pioneering adventure.

March 5, 1954

NOTES FROM MY STUDY.

(No. VIII.)

BY REV. PHEBE A. HANAFORD.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., 19 Home Place, }
February 26th, 1872. }

Dear "Nantucket Paper:"

I've been long wishing for leisure to act the "chief" who is "takin' notes" for you to "prent" in your welcome columns, but have been "let hitherto." This lovely winter morning, (so near spring that the blue birds and robins have already made their appearance among our elms) has been made additionally bright by the arrival of the Nantucket paper containing Ferdinand's pleasant letter, and I am moved to drop everything else and respond. I want to add an "Amen" to his words in reference to Rev. Mr. Hosmer's remarks in his lecture concerning our native island. I, also, wish that portion, at least, could be published. While I was preaching in Hingham, Mass., I preached one Sabbath evening upon "The Islands of the Sea," using Isa., xl ii, 12, as my text:—"Let them give glory unto the Lord, and declare his praise in the Islands," and I closed my sermon with a reference to Nantucket's history ending at last with Whittier's ballad wherein he says:

"God bless the sea-beat island,
And grant that evermore
May charity and freedom dwell,
As now, upon her shore!"

Yes, let us have the privilege of reading Mr. Hosmer's remarks about Nantucket, and I would suggest that every minister of Nantucket descent, —far-scattered as they are—might profitably preach from the text, "The isles shall wait for thy law," and then refer to Nantucket. Take notice, oh brothers Ewer, Colesworthy, Green, Ruberg, and all the rest, and so spread abroad our island's fame! And do not imitate me in failing to preserve your Mss. The only paragraph of my discourse, having reference to Nantucket, which I can find, is this, which I give you without asking. Possibly the facts are the same as those to which "F. C. E." refers. I said, "This well-known island lying S. E. of Massachusetts, if the author of 'The Northmen in New England, may be relied upon, has a history which though meagre in its earlier portions, yet dates back to an era prior to the birth of Columbus. Some time in the tenth century, (about 985) according to this author, who founds his assertions on ancient Icelandic manuscripts which have recently been deciphered, Leif, the son of Eirik the Red, landed on the island of Nantucket, and in the description of his visit there, mention is made of the facts that he found the air remarkably pleasant, and that honey-dew was to be found there. Mention is also made by those early voyagers of the shoals around Nantucket, many of which remain to this day, rendering the coast exceedingly dangerous to unpracticed navigators." I have the impression that I found the book above mentioned in the Athenaeum Library.

I hope those topics mentioned by "F. C. E." will all be properly presented at the next Triennial. I have often wished that the "Historical Discourse" delivered by Rev. Dr. S. W. Coggeshall, in the Methodist Church, in Nantucket, could be printed. Is it too late? I have the impression that Dr. Coggeshall has recently passed from earth; but could not the manuscript be obtained, and published? I am ready to take a number of copies, and certainly there are Nantucket Methodists enough in the land, to purchase enough to pay expenses. The discourse was delivered by Dr. Coggeshall, in 1857. I left the island that same year, or I should have done something more in reference to its publication. Dr. C. was an industrious, patient worker in the study, generally acceptable in pulpit efforts, and, as I can testify, because often a visitor in his evening class, a thoroughly interesting Bible-class teacher. His mind was richly stored, he was free from bigotry, and nothing seemed to give him greater pleasure than to impart information.

The Methodist church of Nantucket has lost a faithful laborer in the departure of William B. Mitchell. He will be long and affectionately remembered by those who, like myself, look back to many precious seasons at the Chapel, in the prayer meetings and the Sunday School. Thus they gather beyond the river. One by one the toilers pass to their reward. Soon we shall all be on the everlasting heights, singing glory to God and the Lamb.

Before I proceed farther, I want to express the great satisfaction I have had this year, in listening to a son of Nantucket, as he delivered in my church, his prose-poem called a lecture. That lecture ought to be printed, that the myriad admirers of Charles Dickens may read his eloquent and thrilling statement of the great writer's "Place in our Hearts and Homes." The Nantucketer who secures Dr. Jenks a place in the lecture-course of the town in which he resides, will have no reason to regret it. He will be, as I was, when cultured people expressed satisfaction, proud to say, "The lecturer is from Nantucket!"

But to return to Dr. Ewer's letter. I agree with him in wishing that the history of our island might be thoroughly overhauled. I have regarded the "Historical Map" as authority, and triumphantly appealed to the copy hanging in my dining-room every time the topic of my birth-place is discussed with my visitors, and I do want to be accurate, of course. So let us have the new history!"

I am sure that the article by "Alex," on "The Desirableness of a New History," will be excellent. In regard to Sheep Shearing, I know of no better article on that, than one by the late Henry T. Tuckerman, to be found in the "North American Review," of date some ten years ago, or more; unless the graphic pages of "Miriam Coffin" may be preferred. (By the way, I've had an encouraging letter from a clergyman who formerly dwelt on Nantucket, offering to take several copies of "Miriam," if I succeed in re-printing it. But "where, oh! where" is the book?)

I say "Amen and Amen" to the wish for a history of Tuckernuck; for many a pleasant summer vacation have I spent there, and if any one wants to get up a book of "Tuckernuck Reminiscences," he may set me down as ready to furnish a chapter.

I did not quite finish what I wished to say about some things mentioned in "F. C. E.'s" letter, so I recur to it again. I like very much his suggestion that the Athenaeum be made in some way a sort of Literary Exchange, and be thrown open to the public, as such; but I take the ground that whereas many who love books and would enjoy visiting the Athenaeum, have an unconquerable aversion to that vile weed—Tobacco—in all its forms, it would not be polite to have any smoking in the rooms. I know of but one text of Scripture which seems in the least to encourage the tobacco-user, and that is this: "He that is filthy let him be filthy still." The air of our streets is poisoned with the fumes of tobacco, till one wishes it were an indictable offence. One half of the sea-sickness of ladies on board steamboats is caused by the nauseous smoke of the tobacco used by passengers or crew, wafted into the ladies' cabin, and reminding them of any place rather than "Araby the blest." Possibly "F. C. E." never uses the "weed," and therefore does not know to what extent the garments of those who sit in smoking rooms become permeated by the smoke. Surely he would rather have his sacerdotal robes, "smell of myrrh, aloes and cassia," than to have them scented with tobacco. And then he recommends card playing there. Does he not know that many are conscientiously opposed to the use of cards, and will think the recommendation comes with poor grace from a minister? Let there be a Club room for both men and women, by all means, but let it be as free from all such objectionable features as a ladies' boudoir or a Christian church.

And now having found all the fault I could with "F. C. E.'s" letter, (but in a kindly spirit as he well knows) let me once more endorse all the rest, and ask for the "Laments" and "Dissertations" he suggests. Who so able to write that conchological one as "M. L. O.," whose aquarium afforded so much delight, and who found sermons in shells as well as in stones and flowers! "Penny-shells and belluses," made my heart glad the other day, when Dr. Jenks added to my cabinet a store of specimens from Siasconset beach, gathered by little hands at my request. Since then a brother's kindness has added star fishes (one of huge proportions) and an immense echinus or sea-urchin, and every day as I look at them they seem calling me to saunter on that beach once more and gather its treasures myself, as in the care-free days of my childhood. I wonder if I shall ever do so again. On Washington's birth-day, last week, I visited Savin Rock, a seashore resort, in the vicinity of this beautiful city, and spent several hours on the

beach gathering the trophies of the deep which the receding tide left on the sands. I found there scallops, periwinkles, gold-shells, barnacles, crabs, clams, (long and round as they are distinguished here) oysters, snails, &c., and went home delighted with the result of my winter shell-gathering, and have since enjoyed studying about them in a book called, "Beautiful Shells," lately published in London, and other books which refer to conchology, in connection with other "ologies."

By the aid of his charming book called "Cape Cod," I have been rambling with the departed Thoreau, recently, and was pleased, of course, whenever he made any mention of Nantucket in his pages.

Often while reading this interesting work, I wished that the same writer had traveled similarly on our island, and left a record of his journey. I remember his visit there about eighteen years ago, and the Athenaeum lecture he gave on "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" a characteristic lecture which I reported for the *Inquirer and Mirror*, in which he told how another man raked cranberries from a field where himself raked thought.

P. A. H.

For the *Inquirer and Mirror*.

More Reminiscences.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I was led to pleasant reflection last week, on reading the interesting article on "Uncle Cash," which was prompted by witnessing the partial demolition of the house, for so many years his dwelling. In passing the old homestead, and discovering the effects that time and the ruder hand of the destroyer had made on the old fabric, a fortnight since, I remarked to a friend that I would have voted for an appropriation by the town, of a sum of money sufficient to repair, and keep the old house in perpetuity. I enjoy reminiscence exceedingly, (and I think it fortunate for me, whose abiding place is at Nantucket, that it is so.) My mind was never intended for a time table, but events that have been brought to it, are there still in unfading lustre, and when I choose, by the aid of mnemonics, can get at their advent with tolerable accuracy. Somewhere near 1830, Dr. Miller was sent for by one of our citizens to perform a surgical operation, and while here attending to that case, a dismasted vessel (a sloop I think) was brought into our harbor. She was from one of the West India islands, and bound to Boston; and had on board, as a passenger, an Irish doctor. Mr. Miller was introduced to him, and found him to be an accomplished surgeon. Uncle Cash was then totally blind. Dr. Miller's attention having been called to him, he invited the Irish doctor to go with him for the purpose of making an examination of the old man's eyes, with the view of operating for the cure of what they pronounced to be cataracts. They agreed that it was a case that promised success, but disagreed as to the mode of operation; both had high authority for their opinions, and finding the patient to be a hale old gentleman, and near 80 years of age, they decided to experiment, and operate on one eye in the manner preferred by the Irish doctor, but it was unsuccessful, and Dr. Miller's practice was crowned with success with the other, and the old man was enabled to say that "Whereas I was once blind, now I see." And how happy he was made; he used to say his happiness was beyond measure. The old man's goodness, shrewdness, and agreeable melody, is graphically and accurately described by "Over Sixty." In passing on Pearl street, then called India street, Uncle Cash was having a parley with a lady who stood in her doorway, and he that day had quite a variety for sale; she says to him "I have no money to-day!" "Ah!" says Uncle Cash, "I know better than that; look in that little bureau drawer, and you'll find some." "No!" she replied, "I have no money to-day!" Then he went ahead with, "O, here's your good apples, who buys? Some call this India street, but I call it stingy street! Here's your good pears, who buys? Here's your good peaches, who buys? O, here's your fine onions, who buys?"

For several years we had a butcher by the name of Awkward; he was a musician, too, and possessed a voice of great flexibility. It was said he could run up and touch every note of the sixteen in the gamut, and he attempted to imitate Uncle Cash, in vinding his meats about town. He would cry apples, peaches, &c., when he had none; but his street melody would no better compare with that of Uncle Cash's than would a ram's horn with a silver trumpet. In his attempts at imitation he was in deed awkward. Once upon a time a party of gentlemen chartered the good Boston packet-sloop Empress, Capt. C. B. Hussey, for a short voyage to Great Point. I think it must have been after 1830, and previous to 1834. The party consisted of Barker Burnell, William Coffin, Jr., John Thornton, George G. Mitchell, James Mitchell, John R. Mitchell, Francis F. Hussey, William C.

Starbuck, and others not now remembered, and the solemn recollection now occurs to me, that all of those distinguished men that accompanied us on that joyous occasion "have gone to that bourne." We went to the Light-keeper's dwelling, Capt. George Bunker, who politely accommodated us with his largest room to dine in, and what with a good sail, a good repast, social converse, and music, we had a glorious time. Capt. B. had and played a violin, and after treating us with some of his melodious strains, William C. Starbuck took up his violin and struck up the well-known popular and plaintive outcry refrain of Uncle Cash, and the effect was electric. We listened, and laughed and laughed again, and as the performer laid away the violin, he was clapped and cheered by the inspired and appreciating company. I enjoyed "Over Sixty's" article so much, that I feel little like criticising, but to my mind there are some errors that it seems to me well to correct, if they are errors. If we ever went around Cain's hill on our way to 'Seonset, it must, I think, have been more than sixty years ago. We formerly, and until O. Mitchell and others fenced Plainfield, (which was during the last English war) passed through a gate, the third from town, at or near "Phillip's Run," very near the sixth milestone, and made in our course easterly, just northern enough to clear the swamp which was to the south of Cain's hill, and was filled up by Aaron Mitchell in 1818, the earth being taken from the top of Cain's hill, so that after passing "Phillip's Run" gate, we made nearly a bee line to 'Seonset hill, passing near the base of Cain's hill on the South, and over 'Seonset hill on or near the southern portion of land now owned by George C. Macy. In reference to our Sheep Shearing. We used to have, previous to 1832, three broken and one whole holidays in succession. There were two washing and two shearing days. The commencement in washing and shearing was at the East, so that the first shearing day was at the East, and the second at the West. Not a great many pleasure-seekers attended the eastern washing or shearing, but when the second day's shearing came off at the west, all dropped all, and went to Shearing, and had a regular hilarious holiday in full.

NANTUCKET AS IT WAS.

[From The New York Tribune.]

NANTUCKET IN WINTER.

ACCORDING TO JOHN PAUL.

NANTUCKET, Dec. 8.—The summer visitors and the summer gulls are gone. The tern, wiser than the tourists, lingered later. Through September and into October, even so late as November, their white wings waved about the wharves. Gulls and other visitors that went with August, made a mistake; we had little seasonable weather before September. And the later months have been as pleasant as the summer ones were all unlovely. Fog, drizzle and rain, when we should have had sun, but since then weather that could not have been bettered had it been made to order. Even the days of December have so far been brimming with a beauty that in vain you looked for in those of July. But only the winter gulls are with us now, wise, gray-headed old fellows, like myself, who know what is what and contrive to have a good time in a quiet way without cackling about it. I, for one, am not sorry that the summerers are gone. Their voices were cheerful and their plumage was gay, but they were always around picking up things, and they didn't like to be shot at.

The beauty of the island just now is in its loneliness; what spoils most places is people. I am always discouraged when the oldest inhabitant starts in on me with the inevitable: "You should have seen this place thirty or forty years ago, sir. The wharves which are now tumbling to pieces were then sufficient to accommodate the shipping which lay in the harbor. What with teams and drays, you could hardly get through the lower part of Main street. We had twenty-five or thirty oil and candle factories going then, and rope-walks and coopers' shops; bakeries for ship bread; blacksmiths' shops, forging harpoons (or doubloons, I don't remember which), and there was a brass foundry too." But I had rather than not be able to get through Main street when I want to. At present I have need of a rope-walk—one can get all the rope he wants to hang himself with by a walk into William Foster's! And I can get along on a pinch without a brass foundry. To one of a quiet and respectable turn of mind Nantucket must have been rather an unpleasant residence in what are termed its "palmy days"—why palmy I do not know, since sperm oil and not palm was then the popular product. Nantucket has ever been famous, several miles around, for the honesty of its population, but I fancy that in the days of its greatest prosperity one would have found a few cheating owners sending confiding landsmen to sea in ill-provisioned and not too staunch ships for a rather insufficient "lay." And the sailors' dance-houses, which as well as Quaker meeting-houses had then a heyday of prosperity—with drunken sailors streaming through the streets, and the driving of hoops and the pounding on anvils (worse than the Sherburne Drum Corps) with the smell of oil and burned crackers and pies in the air, would never have made the Nantucket of that day attractive to me or to Martin Luther. As before remarked, I have no use for a candle factory, a rope-walk, a cooper shop, nor a bakery—most especially not for a brass foundry!

The other evening we walked over to Brant Point—about ten minutes from the real "town." The sun had scarcely set, but already the lighthouse was setting up a feeble opposition. The Nantucket—a new hotel opened there last summer—now shut up and deserted, lay low and squat on the sand like a stranded flounder. The cottages all were closed and some of them boarded up and in like barns. (I did not mean like that of Thurlow Weed Barnes, who has fortified his charming little sea-villa against a possible attack during his absence in Europe, but since the thing, like the boy's whistling, has done itself, let it stand.) The only living thing to be seen, save the light, was a loon. That bird of solitude had gotten so near to the shore in his solo performances and prinkings that he could not escape by diving and so had to cut for it. How he did swim—twas very like flying! And not a sail was to be seen on the bay. The white cottages on the Cliffs to the westward seemed children's playhouses set on a shelf. The jetty—that interminable stone wall which the Government is building for no other object as I can see, but that Harry Breed and myself may get on the wrong side of it in a fog—formed a line to the northward. Coats, opposite, extended a long, naked arm and shook a bony fist in our faces as 'twere a skeleton boxer. No use now to seek that shore in quest of steamed clams and other delicacies of summer. Asa Small closed his doors a month or two ago, and you'll now find him sitting round the stove in Henry Paddack's paintshop, claiming, against all reason, that the goney and the albatross are not the same bird. Looking up the harbor not an inch of canvass whitened the long stretch of waters. The boats are all in the basin and their skippers in Captain Adams's. Underhill's Point and Pocomo Head showed out plainly, but principally in the gray of the gloaming loomed up that mysterious castle which Cashier Chadwick is erecting for some shadowy personage "off the island," a building, by the way, which causes as much wonderment and speculation as if it were the palace of an enchanter. And all around me, at my feet, flowed the sea patient and long enduring. Is it strange that Mrs. Brown's lips came into mind?

"And I smiled to think God's greatness
Flowed around our incompleteness—
Round our restlessness His rest."

Brant Point has much changed since you saw it two summers since. There then stood on its sands only the lighthouse, an old barn, and a cottage not much larger than Dottie's doll-house. Now you see the hotel I spoke of, with its bathing houses and modern inconveniences; on the extremity of the point a fine and roomy cottage belonging to Mr. White, of Philadelphia; then the lighthouse; next one of the most comfortable of cottages, built by Mr. Barnes, partly from an old house dating a century or so back, that he bought in town and moved there. (The rafters and all the beams and

timbers being built into the new. "I don't know whose ancestors they were, but I know whose they are," says the old gentleman in the "Pirates of Penzance.") Then comes the Tiny Tim place before spoken of, belonging to Mr. Edwards; next a little but effective cottage which the architect of the Point, Mr. Hammond, evoked out of the old barn of former times; and then the palatial residence of Commodore Henry L. Breed, of Taunton, Mass., and the noble yacht *Idolwidd*. It has been remarked, by the way, that if this redoubtable navigator run his house as he does his yacht, "keeping her off a little" when a big sea threatens to board him, those who go over in the early ferry will find him some fine morning industriously busy at the pumps. Brant Point, as you may have guessed, got its name from a species of geese that frequented it in old times. And the number of newly married that docked at its new hotel last summer passes computation, they tell me.

Give me Nantucket stripped for the winter, as it now is. The thirst of greed is not on the town, and people will stand and talk to you on corners. The old windmill on the hill has typically settled down to steadiness, sobriety, and a daily grinding of corn, instead of lazily whirling its ragged arms, as it does in summer, for five cents a head. Sweet's—where you generally go for a thing when you can't find it at "Clisby's"—still displays its stuffed birds (why not stuff a few of the other summer visitors and spare the more innocent, much prettier and quite as useless gulls?), and blazes with holiday goods. Everything exists simply by comparison, and the stores here at Christmas time make as much show in their windows and indulge in as much competition and give you quite as much for your money, comparatively, as in New York or Boston.

Nantucket has a charm for him that is fond of being on the water, even now that boating is done. It is like being on a ship at sea, especially at night, when the wind blows. When the shingles shake you think 'tis cordage rattling. And you are not very certain about finding yourself still at anchor when you wake. Were it not for Muskeget, which is down as best bower at one end of the island, and the South Shoal, which serves as a sort of stream anchor at the other, I do believe that long before this Nantucket would have drifted and dragged in to lower latitudes. For she belongs there. Her climate has neither the heat in summer nor the cold in winter that appetizes to the mainland up hereaway. This fall, so far as weather is concerned, she might be an outlying part of Florida, the pleasantest part of it—say the Indian River region.

It has always been my intention to tell you of the churches of Nantucket, but being only an attendant on one—the North Congregational—I did not want to seem invidious by omitting mention of the others. Loth to lose one of Miss Baker's sermons, I have put off going the rounds unduly late, I fear. For even the old skippers agree with me in one thing, viz., that the season is about ended. There are two Quaker meeting-houses—one orthodox strictly and one not—a Roman Catholic chapel; an Episcopalian, two Baptist, a Methodist, a Unitarian, and my before-mentioned North Congregational Church. This makes nine, you see, which is pretty well for a place that isn't so very wicked after all! The Unitarian Church is distinguished as The Bell Tower. It is from there that the ubiquitous town-crier blows his horn when he first sights the steamboat, and from thence the ever-posted watchman gives the alarm of fire. Queer that the church which does not seem to fear fire in the next world should be the alarmist in this! This same Unitarian church has the gilded dome which you see glinting in the sunlight as you enter the harbor. Not always has it been thus gloriously golden. But as Boston reared a shining though bald-headed dome aloft, why should not Nantucket? So one of the *jeunesse dorée* (for the benefit of Tuckermuckers let me explain that this means "gilded youth" only and nothing worse) of the island who acquired a rapid fortune by getting into Oregon and Transcontinental, and not forgetting in the hurry of business to get out, gave the money for this glorification. Can it be of him those oft-quoted lines were written:

"Th' aspiring youth who gilded the Unitarian dome
Outlives in fame the pious fools who reared it."

To return to the North Congregational church. I was going to say that I had never before heard a woman preach, when it occurred to me that there is one woman whom I have never heard do much else. But certainly I have never before known a woman to be established as permanent preacher in a pulpit. And here it is proved beyond question that a woman's sphere is simply to do whatever she can do well. The fitness of Miss Baker for this position I have never heard any one gainsay. Firstly, Nature has fitted her for the work. Possessed of a dignified and graceful presence, an earnest and thoughtful face, a pleasing and well-modulated voice and a most reverent manner, her sermons are as well constructed as they are impressively delivered. There is no floridity of style; too much of self-control and repression, if anything. Never sombre, she is always serious—not for a moment does she forget the dignity of her calling. But it is pleasant to see her face light up as she unfolds some truth which to her seems fraught with hope and promise. Of buffoonery in the pulpit and antics to amuse, as you can well imagine, there is none—this is left to men. And I wish that some of the eminent divines given to such diversions could sit at this woman's feet and learn to be reverent and respectful in the presence of which they preach.

Miss Baker is a native Nantucketer. I do not know that she has ever preached elsewhere, and certainly she did not step into this pulpit with the shining nimbus of any theological seminary round her brow. And here in the very outset she encounters a difficulty which I am not sure that all appreciate. 'Twere one thing to come here as "a woman preacher" under the endorsing and protective shadow of some previous pulpit, and as a stranger. But what is said of no prophet being

without honor save in his own country holds even more true of the prophetic, I fancy. Can you not hear some elder, who perhaps has held her as a child upon his knee, say "that girl?" while some opponent of woman suffrage, stepping out from his favorite "saloon" with nose turned up to the air as though he sniffed something in the sky worse than his own breath, says, "that woman!" If it be difficult for a woman to preach to men old enough to be her grandfathers, what must it be to preach to a congregation the members of which were mostly boys and girls with her, and who with her have grown up? One's walk must have been very straight indeed. For our school-fellows, all through life, are our severest critics, and doubt us they do when all the rest of the world is ready to worship and believe. It is your school-fellow who insists upon thrusting his hand into the wounds and seeing the prints of the nails. And I have sometimes fancied that Judas as well as Thomas sat in Judea with the Saviour on the same school bench.

Though Miss Baker has for a number of years filled the pulpit of this church, it is only lately that she has been ordained. Permitted to whisper consolation to the dying, she could not join in marriage—though I do not know that it was forbidden her to whisper consolation subsequently. That Miss Baker should be regularly ordained was decided upon at a meeting of the church last summer—and I had the pleasure of being present at the ceremony and of extending the right hand of fellowship, though not, myself, one of the regular deacons. For the moment I wished I were. For I would much like to have the simple but well-chosen and forcible words in which Deacon Folger, who was delegated for the duty, addressed the newly ordained put down to my credit. And it was touching to see Deacon Joy—an octogenarian and the oldest member of the congregation—come forward and hail as his pastor the very girl whom thirty years ago he may have helped across a mud-puddle as she toddled to school. There's some fun in being a deacon, after all.

Standing there in the pulpit, with her fine face all aglow, this "pastress" has seemed to me the very personification of faith. Yet I regret to say that in private life I have never found her possessed of sufficient faith to accept my invitation for a sail in the Black Lady of a summer afternoon. Even when there has been but the mildest breeze on the waters—a sort of subdued and mitigated Episcopalian zephyr, nothing ritualistic about it—not even under these conditions has she shown a sublime faith by setting foot in my blessed Black Lady. And though persuaded of the truthfulness of my pastress, I have sometimes wondered whether there were indeed a prayer meeting or a gathering together of the deacons in the vestry set for those particular afternoons or evenings on which I happened to issue my invitations!

Before closing my sermon—beg pardon, it is hard for me to get away from the pulpit if I go anywhere near it,—before closing these not brief but I trust not wholly inappropriate remarks, I would like to say that to Nantucketers—and here all summer visitors will sympathize—one of the most distressing results of the late lamented election is the possibility that it may involve a change in the postmastership of the place, for the past six years most acceptably filled by Mr. Josiah F. Murphey. In an out-of-the-way place like this so much of one's comfort depends on one's mail that to get it promptly and regularly goes far to make life bearable and not a burden. The clean and well-appointed office of Mr. Murphey, and the polite and uniformly accommodating demeanor of that gentleman and his assistants, have won upon the public to that extent that I hope the Administration will see to it that his successor brings the same qualifications to the position and conducts the office similarly—if it should be so unwise as to make a change.

JOHN PAUL.

DECEMBER 27, 1884.

Chas. Henry Webb

Legends and Stories of Old Nantucket.

By William Crosby Bennett.

A very ancient myth has it that when tobacco was scarce an Indian deity, after borrowing all he could, filled his pipe with sand, and, when his smoke was ended, dumped the ashes into the sea, and from them arose the Island of Nantucket. Another concerns a fanciful derivation of its name. A father—so the story runs—when about to die, allowed his three daughters to choose for themselves among his possessions. The eldest, Elizabeth, for some not very evident reason, fixed her preference upon the chain of islands jutting out from the southwest corner of Cape Cod, which accordingly took her name. Sensible Martha had the next choice and did not hesitate to appropriate the "Vineyard". Alas! for Nancy, the youngest, nothing remained but the ashes from the old Indian's pipe—a desolate heap of sand scarce rising above the ocean's waves. But necessity knows no laws, and so "Nan tuk' it!"

Be that as it may, there can be no doubt that in days of old legends and superstitions were plentiful enough, especially among the red men who once populated the island in large numbers. One year, however, a strange pestilence visited them, sweeping away all but a little over a hundred of the tribe. It is said that an Indian seer, lamenting over this mysterious decay of his race, prophesied, as a sort of compensatory justice, that they should, in disappearing, carry the bluefish with them, perhaps to stock the waters of the Happy Hunting Ground. Somewhat remarkably, the bluefish verified the prophecy, for when the last full-blooded Indian died in 1854, not a bluefish was to be caught within ten miles of the shoreline. The curse, however, was of limited character. After a score of years or so, the bluefish returned in great numbers, and have continued to do so nearly every year since.

Probably few, if any, are alive today who lived in the time of this last native red man, Abram Quarry by name. In his latter years he is said to have been a venerable, inoffensive old fellow, residing all alone in a little house of his own on the outskirts of the town, where he supported himself by selling the wild berries he picked on the commons. He had seen his wife and all his children die before him, and for a long time appeared to be himself awaiting the tardy summons to follow them.

In his youth, like many of his red brothers, he followed the sea, and no one was said to be a more faithful hand upon the whaling ship. Later he became the prince of Nantucket caterers, and without his assistance no evening entertainment was deemed quite complete.

A portrait in oils of the old Indian used to hang (and probably does now) in the pleasant reading room at the Athenaeum Library. It shows him in his little home, with a basket of berries on the table, and surrounded with the details of his homely house-

keeping. Through the open window at his back is a view of the distant town and harbor. The old man's face is admirable in its original dignity and pathos, and the whole composition—worthy but not of the brush of Eastman Johnson—presents a chapter in Nantucket history with remarkable suggestiveness.

After Quarry's death, excursions turned toward the lonely hut of Old Fred Parker, the so-called "Hermit of Quidnet". Old Parker was certainly a character, and costumed himself for the part. He always wore clothes far too small for his great height, and so patched and mended as to render recognition of their original shape or color difficult or impossible. From year to year, at the extreme eastern end of the island, this solitary man resided. His sole diversion was reading and his means of subsistence the scanty product of his fishing at nearby Sachacha Pond, eked out by the few copper coins he obtained from visitors on the plea of using them to form the initials of their names on the floor of his cabin, thereby supposedly to bring them good luck.

The insular character of Nantucket, and in the old days its comparative distance from the mainland, conferred upon its people a great sense of absolute independence which to this day is a marked characteristic of the native-born islanders. An illustrative demonstration of this is to be found in the story of the wealthy visitor from Boston who, charmed with the silvery tone of the famous Lisbon bell in the steeple of the Unitarian Church on Orange street, offered in the name of the historic Old South Church of his city, to buy it at the rate of a dollar a pound (it weighs, I believe, around two thousand pounds). He explained that, although they had a very fine clock in the belfry of the Old South, unfortunately the bell was cracked. He was politely informed that, although they had a very fine bell in the Unitarian steeple, unfortunately the clock was getting old, and therefore they would like to know at what price the clock in the Old South could be bought.

It was back in those old peaceful days, long before atomic bombs and other disturbing elements, that the town crier was a recognized "institution"—as much, almost, as the ringing of the Lisbon bell in the Unitarian steeple, over which he presided. There were, however, those who would have it that "Billy" was not altogether of sound mind, alleging as proof the circumstance that, having enlisted for a bounty during the Civil War, he soon thereafter reappeared with his bell in the town's streets and byways, and could give no better reason for his speedy return than that he had been discharged "because they said he was 'noncompous', or something of the kind";—an allegation in no wise credible in view of the apt retorts he was known to have made. For example, once to a somewhat forward young lady, who asked him where he got the bell he was ringing, he instantly replied: "From the same foundry, Miss, where you got your brass."

Much has been written about the old graveyards on the island, but seldom, or ever, has that pathetic spot—a level parallelogram back of the newest cemetery—been touched upon. Therein are twenty-one graves, so close to each other as they can lie, which contain all that is mortal of the nameless crew of the ship "Newton" of Hamburg, wrecked off the South Shore on Christmas Eve, 1865. Of all the doomed men on that vessel only one reached the shore alive. It snowed and blew furiously that night and the islanders shivered by their firesides as they listened to the howling of the wind and the savage hammering of the surf on the South Shore, only three miles away.

They did not know all the horror of that night, however, for some time in the darkness, one poor creature, cast ashore by those savage billows, crawled up out of their reach and, fighting for his life, staggered on, until he came within sight of a farmhouse; saw perhaps the fire-light and the cheerful flicker of the lantern as the farmer looked that his beasts were warm and safe, and then he fell, and rose no more. Although not one of the dead men was known even by name, all the ministers of the island participated in the funeral rites.

A generation or two before the "Newton" disaster, sheep raising had been a great source of island wealth, rivaling even the whale. One of the favorite grazing pastures was near the section known as Newtown. Here a gate was placed across the road to keep the sheep out of the vegetable gardens, and—horror of horrors!—beside the gate in that peaceful community stood the gallows whereon the one and only execution took place.

The first Monday in June was "Shearing Day", and out on the Miacomet plain, with its chain of ponds—one, I believe, still known as the Washing Pond—the sheep were driven in and penned up, and for three days the washing and shearing continued, while nearby tents and booths were set up, and the labor of shearing was happily combined with feasting and merry making. Usually the music was furnished by off-island "coofs", and there comes to mind the last stanza of a famous ditty of that time which goes something like this:

"The sheep are sheared, the reel is done,
The harper back to coofdom gone;
My lay is closed, you'll think it meet,
Pleasures are always short when sweet;
'Twas so when first the world begun,
'Twill be so when the world is done.
Who was the harper? What his strain?
Wait till you hear him play again;
'Tis 'tew I can't, and tew I can',
All the way to the shearing pen!"

A delightful and naive picture of the social amenities in those days when thousands of sheep roamed the commons may be found in the following letter describing Nantucket's first tea party, written by an island lass under date of September 20, 1748. It appears that the young lady's cousin, Nathaniel Starbuck, a deep-sea sailor, is about to return from China, and her excitement and interest in his arrival and his stories are equalled only

by her enthusiasm over the gifts he brings from foreign shores.

"Cousin Nathaniel (she writes) sent a sea chest, and in it a large box of tea, the first that was ever on the island. It is real Chinese tea, green of color, with little shriveled leaves and when eaten dry has a very pleasant spicy taste."

The cousin also sent, by the same messenger, word that when he returned to Nantucket again, he would bring with him the owner of the ship in which he voyaged, Captain Morris.

The excited girl continues:

"The large parlor, which has not been used since Aunt Mehitabel's wedding, is to be opened. The floors have been waxed and polished and we have spread here and there beautiful mats and rugs Cousin Nathaniel brought from foreign ports."

"Cousin Nathaniel and Captain Morris are to arrive December 31, and Nathaniel says we shall have a tea party, and invite Lieutenant Marcy's family, Edward Starbuck's family and a few others to meet our distinguished guest."

Of course, a beautiful dinner was cooked and all the guests came. The letter then goes on to say:

"Aunt Content has been pestered in mind because she knows not how to cook and serve the tea, and after our neighbors had assembled, she confided to them her perplexity."

"Mrs. Lieutenant Marcy said she had heard that it ought to be well cooked to be palatable, and Mrs. Edward Starbuck said a lady in Boston who had drunk tea told her it needed a good quantity, steeping, which made it expensive."

"So Aunt Content hung the five-gallon ball-metal kettle on the crane, and putting a two-quart jar of tea in it, with plenty of water, swung it over the fire."

"Aunt Esther and Lydia Ann Marcy stayed in the kitchen to keep it boiling. While I was laying the table I heard Lydia Ann say, 'I have heard that when tea is drunk it gives a brilliancy to the eyes and a youthful expression to the complexion. I am afraid my sister-in-law failed to put in a sufficient quantity.'"

"So Aunt Esther put another bowlful of tea in the ball-metal kettle. When the tea had boiled for one hour, my cousin and Captain Morris arrived. The tea, which had boiled down to about a gallon, was poured into grandma's large silver tankard and carried to the table."

"After grandpa had asked a blessing on the food, and grandma had laid herself wide open to criticism by asking her son for his opinion of her first brew of tea, the son replied that 'a teaspoonful of the beverage would nearly kill anyone of us here at the table', and the gallant captain added laughingly that 'Aunt could keep the decoction for a dye to color woolens'. And like the excellent beau that ship's officers are, he offered, with my assistance, to instruct her how to 'draw tea.'"

William C. Bennett.

508 Sixth street,
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

Walter Gilman Page Writes About Nantucket in Winter.

By Walter Gilman Page in
Boston Herald.

The soul of Nantucket rarely, if ever, reveals itself to the summer sojourner, but with some exceptions it is quite possible that the sea bathing, the charms of the "Commons", the wonderful air, and general atmosphere of quaintness, which places Nantucket in a class by herself as the "one unspoiled town on the New England coast"—to quote Prof. Morison of Harvard—is quite satisfying enough, and fills the bill of particular requirements such as are usually demanded.

In the month of June conversation tends to anticipation: in the month of September just after Labor day, and almost over night, one suddenly realizes that Nantucket is herself again—the "stranger" has left her gates, and the "Captains' Room" at the old Pacific Club, gradually resumes its settlement of town, state and national questions.

But first our Nantucketer after a strenuous summer must visit "America" to enjoy for a brief interval the fruits of the season just over—then slowly things settle down, and local happenings resume their importance, and the prospects of town meeting day, with all the attendant pros and cons, consume many an hour at the club.

But there dwells in Nantucket a circle which carries the flavor of other times, even the times of long ago—when ship owners and captains still walked on Main street, still dwelt on Orange street, still carried the salt of the sea in their presence—to such is confided the soul of Nantucket and fortunate is he who is taken to the very heart of things that were and are still revealed to the seeker who loves the glory and romance of the past.

Upper Main street, which Whiting has called the loveliest street in New England, wears the same aspect as of yore. Every door in Nantucket is on the latch, and these winter months give occasion for acquaintance, for if one spends a winter here, that is a sure sign you are a lover of the island. But few survive of the old Quaker stock, and no Quaker or Quakeress is found today, though the old Quaker Meeting House on Fair street, now the property of the Historical Association, is kept ready for a meeting that seldom is held.

We had a fall of snow one night, and the next morning Main street became a "Mile Ground" for the few who owned trotters and sleighs, yet the sight would have gladdened the heart of John Shepperd and bore a faint resemblance to the days of "Mill Boy" and "Blondine." But real snow storms seldom come to the island; when they do, the old winding streets and the quaint roof lines take on a new beauty.

It is exhilarating to take a run in the car to 'Sconset over the winding Polpis road to the fishing village guarded by Sankaty light. Looking at the sea breaking on the long stretch of beach, it is hard to realize that it is January, not July, even though the air has a tang not found in summer months. The long wide stretches of slightly rolling "Commons", carry no feeling of desolation. It is all friendly—it is winter, but not repelling. The spruce and pine mingle with the warm browns, and the eye can see the wide, unbroken expanse to the edge of the sands.

After your morning errands, the midday meal provided for, you drop into the "Captains' Room," but the Captains are now sailing unknown seas, at least all the whaling ones. On the wall hangs an oil painting of a clipper ship—and as you turn from it, there sits the only surviving Captain of the old-time clipper, famous in the annals of shipping, and if you are no longer a "stranger" light your pipe, draw up a chair, prop your feet

on the iron rail which circles the stove, and give heed, for you will hear of the China seas from one who is still active in the town's affairs, yet carries with him the atmosphere of the quarter-deck—or perhaps George may tell of that Christmas dinner on his father's ship, out on the Pacific. By previous arrangement as the result of casual "gams" when coming across one another in the search for whales, five whaling captains accompanied by their wives, agreed to foregather on Christmas day in a certain latitude and longitude and have dinner together. The main course was roast suckling pig. George still smacks his lips, though that celebration of Christmas day took place over a half-century ago. As the hour of noon approaches, one by one the members drift out—and you are left to think over the days when William Rotch fitted out the ships which gave Boston her "Tea Party."

Of the builder of whale boats there is but one. Seated on an up-ended box before a busy stove our genial friend displays his stock of whales for weather vanes, miniature old mills, Sankaty lighthouses and sailors, gaily painted. In the summer time, many of these are placed along the fence, each and every one busily engaged in competition telling a story of the wind and all talking at once. Now they are stored away in orderly rows, awaiting the coming season. Here was made the interesting exhibit of his work, which was shown at the Centennial in 1876—and here we drop in and chat over other days—for the past is ever in the present; wherever one goes in desultory wandering, you greet the pleasant and friendly spirits, speaking to you through their bodily eyes.

The "Wharf-Rat Club" is the one place where most of the fish are caught and most of the duck are shot—figuratively speaking, for the tales are tall, and the stories contain spice, though not of the imported kind—all in all, wherever you drift, or wherever you go "cruising", you are surrounded with a friendly atmosphere, and no one is ever lonely.

The seasons are not what they were—the winters are very mild. One hears of blizzards and all sorts of evil weather in "America", but none of these extravagances of nature visit our island—yet it was not always thus—for many a tale is told of an ice-bound harbor, and for days on days no boats came with supplies. The airplane has done away with anxiety in extreme sickness, for the surgeon flies down and an hour brings him to his task.

There are unoccupied houses in the town, but they have the air of repose, a sort of otium cum dignitate attitude, and if you will take a stroll about the lanes and listen very hard, you can hear them exchanging gossip about their occupants.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon a deep long whistle comes to the town, three times repeated. The boat from New Bedford salutes the island, bringing the newspapers and mail, but few passengers who could be called "strangers". It is a daily object of interest to every one ashore, the one connecting link with the mainland—though any idea of being marooned is the very last thought. From the days of Tristram Coffin whose descendants are numbered by scores, self-reliance, independence and disregard for outside concerns have been a predominating trait, an inheritance from past generations. We have here a principality of and for itself, separated by 30 miles of salt water from New Bedford, its former rival.

The days of winter bring out the human side and the predominant island feeling is that one belongs to a great family. The Monnohanit Club, one of the best girls clubs in the state, is active with entertainments; the churches are a vital force. There is no such thing, no such word as "char-

ity". It is "Our Island Home", where those bereft of this world's goods dwell in comfort—and a relief association whose motto is "silence" gives comfort materially to those who require its service, though no one knows and no one asks to whom the helping hand is extended. All this inner life retires into its shell as the leaves appear, and the benches on Main street resume their posts for the summer months. The peaceful repose, the friendly contacts await a happier time, and Nantucket prepares her household to receive and welcome her

summer guests to her hospitable shores. The days of winter have passed all too quickly—the soft, balmy air succeeds the sometimes rough and searching winter gales, which are here today and gone tomorrow to be followed by the clearest of skies—the most invigorating, lung filling ozone imaginable. No one grows old in spirit, though the flesh grows weak, and if the spirit finally slips its anchor, it never really leaves its home.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

Nantucket.

NANTUCKET, MASS., August, 1879.

It is holiday summer at Nantucket. Visitors began to come early in the season, and have continued to come without interruption. I am told there are 2500 of them now here. The hotels, both in town and at 'Sconset, are all full; so are all the boarding-houses, great and small, and all the lodging-rooms, in which the overflow of guests is quartered. This matter of finding lodgings for the surplus of newly-arrived visitors is sometimes a very serious one, as I can easily prove. "Where will you put all these people?" we asked of our good landlady one evening after a fresh arrival. "Well," she replied calmly, "six of them will go into the third story, four are to sleep at Neighbor Coleman's, and the rest I shall put into Coffin's." She looked up in mild surprise at the shout of laughter elicited by this grave and unexpected conclusion, a life-time of familiarity having robbed the name of all gloomy associations to her mind.

Is Nantucket getting to be fashionable, then? Decidedly not. Those of us who know and love the quaint, old-fashioned place, hope and trust that it never will be fashionable. We would not have it lose its striking individuality; its homely, simple, free-and-easy ways; its character, in a word, as it must should it ever become fashionable. One doesn't want one's dear old grandmother to be fashionable. Nor is Nantucket likely either to be popular: to be sought out by the restless crowd of sight-seers and fault-finders; the tiresome, aimless throng of wanderers who don't know where to go nor what to want. Heaven forbid! The travelers who come here year after year are those who do know what they want, and where to find it. They are persons of intelligence, common sense and culture, who are seeking rest, pure air, the delight of the ocean, the comfort of wearing old clothes and the freedom of doing as they please. They have no fear of Mrs. Grundy, no respect for Mrs. Shoddy. They bring their children, their sisters, and their cousins and their aunts; they sail and row, and bathe and swim, and roam over the "commons" and go huckle-berrying, and have little picnics at 'Sconset and Wauwinet. They grow brown and hearty and healthy, and when play-time is over they go back to office and bank, school and store, refreshed and recreated. For all such there will always be room and welcome on these hospitable shores.

To meet the wants of these increasing numbers Nantucket needs one or two large hotels, especially one somewhere near the beach. It is a little singular that there is not in the whole town a hotel that was originally built for a hotel. At 'Sconset, it is true, there are two bona fide hotels, the Atlantic House and the Ocean View; but all the hotels in town were built for private residences and afterwards transformed into hotels. That is the reason why they are small and cramped, and that is the reason, too, why they are set in the midst of the town and not, as at least some of them should be, on the bluff or the beach, overlooking the sea. Everybody admits that a seaside hotel is needed, everybody believes such a house would be sustained; some are beginning now to talk the matter over in earnest. For several summers there have been rumors and suggestions, but now it is high time to lay the corner-stone. There is talk of Surf-side and of Brant Point, but the greatest number are in favor of the Cliff, where the air is pure, the outlook broad and fine, and where a little neighborhood of cottages is already formed. A spacious building, with airy sleeping-rooms and broad verandas on front and sides, simple, home-like and comfortable, would be delightful to those who come here to be near the sea, to watch it at all hours, to breathe its invigorating air untainted by any breath of the shore, and to hear its soothing lullaby in the quiet night. Such a hotel need not cost a great deal, and it ought to pay well. It should have a Nantucket landlady, and we need not go beyond Broad street to find the right one. It ought to be built and ready for use by next June. Where is the enterprising man or woman who will take the matter in hand, bring the scattered forces together, and put the project into shape?

Another cherished dream of the lovers of Nantucket seems likely to become a waking reality,—one that will certainly be an innovation, even if not an improvement. I mean a narrow-gauge railway along the South shore, from Surf-side to 'Sconset. This is now under serious contemplation. The surveyors are all ready at work; two routes are under consideration; the cost of the shorter and more direct is estimated at \$25,000, of the larger at \$40,000. Parties in New York are interested in the scheme, and are said to be hopeful of success. If the stock is taken this winter the work will be begun in the spring and rapidly completed. The shriek of the railway whistle will surprise the gulls, and the snort of the steam-engine will astonish the ancient mariners; but if that railway is built, the passengers who ride over it will have six or eight miles of magnificent sea view,—broader, grander and freer than anything of the kind in New England. I have ridden over the route many a time, and regretted, as I did so, that this superb outlook must be sealed to so many eyes that would delight in its breadth of beauty. The railroad will reveal it to thousands, and even the railroad will not and cannot vulgarize it. Do the crowds cheapen Niagara?

When Nantucket has sea-side hotels and a narrow gauge railway, perhaps before that time, it will be an admirable place for a summer institute or school of natural science. Clergyman, professors, students and literary people take kindly to the island. It is quiet here and cool and restful. Many teachers come here to pass the vacation. Comfortable board can be had at reasonable rates, and the living is excellent. Since the Old Colony has taken the management of the boats in hand communication is prompt and frequent. Some years ago, when there was but one boat a day, and when accommodations were not nearly so good as at present, it was very nearly decided to establish a summer school of natural history here. Professor Louis Agassiz was to be at the head of it, and Professor Shailer was much interested in the plan. The latter gentleman came down here to make arrangements for boarding the members and to secure a building for the aquaria, and everything promised well, when, in an unlucky

moment, Mr. Anderson of New York, whose professor Agassiz a present of the island of Penikese for the summer school, and Nantucket had leave to withdraw. But, as everybody remembers, Penikese proved a failure. The lectures were, of course, delightful, Professor Agassiz was charming, but supplies were scanty, comforts few, and communication with the rest of the world precarious. The students attracted from the East and the West, the North and the South, by the magnetic name of the great naturalist, found they could not live by science alone, and Penikese was abandoned.

It seems very certain that Nantucket would have succeeded in the very points in which Penikese failed, and it is not improbable that if the first plan had been carried out, a summer school of natural science would have been by this time a permanent thing in Nantucket. Perhaps it may be yet. The great master is gone, but the love of science he kindled in other souls still burns, the great wonders still lie hidden beneath the waters, waiting to be brought to light. The materials are all at hand, the facilities for bringing them together are better than ever before. Other departments of natural science can be studied here as in most places. Botany can be pursued with special advantages. The flora of Nantucket is profuse and varied. Strangers who come here fancying the island a barren sand-heap are surprised at its wealth of flowers. In addition to the common wild flowers which are found in all the fields and meadows of New England, there are many wood flowers within the shelter of the pine groves and under the screen of the scrub-oaks, besides the richer and rarer kinds belonging to the peaty swamps and moist margins of ponds, together with the plants peculiar to the seashore and salt marshes.

Some flowers bloom here with wonderful richness of color, as the Purple Gerardia, the Sabbatia Gracilis and the Erythronium Spicatum. The sea-air seems to give an unwonted brilliancy to all the reds and purples. The mild climate allows many plants to bide the winter here which are not found elsewhere north of New Jersey, and many grow here identically with those of the pine barrens. Nantucket is a fine field for the botanist, though it may not be generally suspected. A new impetus has recently been given to this delightful study by the formation here of a botanical society, and the interest in its pursuit has also been much heightened by a course of lectures on scientific and practical botany just delivered here, by invitation of the society, by Mrs. Maria L. Owen of Springfield. Mrs. Owen is one of the most thorough and accomplished botanists in New England, and brings to her work not only a store of information and a wealth of experience, but also a love of knowledge and an enthusiasm for science as refreshing as it is rare. These lectures, brimful of interesting facts and recent discoveries and rich in wise suggestions, have aroused an interest and kindled a purpose that will not easily die. They were listened to with eager attention and with the single regret that the hearers did not number 400 instead of 40. If Nantucket ever has, as it ought to have, a summer school of natural science, I can wish it nothing better than that it may secure for its students a course of lectures on botany from Mrs. Owen.

E. S. F.

Aug. 22, 1879

From the New York Tribune.

John Paul at Nantucket.

OLD WHALING DAYS—THE SKIPPER OF TO-DAY—

MODERN YACHTS.

NANTUCKET, Aug. 20.—"How's the wind this morning, Captain Jernegan?"

"East by east, all east, a little to the east'ard of that, and be blamed to it!"

That's about the answer that Captain Jernegan or Captain Winslow, Captain Swain or Captain Bunker, Captain Luce or Captain Adams, or any other of the old skippers would have given to a question about the weather for a month back.

It has been fog or drizzle, and not infrequently both, about all the while. In the abounding dampness it has been impossible to get anything to dry up—not excepting William Clark, the town crier—and getting into your garments of a morning was like taking a bath. It is some consolation to know that they have had pretty nearly the same weather everywhere else, on and even off, the coast, but this doesn't dry a fellow's underclothing, exactly.

Now I'm not going to lead off by telling you anything about Nantucket—in the present writing, at least. You perhaps know that it is suspected of having been connected with whaling interests in times past. That is all changed now. The streets and most of the houses are lit by gas, and the sinners who leave in this day and generation seldom come back. They go into the Treasury Department or become eminent clergymen, and their place is filled by summer visitors. The old skippers—no small share of them, at least—who formerly sailed bluff-bowed ships around the world in quest of "sparms" and "sparmacetti," thank ye, now congregate about Captain Adam's rancho on the steamboat wharf, and tell sad stories of the death of whales or of gales off the Horn and in China seas—tell them over so often, in fact, that, as Captain Jernegan says, they almost begin to believe them themselves—what time they are not taking parties down to Great Point or into the Muskeget Rip a-bluefishing and sharking. Oh, these wily, wily old skippers, mindful of the palmy days of whaling service, when the green hands got nothing—the two-hundredth-and-tenth "lay" was about the figure—and owners and captains got all, they yet model their voyages on the same good old plan. If you catch nothing you pay for it, and if it so happens that you catch a boat full of fish, they're the captain's and you pay him all the same. Oh, the wily, wily mariner. 'Twas very much so in the whaling days, I fancy. Haply home came the ship, her fat sides bursting with oil, and down in the fore-castle sat the youths who went out with haysced in their hair now weather-worn and grizzled, ciphering up on their chest-lids, in the light of old quotations, what would be the money value of their share of the voyage. And when they got ashore and the reckoning was made in the owner's office, alas! they were owing the ship. Ah, well, if the boys from the green fields of the far West, as well as from the stony meadows of the Eastern coast, got little wages for their whaling in those days, they had at least "constant employment," and this is popularly supposed to count for something. "Lay me on, boys, lay me on, only three seas off and a hundred-barreller!" was the cry with which young Peleg was encouraged to pull himself backward into the whistling jaws of a whale as big as the Methodist meeting house of his native village. And of that whale he got just as much as he could eat, if he chose to cut steaks from it. And so now does my good Jernegan or Bunker, as he skilfully wrinkles his boat through the tumbling rip, amid the snapping bluefish, encourage you to "Yank 'em in," and chuckles deep under the shadow of his sou'wester as the tub fills up. For it may be on the evening of that day Mr. McCleave will take the catch for 2 1-2 cents a pound.

But, good old souls, who would demand the fish at their hands, even if he could get them? And there's one thing about it, such a body of boats you'll find nowhere else in the world. The "cat" is the favorite rig, and the boats vary in size from twenty to thirty-five feet in length. Keel boats? Not much; a nice time you'd have in and about a harbor where the shoals are thicker and more crooked than the bones of a shad and the flat fish get aground at half tide. Call them skimming dishes or dinner plates, if you like; but after exhausting the crockery list, come down for a week and bring anything better—a boat with which you can work up and down harbor or run round the island in a stiff nor'easter if need be, with any chance of getting back. And such a body of men as run these boats! As already said, they have sailed great ships round the far Southern capes and sculled among the coral reefs of uncharted islands; two score of men have been under their thumb (which occasionally, if report be true, took the size and shape of a belaying pin), and boys like you and me would have been shining aloft to

turn a topgallant sail or slush down a royal mast at a hint to that effect from the "old man." Now they take you blue-fishing through the wild-maned "rips," and you may be sure that they'll bring you back. Never a fatal accident has happened in all their boating. Will you grumble then when they take your take? Well, help it if you can.

Is there not a noble magnanimity in my paying this tribute to the seamanship of the old skippers when I am unaware that any one of them has ever spoken enthusiastically of mine?

Something was accidentally said of the comparative merits of keel and centre-board boats. I think I can give you an argument for the latter that even the rank cutter man of *The Forest and Stream* can hardly gainsay. Some friends of mine who the other day came into harbor with a sloop yacht invited a few ladies on board. When the "library" door was swung open for the benefit of the gentlemen, I signified by signs that among the party was a charming young Quakeress, who would not like the proceeding—if she understood it. Thereupon, of those who were athirst one and all crawled on their knees behind the centre-board and the libations were not omitted. Now, what could have been done, under similar circumstances, aboard a cutter?

Apropos of yachts, their white wings often gladden the harbor. As a permanent visitor we have a white Herreshoff boat, owned by Mr. Richard White, of Philadelphia, a beautiful little craft, some fifty feet over all, and possessed of rare weatherly qualities; but little of brass work about her. Galvanized iron and a cruising rig keep her always in shape for getting up anchor, and with an improvised sailing party slipping out in a storm for Cape Cod or Cape Horn, just as inclination serves. She is called the "Nepenthe"—perhaps because one is apt to forget an engagement on shore after setting foot on her decks. And as well as a horizontal wheel she is fitted with an orthographic steward, whose hand on the sweetening-box has written "Shuger."

A visit—all too short—we had from that bright and burnished beauty, the Hildegard, owned by Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, of New York. With her racing spars aloft and her long clean lines, she somehow reminded me of the beauty of a ball-room; there was an air about her that suggested the *deux temps* (which is French, I believe, for a double quick), and altogether I wouldn't mind being considerably less than forty years of age, good-looking, her owner, and possessed of enough money to run her. When a good deal of slovenliness is creeping into the fleet—which comes, perhaps, along of coal-bunkers and ash-barrels and smoke-stacks—it is a pleasure to see a properly-appointed and well-kept-up yacht with a nattily-uniformed and well-drilled crew. "Oars a-peak, let fall, give way!" That is better than to leave a wharf with your after carsman ramming the butt of his oar into your mouth while the bowman is wildly endeavoring to get his oar into the water. Mr. Oelrichs brought with him, as guest, Mr. Thomas Foote, of New York. From a few remarks apropos of cutters, dropped by the former gentleman, and the following lines supposed to be written by the latter, I should judge that Mr. Oelrichs rather favors centre-board boats, and would about as lieve walk the plank, literally, as set foot aboard a "plank on edge." Let me say in advance that the suggestion that anything more potent than light wines is concealed about the Hildegard's person should be treated with the contempt it deserves, and that that man is more credulous than I who believes that the following is really

A HAPPENING TO THE HILDEGARD.

The Hildegard she had sprung a knee,
Or a rib, perhaps—
The nomenclature doesn't much matter
Aboard of a yacht when they spring—who knows what?
And the thingumbob stay has been carried away
(And never brought back) by the what's its name tack;
And, with implied hitches at ideal breeches,
The far late so jolly growls gruffly, "By golly!"
Or, "Shiver my timbers, there's a leak in the limber!"
Starting fresh from, "perhaps,"
Something that laps and stops up gaps,
Rib, knuckle or knee,
Gave way and no longer d—d out the sea,
(That's not the word quite that we dash out of sight,
But I blanked it, you see, lest the editor might.)
Which now with a din came rushing in—
Drowning the gin,
Metamorphosing chateau into singularly flat cau,
Dampening sheets, ruining meats,
And cheeses and chintzes fit for Kron Printzes;
Filling with water everything fillable,
(Till even "Schiedam" wasn't worth its last syllable).
Very little the wonder that our skipper said "Thunder."
(Though perhaps something harder as he looked at the harder)
And a number of hands (and Tom Foote) deployed
To see if they could see a North German Lloyd.
(With that hole in the bow it seemed "Neckar" nothing now),
But never a sign of that North German Line
Hove up on our view—though we heaved all we knew—
Nothing showed up in fine but abundance of brine,
Which now came in thicker
Spoiling more liquor,
Till it certainly looked that our goose was cooked,
And that crew and passengers all were booked.
But just at this juncture, when the horrible puncture
In our starboard knee (which admitted the sea)
Gaped wider and wider, showing all inside her,
And 'twas just on our lips that we'd pass in our chips,
From aloft fell the hail of "A sail, ho, a sail."
(Why they always say "ho," I really don't know,
But it seems to be a way of the sea).

And of course to the stranger we at once signalled danger—
To hint of a leak set an onion at the peak,
And that more they might guess at the deep of our distress,
From a porthole we showed her a case once filled with "Roderer."
She was sailing close-hauled, but, aghast and appalled,
When they made out our case there was changing of base—
"At the sheets are you ready? Now keep her off—steady!"
And with the wind free down she ran on our lee.
"Ahoy!" said he, and "ahoy!" said we,
(They always begin in this fashion at sea),
And then with assistance he offered assistance.
"You must be fed—and I'll board you," he said,
"Or if that doesn't gee, why you shall board me—"
"All my windows are bay and they look on the sea."
"The only thing you'll miss to quite complete your bliss,
"And make it all supreme is, perhaps, a little beam."
But when our stout skipper, with a glass in his flipper,
From a sort of trestle took in that strange vessel,
"Great Scott!" we heard him mutter, "it's just a blamed cutter!"
"Go aboard that thing, me and my crew?"
"It's a cold day when—blamed if I do,
"Though never a man of us leaves this spot—
"If we drown at all we'll drown in a Yacht!"
That's how we came to come home in a dory,
And I'd feel rather hurt if you doubted my story.
Nantucket, you see, is in the very nature of things a boating place. To get to it you must take to the water. Indeed this is one of the pleasantest features of the island. The sail from New York along the Sound is a most enjoyable one.
From Fall River to New Bedford is but a short half-hour by rail, and the car on which you step from the boat at Fall River lands you at the wharf in New Bedford where you take the steamboat for Nantucket. Now begins a bit of water travel than which nothing can be more pleasant. Out of Buzzard's Bay and among rocky little islets, through Wood's Hole, a gap not much wider than a barn door, through which the tide runs like a mill race, cruising along Martha's Vineyard with its "Baptist Landings" and Methodist Waterings; and then the long stretch across to this "fast-anchored isle," with the puzzle when you near the jetty as to where and how you are going to get in. This, too, on the most comfortable boats, commanded by skippers familiar with every inch of water along the coast, gentlemanly pursers, and the whole thing—I mean the line and not the coast—under the skilful and experienced superintendence of my friend, Edward T. Pierce, Esq. Is it any wonder that one who loves the water and is given to boating is proud of Nantucket, and generally, like myself, finds his way here another season?

JOHN PAUL.

Aug. 30, 1884

NANTUCKET.

It is late to visit a "summer resort" in October, but some are worth a visit at any time, and certainly Nantucket is one of them.

The route from Bellows Falls to this most interesting of American islands is over the Cheshire railroad to Fitchburg, where you take the Old Colony railroad direct for the remainder of the distance, including the steamer at Woods Holl, which will stop at Oak Bluffs; or, if you prefer, you can go direct to Boston over the Fitchburg railroad and take the Old Colony railroad at this point, it being a neat little trip across a good portion of the city in the horse cars from the Fitchburg to the Old Colony depots. The Old Colony, by the way, has very numerous arms and spurs reaching out in all directions, and has one of the most extended system of railways in New England.

WOODS HOLL.

Landing at Woods Holl, we were detained for a day, as a high gale at sea prevented the steamer from connecting with the cars. To us this delay proved very fortunate, as several Nantucket people were also caught at the same place, on their way home, with whom a valuable acquaintance was formed. The result of this acquaintance entirely changed the character of a visit to strangers to one among friends. The "victims" of the "sea" were domiciled at the "Dexter," a house which in general has the appointments of a private house, but in which you find a genuine New England home, with Mrs. Childs as the landlady, who in her unpretentious manner, will make you feel almost as if you had not left home at all, and we cannot resist the temptation to speak her name "right out in meetin'." She, too, proves to be a Nantucket lady. In the "reception room" is a quaint old high stand, on which is a hotel register, and over it on the wall is a request to register. This register is regarded with special interest, as it has the autographs of distinguished people who are sometimes accidentally or otherwise delayed at this home. Among them we noticed the late Charles O'Connor, and then one less known to fame, and whose name excites sadness as it is known he was lost on the Columbus last winter. A little further back and we find the name of the distinguished Vermont Senator Morrill, whose strong autograph is quickly recognized by any who have ever seen it. During our stay here an interesting visit was paid to the U. S. Steamer Fish Hawk, of the U. S. Fish Commission, which contains a large tank or refrigerator in which ice is artificially frozen, some 1200 pounds at one time. We may as well say here also that on the return trip the following week, four hours were again spent at Woods Holl, and that at the "Dexter," quite a number of Nantucket and other people, though strangers but an hour before, were soon in the pleasures of a family reunion. The place has fine sea views, is the headquarters of Prof. Baird's U. S. fish commission, and other attractions, and proved on these occasions a very interesting episode in the trip.

THE STEAMER RIVER QUEEN.

We take the historic steamer, River Queen, for Nantucket. The weather is fine, the sea calm, a brief stop is made at Oak Bluffs, and we are again plowing through not only the sea but thousands of wild ducks and other sea birds. The sail is delightful, even on this October day. It could not have been more so if there had been a thousand passengers from Saratoga or Coney Island. But a word of our steamer. It has a history. It now belongs to the Old Colony line. During the war it was the dispatch boat on the Potomac of President Lincoln. A large state room in it was occupied by Lincoln when he went down the Potomac to Fortress Monroe or other points. In it now hangs a portrait of Lincoln and the Emancipation Proclamation. Grant, too, occupied this room during those stirring days, and on this boat was also once held an important conference between the union and rebel authorities. Cape Cod holds well to view as we proceed and there are also many others, but it is not our purpose to include all details, but rather a brief what we hope for in another season. The distance in the course traversed from Woods Holl to Nantucket is about forty-five miles. Sighting Nantucket a church tower is among the objects of early view.

It is the tower of the Unitarian church, and is to that town what the towers of the Cathedral are to Montreal. Several other church towers and prominent public buildings are also visible and an early view is the prominent bluff on which stands the residence of the late Charles O'Connor. Landing we are soon at

THE BAY VIEW HOUSE.

This house is kept by Mr. James Patterson and has a fine view of the bay, as indicated by its name. We had only registered our town and state when the landlord exclaimed, "why my wife was born in that town!" and so it proved. Mrs. Patterson, whose maiden name was Prentiss, was born at Rockingham, and later, while residing at Walpole, taught school in Rockingham. This was a happy as well as unexpected surprise, and led to much social conversation in the evenings that followed. A daughter of these people is a cultivated singer and pianist, and the soprano of the Unitarian church. This house had about 150 guests at one time during the past season. It is a popular resort, and with a landlord and landlady raised and acquainted in this region, the people here will want to include Nantucket and the Bay View in a trip another season. We do not hesitate to extend an invitation in their behalf.

NANTUCKET.

And now we have become an actual resident of the island of Nantucket! It would not be in the conventional style if we did not first allude to it as "a quaint old town." Such it is, but a most interesting one. First discovered in 1602, it is yet younger than the continent. It is a town, city, county all by itself, and indeed almost an independent republic. Once, in 1840, it had a population of nearly 10,000. From that period its immense fisheries began to decline and the population with it. People who have visited Europe say that in some respects Nantucket appears like an old town of England or Scotland. That being so, the American people will be quick to see that they can get a glimpse of Europe at greatly decreased expense and distance. The older buildings are generally shingled on the sides. It also has some odd and eccentric people, and both may be found in almost any New England village. It also has the modern ways and the modern finished houses in which will be found some of the best people on the island, who unite culture and industry with a large intelligence and liberality. An atheneum, containing a museum and public library, found here, is more than can be found in a large majority of places elsewhere, either "on the continent," as they all say when alluding to the outer world, or elsewhere, and this alone tells the story of them as a reading people.

SIASCONSET AND SANKOTY.

A day spent in crossing the island over the moors to Siasconset, and thence to Sankoty Light House was delightful. To a "continental" it was amusing to look at many of the little houses, near the beach, all arranged in streets not much over thirty feet in length, that is, the streets, while

"Broadway," from which these cross streets run, could not have greatly exceeded one hundred feet in length, and yet all these streets were as duly named as those of a massive city. This little village is usually alluded to as Siasconset. Further north, a mile or two, we reach the famous Sankoty Light House. It is on a high bluff a few rods from the coast or beach. We ascend the spiral stairway, winding up, up, and upward sixty feet from its base and one hundred sixty-five feet from the level of the sea. Standing in this altitude, on the same floor, if so it could be called, of the head light, taking in the grand view of old ocean, Capt. Brown, the courteous gentleman in charge, informs us that looking in front, and bearing, we should judge, south of east, no land is lying between us and Spain. This light house has a revolving light. It is known as the "Fresnel." It has a lens of forty mile power, and the light has been seen even at a greater distance. The flashes of light produced once a minute by the revolution, last ten seconds. We afterward saw these flashes from the lookout of the Bay View House, nine miles away. There is only one other light like this in the country, that at San Francisco, California.

THE LIFE SAVING STATION.

Another day and we take a trip to a more southerly portion of the island, where we visit the U. S. life saving station at Surf-side. Seven men in the U. S. uniform are here in charge of the station. The appliances for saving life from wrecks and disasters are all here, many of them interesting to examine, but we have no space for description. From the lookout of the station building, not so terrifyingly high as the light house, a most magnificent sea view is presented. The station is in charge of Capt. George A. Veeder, an obliging gentleman, who gives his visitors much attention and interesting information.

A railway, narrow gauge, runs from Nantucket to near this station and Siasconset, and the "surf side" is thus made very accessible.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS.

Our space is almost gone, and yet we have reached but a fraction of the many things of interest. Two houses are pointed out to us as over one hundred and fifty years of age. One has the traditional horse shoe built in the chimney above the roof, and sure enough there it is now. We have above already alluded to some of the people. It was a great pleasure to spend part of an evening with a venerable lady and mother of over eighty years. She is of the Friends or Quakers, of great personal dignity and clearness of mind. She has lived contemporaneous with Garrison, Phillips and other distinguished men with whom she was acquainted and who have enjoyed the hospitality of her home; she is no less clear in her expressions upon public affairs of to-day than of those of the past five decades, and is now a very notable specimen of a noble lady whose life has been useful and lovely, and whose evening seems to be a fitting crown and most lovely of all.

Much is claimed for longevity here. The climate is favorable, rarely reaching the extremes in temperature, and an item elsewhere seems to sustain this claim. As a summer resort, Nantucket has a promising future. It is only within a few years that this island has been sought for pleasure and health. The next decade will see a great change for Nantucket in this respect.

Notwithstanding the limit of our space, we cannot close without an allusion to an "institution" here yet preserved in all its ancient and modern usefulness—the town crier. He goes about "like a roaring lion," and woe be to him who molests him. From the tower of the Unitarian church he announces the approach of the steamer, yet miles away, with a trumpet blast that exceeds the combined strength of the ten horns of Revelation and the little horn that waxed exceedingly. He vends the daily papers and utilizes time for other purposes by a rich medley of announcements. —Bellows Falls Times.

Recollections of Nantucket.

NUMBER I.

While on a visit last summer to my native place, the island of Nantucket, I met a valued Friend of your city, with whom I had some acquaintance. In a pleasant walk we took together, I fell into talking of some of the traditions of the island, especially those relating to Friends, who were once exceedingly numerous and influential there. Finding my friend interested, I went on as talkers are apt to do when they find good listeners, and he suggested that I should preserve some of these recollections for your journal. I had often before been similarly urged, but an intensely occupied life, and more, a sense that matters of local interest which might furnish material for a pleasant chat on a summer's stroll, may not be from any active response. Yet I would be more than glad to contribute anything of interest if I might to a paper devoted to the spread of the views and principles of a Society into which I was born, of which I was long a member, and for whose religious position, especially as represented by your body, I have the most profound regard. And so, dear editors, I will just send a letter or possibly more than one for publication.

There can never be an adequate "writing up" of Nantucket that does not give a large place to "Friends," their principles, customs and peculiarities. For over a century in the palmy days of the island, Quakerism was more nearly a national religion there than any form of faith has ever been in this country. It gave law to the people, and colored all their life. Its peculiarities were not peculiarities there in any sense, and the religious cross or social infelicity was in not being connected with Friends.

Like Whittier's Marblehead, "The whole island had a flavor of the sea," and so had it of Quakerism, as is still noticeable in subtle ways to a trained observer. In the most prosperous days of the island, its population was but little less than ten thousand; its one business, the whale fishery, was very successful, employing a fleet of a hundred ships, and Quaker merchants and captains led the place; while for wealth and commercial importance it stood the third town in the state of Massachusetts. The wonderful decline from this has been paralleled by a more than corresponding decline of Friends.

The quaint simplicity and the beautiful fraternal spirit of Quakerism, which rested over the whole island, like the beauty from the sea on one of its summer days, are fast being lost in the questionable life of a fashionable watering-place, while the old-time, substantial Quaker houses are being crowded out by new and obtrusive "Queen Anne" cottages.

Nantucket was settled in 1659 by a small company, mostly from Newbury and vicinity. They were not in profession with Friends as has been commonly believed, nor was there a Friends' meeting held on the island for many years after. They were a "friendly people" to use the words of another, and Thomas Macy, the pioneer settler, went to the island to be rid of persecution for having given shelter in a thunder-storm to two traveling Friend ministers.

About the year 1700, "Public Friends," as they were then quaintly called, began to visit the island, where they found a "plain, tender people, much inclined to the truth." One cause of these visits might have been that a son of one of the most prominent families of the island had lived in Rhode Island for the purpose of learning a trade, and had there become interested in Friends. The rise from this date, the progress, unprecedented ascendancy, and the decline of the Society on the island form together one of the most interesting, half romantic chapters of religious history ever written. In 1701 John Richardson, from England, visited the island. He was accompanied by several Friends from Rhode Island, amongst them being Susanna Freeborn, a minister who had long "felt a concern to visit the people there." It was the summer time when these travelers in the Master's cause went to the island in a sloop belonging to Peleg Slocum, himself "a well-concerned Friend." To us islanders it does not seem strange that they became confused in a Nantucket fog, and landed on a small, uninhabited spot, a little distance short of their destination.

"We thought," says John Richardson, "that we were going up into the island, but soon found we were upon a beach of sand where was neither grass nor tree, neither could we find the sloop again, it now being dark, though we sought it carefully, and shouted one to another, until we were hoarse. So we were forced to settle for the night upon the little island, from the centre of which one might cast a stone into the sea on every side, not knowing but that when the tide rose, we should be swept away." But as in the *Marghaver*, at Provincetown, there were the germs of a great nation which the storms of that far-off winter time were not to destroy, so were there the germs on that little sand-bar of a great religious people, and the did not flow over it. "In the morning," says John Richardson, "again we landed safely, and as we went up an ascent, (how often has the writer stood on the spot), we saw many people looking towards the sea, for great fear had possessed them that our vessel was a French ship, loaded with men and arms, it being a time of war. I held out my arms to them, and told them we had no worse arms than these, and that we came to them in the love of God, to have, if they were willing, some meetings amongst them. They behaved very courteously and said they thought we might. By this time came Mary Starbuck, whom the islanders esteemed as a judge amongst them, for of moment was done without her. At the sight of her it sprang in my heart, 'to this woman is the everlasting love of God,' and I looked upon her as one that bore away in the island."

No one, or at least no Friend, can fail to be interested in the farther account given in Richardson's journal of this visit, and of remarkable meeting at the house of Nathaniel and Mary Starbuck, at which there was a great "convincement of the people." As John Richardson was delivering the message given him, he felt that the "great woman" strove against the testimony for an hour together, but the strength of the truth increased, and the Lord's mighty power began to shake the people within and without doors, but she who was looked upon as a Deborah by these people, was loath to lose her outside religion or the appearance thereof, and lifted up her voice and wept. "Oh, then the universal cry and brokenness were wonderful!"

After some time, Mary Starbuck stood up and held out her hand and speaking tremblingly, said: "All that ever we have been building up, and all that ever we have done is this day pulled down, and this is the everlasting truth."

Peleg Slocum said after the meeting, "that the like he was never at, for he thought the inhabitants of the island were shaken, and most of the people convinced of the truth." However, a great conviction there was that day, and Mary Starbuck in a short time received a public testimony, as did also her son Nathaniel, who became the first clerk of the meeting. Several other members of her family became ministers. Thus, deeply rooted in favor of soil, sprang the tree of the father's plant, which was destined in a few years, and for more than a century, to cast its healing shade over all the island.

The house of Nathaniel and Mary Starbuck was called the Parliament house, from the early town meetings being held in it, and some of the old islanders may still be left, who would speak of the lot on which it stood, as the Parliament lot. The harbor used at this period, was soon after abandoned for a more commodious one, some miles away, and most of the houses were removed. One only remains where it was built, in 1725, by Elihu Coleman, who became a prominent minister amongst Friends. There is something pathetic in looking at this house, once surrounded by many others, the homes of peace and simple plenty, still unchanged in form, and well preserved, but with not another building within a mile's distance. I went some years ago to visit this house, and particularly to see a "long clock," as we used to say, which was put in its place when the house was first occupied, making it at the time of the visit about one hundred and thirty years old. A granddaughter of the family, herself then old, said to me: "My grandfather sent to England forty pounds of whalebone, which a little more than paid for the clock, and for change there was returned a copy of 'Sewall's History,' and," she continued, "the clock has never been known to stop except possibly from neglect in winding, but once since it stood in that corner. That was from the shock of the great Lisbon Earthquake in 1755," (which shock was felt throughout New England).

The site of the old town is still to many sacred ground. Of the beautiful, simple life that loved, and hoped and worshipped there, there is scarcely a visible trace left. The spot where the first meeting-house stood can be identified, as can the burying-ground near, where the "great woman" and other early Friends were laid; but in that shifting, sandy soil, the marks of these will soon disappear, and by another generation it is doubtful if any thing will be known of the places where once there was so much of worth and beauty.

The site of Mary Starbuck's house, where the memorable meeting was held, is recognizable, and the house itself, or rather its frame, which was removed in the general exodus, still stands in a thickly-settled street of the present town. Often have I paused before it and done silent homage, notwithstanding George Fox's rebuke to some Friends in England, who performed a similar act, that he there saw the root and round of idolatry, and one that we of this country, in our general lack of sentiment, may lo well to cultivate. How wisely have you of Philadelphia done in preserving the house of William Penn; a piece of it, wrought into a frame for a view of the house, hangs in my sitting-room, and is highly prized.

It is hardly possible for one of these days to conceive of the strength and vigor that rested over the Society of Friends in Nantucket down to the early part of the present century. The recorded membership of the two monthly meetings reached to nearly fourteen hundred, while almost or quite as many more were looked upon as Friends. A valued minister of the Society for over sixty years told me that in a general family visiting of members in the earlier years of her ministry she went into more than three hundred and fifty families. The visits of traveling Friends to the island from all parts of our

own country and England were frequent in these years, and very large appointments of meetings were common. The interesting journal of Rebecca Jones, compiled by William J. Atkinson, speaks of a large delegation, including herself, from Philadelphia, in 1801, and the holding of many "favored meetings." This old-time state of things still lingers in the memory of some, notably the annual holding on the island of Sandwich Quarterly Meeting, which was like the great feast day of the Jews at Jerusalem. Nearly all business was suspended, and almost every house was filled with Friends from the mainland. What an impression it all made on the minds of us young people! How vividly I see it now! That immense old unpainted meeting-house filled to its utmost capacity with hushed and reverent worshippers, the long range of ministers, elders and others facing the meeting, with perhaps some English Friend at the head, having on an English bonnet, which to us children seemed like the badge of some superior order of beings. We cannot remember a word they said, perhaps, but their dignified, reverent manner and impressive tone we shall never forget.

It is now all gone—meeting-house, ministers, people, speech and dress; memory is nearly all that is left, and on that whole island, where once Quakerism held almost unquestioned sway, and colored and shaped the whole life of the people, not more than twenty can now be found, and those advanced in years, who held any outward connection with the time-honored name of Friends. To us who love the traditions of the fathers, although we know they are only traditions, there is in this unparalleled decadence a certain undertone of sadness like the murmur of the sea which is never at rest. Fully conscious are we that change is not death. The living spirit of truth in the hearts of men is ever taking on new forms of life in the ceaseless march of progress, and man is more and the world better, but still like our own Whittier, some of us have to confess to a weakness for the ancient form, not as a principle, but a sentiment, and for the old-time fraternal spirit of Quakerism, the best "expression of primitive christianity the world has ever seen," as said recently one of our Cambridge professors.

In the universal wreck of everything distinctively Quaker in these parts—not the least feature of which is the modern attempt to save one portion of the society in numerical strength by a sort of mixed and changed Quakerism that neither in doctrine nor customs is the genuine thing—in all this, and while both the form and the substance are fast passing away here, I find myself turning southward to the intelligent and progressive of your body, to find out a way to save to the world something of the glory of the days when "Zion was fair to look upon, beautiful for situation on the sides of the north, the joy of the whole earth."

Thus hurriedly I have sketched the outlines of Friends' history on Nantucket, from their rise to their almost entire extinction as an organized body. Covering that period of nearly two hundred years are various traditions and familiar incidents, which have been orally transmitted. Having preserved many of these in memory, I may forward some of them for other numbers of your paper.

CHRISTOPHER COFFIN HUSSEY.

Sept. 4, 1886 From the Friends' Intelligencer and Journal. Recollections of Nantucket. NUMBER II.

From the close connection of the Society of Friends in Nantucket with the whole town, or rather because it was nearly the whole town, its records, which commence in about 1704, contain a large amount of historical information. Very unfortunately these records are sealed to any but the small remnant of those known as "Willbur Friends," in whose possession they now are. This makes it impossible to gain any evidence which they might furnish as to the authenticity of floating traditions.

One object with the writer in these reminiscences is the putting of these traditions, possessing as they do something of at least local interest, in form to be preserved. Almost coeval with the existence of the Society on the island, was its recorded testimony against the holding of slaves. This is believed to have been the earliest organized action on this continent, next to that of Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. Connected with it is an interesting incident which curiously shows how slowly great truths, at least in the beginning, unfold themselves to men's minds.

The captain of a vessel running between the island and the West Indies purchased and brought home with him a slave girl. The wife, who was a daughter of Mary Starbuck, and herself a minister of the Society, felt uneasy with the purchase, and insisted on her husband's taking the girl back and getting the money, that they might be clear of his next "expedition in slavery." This he did out of emancipation. How much more in the real spirit the girl on the tion would have been the keeper she would have been after she was free.

been practically free. I have led to the meeting's making, not long yet truth to hold human "it is inconsistent y during ye term of life," and beings in bondage. A pamphlet was issued by a minister soon after a pecy, Elihu Coleman, against slavery, of the Society which can probably still be found. This is the only known instance of an attempt to hold a of a monthly meeting on the mainland minutes agreeing to a subscription "to purchase a is one for a poor woman who had none." How slave /larly this all strikes us now, who only sing w that for a century before the question of emancipation began to be publicly agitated, em friends as a Society had taken their stand, and F purified their own borders. And yet, when the time came, when many Friends felt called upon to unite with the outside world in the great struggle, was not the body, from an excess of conservatism or caution, found somewhat wanting? Was it not too much afraid of harm to the principles and testimonies of Friends by contact with others, and was it not too frequently quoted, in honest but somewhat mistaken zeal, "Israel shall dwell alone?" Many see it thus now, while the steady advance of truth has brought the "outsiders" and the "insiders" to rejoice together over an emancipated race, and a redeemed nation.

It was about the time of the rise of the Society on the island that a visiting minister, I think Thomas Story, described the simplicity and harmony of the islanders, with the remark that "the people live in such a way that the lawyers who plead for money, and the doctors who prescribe for money, and the preachers who preach for money, have no employment in the island and so are not found there." This state of things held for a considerable time, and for the

first half century of the Society's life there was little but a continuous harmony, and a rapid growth of all which the Society stood for. I heard an old ship captain, speaking of this period, pleasantly relate that on returning from a whaling voyage he ran in near the shore on First-day morning. The fog which was hanging around the island lifted just before meeting time, "and" said he, "taking my glass, I saw crowds going from every part of the island to the great meeting house near the centre, and could not keep from shouting for gladness at the inspiring sight."

In about the middle of the last century, an incident occurred that somewhat interrupted this harmony, and one which, in so simple an age, possessed a considerable local interest. Two elders of the meeting, brothers, fell out by the way; they could not hold their places in the meeting while living thus, and one of them took his large family and went from the then comparatively populous and cultured place down into the state of Maine, to the peninsula called Fletcher's Neck, and now known as Biddeford Pool. On a visit to the place, a few years ago, I was much surprised at finding in an ancient burying ground, many of the old Nantucket names, especially that of Hussey. Inquiry brought out the story as above given of the self-exiled elder, whose name was Hussey, and whose descendants originated a Friends' meeting in those parts.

There arose also about this time a more serious disturbance. There was in the meeting a minister, then in middle life, an ancestor of many of the since prominent families of the island, who had awakened the criticism of the more strict by a certain absence of formality, and an easy amiability and freedom of manner, which are still characteristic of his descendants. He is said to have been an eloquent preacher, which might possibly have contributed to the state of things, at any rate there was quite a "stir" raised, as an islander might say. One of the charges made against him was that he occasionally called on the Presbyterian minister. Another, that the coat he wore, the cloth of which, by the way, had been given him, was not exactly the approved color.

It is quaintly told that an Elder of the meeting, who sat by his side, would sometimes rise after he had preached and say, "This Friend is out of the truth, and you must not receive his testimony," and then at the close of the meeting the two would shake hands, and ride home together in pleasant talk. At length matters went so far that the case was taken to the Yearly Meeting, where the minister was entirely exonerated, and a minute was made appointing a committee to visit Nantucket Monthly Meeting and see "that the ancient order of society is observed of rising and taking off the hat in time of prayer." From which it appears that some had carried their opposition so far as to keep their seats when our ministering Friend "appeared in supplication."

This visit of the yearly meeting committee ended, so far as is now known, the temporary uneasiness. With a large amount of solidity and dignity amongst Nantucket Friends, which often called forth the admiration of visitors, there has been from an early time a certain vein of over strictness, to which this disturbance bears witness, and which there can scarcely be a doubt has furnished one cause amongst others of the unprecedented decline there. There was a conscientious devotion to what Friends believed, joined with a beauty of character all would admire, but there was too little adaptability to changing circumstances,—a sincere zeal without sufficient toleration of unavoidable diversities, or recognition of all the needs of our human nature. Does not something of this lie at the bottom of the more general decline of a society of such unequalled agreement with primitive Christianity that that decline seems almost impossible to account for? It is preserved as a tradition, that when the dissatisfaction with the minister spoken of was at its height, a visiting Friend told the meeting in his public testimony that as a sign and witness against them "the Lord would send a famine of the Word." Whether prophecy or not, this has been singularly realized. It is doubtful whether there was ever a meeting of its size, in which for a hundred years there were so few ministers, especially amongst the men. The minister in question died in 1789. There have been since that time but three men ministers who continued to reside on the island, one of whom never spoke, or but once or twice, except in meetings of business, after he was recommended. Exemplary, devoted, and in some cases able women, have mostly furnished the spoken word, and the number of even these, for the great size of the meeting, has been small. Of the large number of visiting ministers constantly coming to the island, there are various traditions and anecdotes preserved in the simple annals of the islanders, some of an amusing character. One I recall, told me by a valuable woman elder. It was quite impossible in the immense meeting-house to keep warm on a winter's day, with no other means of heating than a fire-place at either end. When a valuable, but blantly-speaking and somewhat eccentric English Friend was on the island, there chanced to be a very cold meeting-day. It was the custom at that period for the women to carry foot stoves to meeting, and fill them

with coals before taking their seats. On this day it was so cold that several went during the meeting to refill their stoves. This disturbed our English Friend's sense of propriety, and at length she rose and said, "Friends, when I came to America I expected to find a hardy race of women, able to endure fatigue and cold, but I see it is not so, and I have felt since sitting with you in this meeting, that before I would disturb a religious assembly as this has been disturbed by going to the fire, I would come to meeting with my feet wrapped in sheep skins." Whereupon a woman arose, deliberately walked

to the fire-place, put her stove on the hearth, not in an especially quiet manner, took the tongs and punched off a bed of coals, filled her stove, and walked slowly back to her seat as if to say to the rebuking Friend, "There's for thee." This was resistance to British interference in mild form. The remonstrating woman's name I have forgotten. It may have been an ancestor of our or your, Lucretia Mott, or a Starbuck, Macy, Mitchell, or Hussey, which names abounded; at all events it was a good story, and the saintly woman elder who told it vouched for its authenticity by saying, "I was at the meeting."

How well do I remember those huge fire-places with their roaring fires, and the foot-stoves too, the scorching odor of which, when the coals were over hot, pervaded the atmosphere of the meeting-house. That identical stove, if preserved, would bring now a fabulous price when the island blossoms out with summer visitors, anxiously seeking, not only shells along its shores, but any trace of those ancient times. One relic of the old meeting-house, still I believe in the possession of the family who had the best right to it, has a somewhat curious history. Quaker boys of that period, though supposed to be altogether proper, were much like the boys of to-day, and so it was found needful, with the large number in our meeting, to appoint Friends to "sit back" as it was called, to see that order was preserved. A Friend who was under appointment for this purpose sat one day in meeting leaning over his cane. The boys might have required just then not much watching, and there was a bare possibility of the Friend's being a little drowsy as Friends sometimes were then, and so leaning heavily, the cane chanced to rest on a knot in the floor, which gave way and allowed the cane to slip through. It was not considered worth while to have the general tear-up needful for its recovery, and it lay there for almost half a century in gathering dust, until the meeting-house was taken down, when I was recovered and returned to a son of the original owner. I have sat for hours and heard the groups of older people gathered around the open fires of an evening tell these old-time incidents, some of them trivial like this, some of them more weighty, but all possessing much of local interest, and touching chords that after the lapse of many years still vibrate with a deep, half plaintive melody. Books being less abundant a half century ago than now, the oral transmission of events was much more in use, and our fathers and mothers were at least more fluent, if not better conversationalists than we are. In the simple and exceedingly sociable habits of the Quaker islanders, the hoarded store of anecdotes formed a chief dependence for the evening's entertainment, and Friends' meetings, travelling ministers, with their differing peculiarities, their testimonies and prophecies, and similar topics, sometimes grave, and sometimes humorous, came in for a large share of talk. I cannot forbear relating a very singular incident I heard on one of these occasions,—one I would not relate were it not well vouched for. The phraseology will be understood by a "Friend." A couple were to "pass meetings" as was then the phrase. The men representatives went into the women's meeting to inquire if the meeting was ready for R. M. to come in and declare his intention of marriage with H. M. A very old woman Friend was present who was troubled with constitutional lethargy, and who, by the way, was said to be something of a match-maker. Evidently rousing up from a half sleep at the entrance and inquiry of the Friends, she rose in the upper seat, and with much dignity said she thought the men Friends must be mistaken in the names, and that it was S. M. and L. B. who intended marriage, naming a couple who, probably, she had decided in her own mind would do well to marry. This threw the meeting into some confusion. The men Friends repeated their message, and the mother of the prospective bridegroom, a woman equal to an emergency, rose and said she thought the Friends were right, as she knew when she left home that morning that her son was intending to "pass meetings." This man and woman whom the worthy Friend in her half asleep sincerity published ahead of time, strangely enough were married not long after, and were for years among the most valued members of the meeting. CHRISTOPHER COFFIN HUSSEY.

From the Friends' Intelligencer and Journal.
Recollections of Nantucket.

NUMBER III.

Inhabitants of an old town, especially if it be a seaport, and more especially still if it be on an island, are always marked by a strong individuality and the frequent presence among them of eccentric characters. Nantucket had its full share of these. Amongst the unique personages which memory recalls no one so often comes up as a venerable woman Friend whose most marked peculiarity was a stilted style of speech from which she never let herself down, even in the most familiar intercourse, and which furnished much innocent merriment to the islanders.

In carrying out Friends' beautiful provision for their poor, Nantucket Meeting established a home for them, calling it with characteristic delicacy "Friends' Boarding House." Our Friend of the stilted speech, finding her little patrimony late in life nearly exhausted, became an inmate of this house, but still retained in a front room a little shop she had long kept. My way to school took me by this shop, and it was a favorite thing to step in with a cent or two on purpose to hear her quaint speech. One application always secured, as was the object in making it, the same reply—"Cousin Elizabeth, has thee any Jews' harps?" "No child, nor no other harp that the Israelites used for diversion or de-

votion." How would Philadelphia store-keepers get on, if they took as much time and care to answer a two-cent customer, or were as careful to "bear testimony" against instrumental music. Another inmate of the Boarding-house once stepped into the little shop, saying "Has thee seen my scissors, Elizabeth?" "No, Miriam, and I should not be willing to go before a magistrate under a solemnity and affirm that thee was ever the rightful owner of a pair of scissors." The most notable example of her speech, however, that memory recalls, was addressed to some young women who occupied the same room with her while attending yearly meeting. She wished them to stop talking, that she might go to sleep, and instead of expressing her wish as most would, she said, "Now girls the time for retiring has fully arrived, and it is my desire that silence may pervade the apartment, until Sol again ascends the heavens, unless some emergency should call for articulation." Judging from these specimens of our friend's quaint style, one might fancy her lacking in capacity, but such was not the case. She had read quite extensively for the times, and had served acceptably as clerk of the monthly meeting. I have often wondered if in the minutes of the meeting her peculiarities are apparent. Use large words she must, and if the saying be true, "He who makes the world laugh is a benefactor," certainly many a Nantucket tea-party, one of the island's almost lost arts, has pleasantly cherished her memory.

In the writer's boyhood there remained one other house on the site of the old town besides the solitary one which is still left. Standing entirely alone, without fence or tree near, old and half decayed, it had attached to it a bit of homely romance that invested it with a certain interest to the islanders. It was occupied by three maiden sisters in advanced years when I knew them. Like many at that period they held a birthright membership amongst Friends, and though ignorant and rustic to the last degree and exceedingly peculiar, they had done nothing to forfeit their birthright, and were supported by the meeting. The touch of romance is, that their mother, who was of an old Friends' family was when young sought in marriage by a young man whose affection she returned, and who was in every way suitable, except that he was not a member of the meeting. On this ground her parents refused their consent. The young woman, as the story goes, disappointed, and careless of her future said "she would marry the first member of the meeting that came along, even if he was a simpleton," and the first who came was almost that, and she kept her resolve, probably to bitterly repent of it in the long after years when she was slowly dragged down to his level. "What was fine in her becoming coarser day by day." At last the mother who always kept some hold on the better life of her father's family, went wearily to her rest, and the three sisters, who had become well known throughout the island and were often visited because of their peculiarities, lived on remote from the town, as uncultured and as much the children of nature as could consist with the respectability which their Quaker blood, dress and language helped them never to entirely lose. After they grew old and the house became unfit for occupancy, Friends were anxious to have them move to a more comfortable one nearer town. At length a house that would meet this condition came into possession of the meeting, and after great persuasion the sisters were moved into it. Their care-takers left them at night apparently comfortable in their new quarters. The next morning going to see how they were getting on, they found to their utter surprise that they had moved back to their old home in the night, carrying everything they could by hand. After this no further attempt was made to move them, their invariable reply when spoken on the subject was "Why, we was well enough off last winter, and we are only a year older now."

Of the accumulation of their simple logic took no account.

So they lived on until one sister only was left, when she was taken to the meeting's home and the old lonely house was taken down for firewood, and the name of the family ceased on the island. One circumstance in connection with these lonely women is worth mention as a testimony to the beautiful delicacy of Friends in administering their charity. A flock of hens furnished all the sister's means. They carried their eggs for sale to the store of a Friend who was instructed by the overseers of the meeting to furnish them with whatever their simple needs required, giving credit for the worth of the eggs, and charging the balance to the meeting without letting them know anything of it. Thus they thought in their simplicity that their eggs paid for all they had, and a self respect was preserved which to even such as they, was agreeable.

The period from about the middle of the last century to the first quarter of this, may be looked upon as the most prosperous period in the Society's island history. In 1790 Friends had grown so numerous that the monthly meeting for the Northern District was established. A new meeting-house was built, and the old one moved to a more central spot and enlarged. About this time the business of the town, the whale fishery, which had suffered so greatly in the war of the revolution that scarcely a ship was left, had become again prosperous. The people were comparatively wealthy, while retaining great simplicity in their tastes and habits. Nearly all were Friends or under Friend's influence. From the oneness of religious views and of business interests, and also from the close ties of relationship that ran through the island, there arose a fraternity of feeling that made the people seem like one great family, and furnished perhaps the best exhibition of a true Christian democracy that the world has ever seen. Conventionalities were little known; the distinctions of social life which are inevitable were reduced to their minimum. The rich and the poor worshipped side by side, while the similarity of dress made the difference of situation less observable. In natural scenery the island has few charms with the exception of the grand expanse of ocean view, but the salt sea air has strength and inspiration in every breath.

In these golden days the town was a social paradise, and Quakerism, relieved so largely from the interference of the outside world, put on its most beautiful form. It was about this period that an English Friend arose in meeting, and after standing a moment in silence, said, "Oh, that the daughters of America might see the women of Nantucket." To those who remember the meeting-house in which this was said, it requires but little effort of the imagination to see the large body of plainly-dressed women that drew forth the remark.

Friends from abroad were frequent in visits during these years. In William J. Allinson's interesting journal of Rebecca Jones mention is made of a large delegation to the island from Philadelphia in the summer of 1801, and the holding of many interesting meetings.

Rebecca Jones speaks of her old friend, Sarah Barney, "who met her with much gladness." This was a worthy, dignified elder, still remembered by a few who had a small gift in the ministry, and was held in much esteem on the island. She was unmarried, lived alone, and kept, like Rebecca Jones, a little shop. It is told half seriously, half humorously, that at meal-time she would set out her small table, put on the few dishes she required, and wait for Providence to provide the food. That providence was the family of the Quaker merchant and elder, William Rotch, who lived near, and whose wife was a sister of Sarah Barney. The little table I saw a few years ago in Newport, it having been given to a branch of the Gould family. The house of William and Dorcas Brown is well remembered, "where," says Rebecca Jones, "I stayed and wrote, while our young ministers had gone seven miles out on the island to an appointed meeting to which my spirit was not bound." This house, together with that of Sarah Barney and a large number of others associated with the early history of the Society, was burned in the great fire of 1846, which swept away nearly all of the historic buildings of the town. Amongst these was the house of a somewhat famous person, who is made a character in a historical romance, the scene of which is laid on the island and of which she is the heroine. Most for which she was noted had more connection with political and commercial than religious life, and so in an article of this kind little more than an allusion to her would be fitting. Like most of any standing, she was a member of Friends' Society, as was her husband, whom she so eclipsed as for him to be little spoken of. My impression is that late in life she lost her membership by financial irregularities and complicity in smuggling. By a shrewdness and business capacity few of either sex manifest, she gained great influence in the war of the Revolution with both political parties, and was thus enabled to import goods to the island as no one else could. Thus she held almost a monopoly of the market, charging the inhabitants exorbitant prices for what she knew they could not do without.

She acquired thus great wealth for the period, and her ships visited almost every sea. At one time it was said a considerable part of the real estate on the island was mortgaged to her, but at length at the close of the war, when the tide of political and commercial events was turning, the reverse came. An elderly Friend said to the writer that he saw her, sitting in her arm-chair, brought out of her last house by the sheriff, the building, which she refused to leave, having been attached by him.

As an article of a more general nature Kezia Coffin's history might be followed with intense interest.

CHRISTOPHER COFFIN HUSSEY.

From the Friends' Intelligencer and Journal.
Recollections of Nantucket.

NUMBER IV.

It is said of a noted minister of New York Yearly Meeting that when looking forward to a visit to Friends of Nantucket he had a singular dream, which in substance was, that he found himself seated in a room on the island for a religious opportunity with a Friend's family. The room and its furnishings were all remarkably plain, and the family exemplary in appearance. After sitting awhile in silence with his mind turned inward, he saw the door open, and an apparition appeared which he was told was the Prince of Darkness, who had a home there. The appearance of the room remained with him while the immediate impression of the dream faded. He went to Nantucket, entered upon a general visiting of families, and came in course to the house of the couple referred to in the closing parts of our last article. After sitting a few moments with the family, in silence, he said: "This is the room I saw in my dream, into which the Prince of Darkness entered," and went on, having, as Friends used to say in their journals "some close work." Let each dispose of this story as he may see fit. Are we any of us so disposed to set bounds to the spiritual world or to the spirit's revealing as to say that the consecrated, spiritual-minded minister could have had no inward revealing of the real state of things which as yet had not come to outward observation? During some repairs many years after to the home of the noted woman, a large closet was found with no means of entrance except by removing a panel. This secret closet was thought to have been used as a repository for smuggled goods. The Society by about 1820 had begun to show unmistakable signs of numerical decline. The town had greatly increased in population and commercial importance. Intercourse with the outside world was much more frequent. Fashion had come in with wealth, and Friends, though still numerous, no longer held the balance of power. The writer has no means at hand of verifying dates, but near the year 1830 the monthly meeting for

the Northern district, established in 1790, was reunited with the original monthly meeting of Nantucket. The summer of 1832 is marked in the annals of the Society by a religious visit of Hannah Backlund of England, who spent most of the season on the island. It was the year of the first appearance on this continent of the Asiatic cholera. There were at the time several vessels running between New York and Nantucket, and much anxiety pervaded the island. No doubt this affected the minds of the people, and the English Friend held several large and deeply interesting meetings. Immense assemblies of that summer, hushed and awed by the loud hanging over the country, and by the eloquent utterances and impressive tones of the speaker, seemed a fitting farewell to the ancient meeting-house, which was soon after abandoned for a new building, after having been occupied just one hundred years. About this time occurred the most marked event in the history of the society since its rise; the great upheaval known as the Hicksite "separation." It was only the outermost wave of this movement that touched the shores of Nantucket, after it had passed over most of the yearly meetings. While the portion of Society I designate as Hicksite, for distinction only, was in some yearly meetings the larger body, it found in New England Yearly Meeting but little organized life. In Nantucket alone was there held a monthly meeting, which was connected with New York Yearly Meeting, and ceased to exist as an organization after about twenty-five years. I was too young when these events were beginning to darken the hitherto serene horizon of Quakerism to be able to speak of them with accuracy. I can do little more now than give a child's impressions, some of them however so clear and deep that they may not be far out of the way. One impression is very vivid, that of the secret prejudice that largely existed towards those who were spoken of as "Separatists," "Troublers in Israel" and the like.

The separation on the island came about through the visit of a former resident who was at this time a minister of a meeting that was connected with the Hicksite division. The visit was a social one to his relations. The Friend came to meeting, and although not taking the seat of a visiting minister, towards the close of the meeting rose and commenced speaking, upon which an elder gave the usual signal for the closing of the meeting and most of the people left.

Those who were in sympathy with the minister kept their seats, and after the noise of the departing multitude had subsided, he spoke a while longer. This was only an occasion for the bursting forth of long pent-up feelings, of the gradual gathering of which we children had known nothing. Soon commenced the unhappy business of bringing complaints to the meeting against those who by keeping their seats on that day had, as was alleged, shown a lack of respect to the authorities of the meeting, and had identified themselves with the other body. Quite a company were disowned and set up a meeting. How strikingly in contrast is the impression I received of these events at that childish period of my life with what later years have brought me to feel. Years in which the views and principles for which the Hicksite Friends stood, have not only come to be believed in by me, as the substance of early Friends' position, but as the truest embodiment of Christian truth on the points which they embrace.

This Hicksite meeting which was connected with New York Yearly Meeting has long since ceased to exist, and the meeting-house has been removed and turned into a summer hotel. The old monthly meeting which went with what are known as Wilbur Friends has now other sman'sed also. Their large house was re-as the Gurney mainland a few years ago. An-Meeting had alme connected with what is known small meeting-house of New England Yearly when some travelist no members left, and the wishes to hold a meege they built is closed except One who has in hisng minister of their order the religion and he ting.

who sees in Quakerism heart the sentiment for Nantucket, a high flame of his fathers, or one cial life, can but feel in, as once represented in spirit as he walks about arm of religious and so-nouncements of departed shadow come over his server he will still de.t the island amongst the plainness of the o glory. If a close ob-former beautiful Quaker test signs, especially in see too, in a certain pldder dwellings, of the familiarity, traces of the life; nor will he fail to hospitality. But all this fasant frankness and giving place to the people a old-time spirit of period.

There is a somewhat currid customs of the comes to my memory that ma ting conclusion to these reccous legend which time of the settlement of Nantucket by Inft-whites there were about three hundred Indians on the island. They were a peaceful, inoffen-sive race, with whom, almost without exception, the most harmonious relations were maintained. More easily than was usual with the Aborigines of the country they adopted the manners of he whites, and erected, in different parts of he island, several English built dwellings and four English built meeting-houses.

In 1763, in the Eighth month, a disease broke out amongst them which swept them away with the exception of a few, and destroyed them as a people forever. Whether the sickness originat-ed with the natives was not ascertained. Some thought it came from a brig from Ireland, which was cast ashore on the island, one of the crew of which, who appeared to have a fever, died at a house where many Indians had resorted. Soon after, the disease broke out amongst them and first ead with great rapidity. The whites were at the disore, her would spread amongst themselves, but they soon found that the natives only were

over

21

affected. They then rendered them all the assistance in their power. The sickness continued until the 16th of Second month, 1764, when it ceased as suddenly as it commenced. I remember hearing an old inhabitant tell of an interesting incident of this sickness. Her father's farm was near a house occupied by Indians, all of whom were taken with the disease. She went with her mother to a little run of water which may be seen to-day, with food suitable for the sick, putting it on the near side of the stream, then retreating and shouting to the Indians to come and take it. That small house, out of which the inmates all died, was moved into town. It was always to me an object of interest, and occasionally I would saunter by it in a leisure hour. On my last visit to the island, I found it had gone the way of many of the old landmarks, and a heap of bricks and stones only remained. Thus by a mysterious sickness, which to-day would be better understood and possibly prevented, the existence of this island tribe of natives terminated, and their lands went to strangers. The curious legend connected with the sickness is, that about the time it commenced the bluefish, which were then taken in abundance, suddenly disappeared from the waters of Nantucket. One of the Indian prophets said this disappearance was a sign of the extinction of their race; adding, "when we are gone, and the houses of the red men are laid low, the bluefish will return; then let the Quaker look out for his inheritance, that it become not the stranger's, as has ours."

I remember when it was told through the island that the bluefish, which are now abundant, had returned, and at that time there was no Indian left of unmixed blood.

Much pathetic interest gathers around this chapter of island history. The houses of the red men have long since been gone; the race exists only in memory. The Quaker inhabitants, once the chief owners and rulers of the island, have also passed away, and their inheritance gone to the summer sojourner of changed dress, speech and manners. "The stranger has taken possession."

As I occasionally visit the island, and its traditions are revived by standing on what always seems like "classic soil," there is ever a halo hanging over the days that are gone.

A friend used to say to me when we had spent an evening in recalling Nantucket life, "Let us go henceforth where we will, we shall never find the peculiar charm of the Nantucket of our earlier years," and this is a testimony often borne.

In the palmy days of Friends, education, while never to much extent becoming classic, was advanced and general on the island, each monthly

meeting sustaining a school. Few people ever lived with more community of interest, and in few towns, if any, has the spirit of plain, practical Quakerism been more exemplified by lives of Christian benevolence and a charming social intercourse.

Later years have brought great changes; there have been heavy pecuniary difficulties, and great reduction of population from the utter extinction of the island's original business; much that seemed beautiful no longer prevails, and in the decline of Quakerism some things have come in that cannot be looked upon as wholly good.

But in thus glorifying the past we would not disparage the present. Strength and excellence have still a home on the "sea-girt isle," and the sterling qualities of the fathers may still be traced in their descendants. And as Whittier has sung,

"Yet that isle remaineth
A refuge of the free,
As when true-hearted Macey
Beheld it from the sea.

"Free as the winds that winnow
Her shrubless hills of sand—
Free as the waves that batter
Along the yielding land.

"Than hers, at duty's summons,
No loftier spirit stirs,—
Nor falls o'er human suffering
A readier tear than hers.

"God bless the sea-beat island!—
And grant for evermore,
That charity and freedom dwell,
As now upon her shore!"

CHRISTOPHER COFFIN HUSSEY.

Sept. 25, 1886

[From the Providence Sunday Star.]

NANTUCKET.

Prentice Mulford on the Sea-girt Isle.

We reprint below extracts from a letter on Nantucket, written for the Providence Sunday Star by Mr. Prentice Mulford, who spent several weeks here the past season as a guest of E. F. Underhill, Esq., which are decidedly entertaining:

A flavor of the extinct whaling business still lingers about the town. Whale ships long ago gone. Store houses, cooper shops, and other edifices connected with that occupation still visible near the water's edge. Generally unpainted. Some wharves rotted away. Smell of ancient fish near the water side. Has one bank and one lawyer. Bank closes at 1 o'clock, P. M. Store generally closes at 12 (noon) and reopens at 2, P. M. Reason, dinner. Church bells ring at noon. Signal to close. Dinner to Nantucketer more important than business. Some shopkeepers omit formality of locking their doors. General reliance on universal honesty. Besides, the percentage is against a thief on an island like this, which may only be left at stated times and seasons. Nantucket allopathic and homoeopathic doctors have joined forces and run a drug store.

Saw on the street, certain relics of the old Nantucket whaling merchants. Or possibly the sons of the pillars of business forty years ago. F. F. N., First Families of Nantucket. Attired in black broadcloth. Middle-aged, grey-whiskered, spectacled, prim, dignified and sober. Long past the friskiness of youth. Pace slow and measured. Principal events of their daily lives—breakfast, dinner, supper, the daily paper and the arrival of the steamboat from New Bedford. Topics of conversation, the weather, politics and old times.

Saw these specimens on the street corner. They looked as if they had met on that identical corner at the same hour for the last twenty-five years, making the same remarks to each other, compared their ideas of self-importance, found them still at par, and moved away satisfied.

Historic family names of Nantucket, Folger, Macy, Coffin, Starbuck, Swain, Pitman, Hussey, Barnard, Coleman, very numerous. Blood relationship universal. All to some extent cousins.

Meat markets sell their surplus stock at auction on certain days. Previous announcement by town crier throughout the town, thus: "There'll be a meat ox at half—past ten o'clock in front of Burgesses market. Corn beef! mutton! lam! half—past ten o'clock, meat ox!" Meat placed in lots on tables, each lot pierced by a skewer and sold to the highest bidder.

Selling off old furniture to strangers is another important present industry of Nantucket. Visited one store filled with tables, bureaus, tea-trays, tea-kettles, skillets, pewter plates and platters, tongs, shovels, andirons, clocks, mirrors, and a thousand other articles of domestic use, and in domestic use from one hundred to two hundred years ago, sold on commission. Dealer informed me that this was the inevitable fate and drift of many of the Nantucket relics. As the older members die the younger cease to prize their antiques. Or if prized for a time, cash in hand furnishes the stronger inducement. So at last the ancient family clock, chest and chairs go to the commission store. The stranger buys the relic, carts it off and carries it to the mainland. Its family history is lost. It commences a new career simply as an antique. Possibly in thirty years more, it may drift into another commission store and for a time amuse some other antiquarian purchaser.

Town jailer gets fifty dollars a year salary and house rent. Has little to do. Jail not a popular place of resort. Ben Franklin's mother born here, ditto Lucretia Mott and Tom and Maria Mitchell, astronomers, ditto Secretary Folger. Nantucket cart peculiar; has no springs; one horse; tilts slightly backward; open box for the top; you sit in behind; horses generally thin; by some attributed to fish and sea-weed diet; presumably a slander.

Nantucketers have had a habit of being born at various distant points on the globe. Cause, father and mother on whale ships. Port made; child born, possibly Valparaiso, Honolulu, Rio Janeiro, or on mid ocean. Birth entry of some Nantucket children reads, "Born in latitude 30, north 42, west from meridian of Greenwich, a son," etc.

The longevity of the male Nantucketers is remarkable. Octogenarians are comparatively common. Some live too long. They do not know what to do with themselves, and may keep expectant relatives too long waiting for their demise and other property. A man at eighty-four ought to have some consideration for his possible heirs, but the pure salt air here has remarkable preservative properties. It will so harden a man's body that it will refuse to crack and let out his soul, though that soul be ever so willing to go.

The older Nantucketers lament the decay of the whaling business. Financially it was profitable to a few; to the many it gave a subsistence. It involved a hard, coarse life for those engaged in it, a sad one for those left behind and an unnatural one for all. The men were packed in those small ships for two, three, sometimes four years. They touched at certain ports once in five or six months for provisions and water. Their only change and recreation at sea lay in chasing and murdering whales. Their ecstasy of joy was when the lance pierced the animal's vitals and it spouted thick blood. Their chief hope lay in the few hundred dollars possibly to be paid them at the end of the voyage, and that not to come for years. Their glimpse of shore life was bounded by a spree. If the whaler married, he left the voyage a month for a three years' cruise, returned and shipped again, after a twelve weeks' stay on shore, for another voyage of similar duration. He could not remain at home. There was no business for him. He knew not what to do with himself there. The phrase, "uneasy as a fish out of water" had for him a strong application. He must go to sea again. Earth had no place, no occupation for him. His education, his life, his breeding was all of the sea. He might long for the comforts of a life on shore, but in vain. There were but few places for the men to fill in these whaling ports and these were all full. So to sea he went, and there was another parting 'twixt husband and wife, another two or three years' sunderance and weary waiting. So the married whale hunter passed his life until he arrived at middle age.

I asked Capt. John Morris if this was not the correct picture of the whaler's life. "No," said he, "we enjoyed our lives at sea. There was nothing to trouble a man. He didn't need money afloat. He was sure of breakfast, dinner and supper. His appetite was good. What was there to grumble about?"

As to life, views of life and life enjoyment, it is unsafe to generalize. What, as to existence, is "one man's meat is another man's poison."

Much of Nantucket island is held as "commons." There are "sheep commons" and "cows' commons." A "sheep commons" means as much land as will feed a single sheep. A "cows' commons" implies as much land as will raise grass to feed one cow. One hundred and fifty years ago twenty-seven people owned all the Nantucket "commons." Each one of these original settlers had 720 "sheep commons."

This made a total of 19,440 "sheep commons." It was all plain sailing arithmetically as to the division of these "commons" until a certain portion of these lands was set aside for other purposes.

These divisions were called "Squam," "Smooth Hummocks" and "Southeast Quarter." These became no longer "sheep's commons." But whoever had owned a fractional part of the "commons" owned likewise another fractional part of the "divisions." How much land in each he might own he didn't know. "His share," says one of the Nantucket histories, "might contain one acre or fifty acres, according to the extent of the division laid out;" but 720 was the constant denominator, and a man who owned, say forty-five "sheep commons" of the original land, or, more correctly, 45-19,440ths of the common land, would also be the owner of 45-720ths undivided of a certain share in "Southeast Quarter," of a certain other share in "Squam," and so on in the several "divisions."

This is not so very clear. But it is a sum in simple addition compared to what is to come.

Obed Mitchell, in 1821, wasn't satisfied with the simplicity of the fractionalizing of the Nantucket commons. He wanted a new division and a new denominator. He also wanted more land. He had a good deal of trouble, but being aided by Law, jaw and the Massachusetts State legislature, he had made a new set-off to these commons. By this the denominator of the fraction was changed from 720 to 636, so that if one of the original proprietors had been alive he would have owned thirty-six sheep commons in the undivided lands, and thirty-six more sheep commons in the divided lands.

I quote again from one of the many histories of Nantucket as to the amount really owned at present by the so-called proprietors of these Nantucket Commons. This (Macy's History) says, as to the amount owned by each proprietor: "The original idea was an acre and a half of land, but as the term is now used it indicates nothing definite either in area or value, but means simply a certain undivided fractional part of a very uncertain something else."

I have given here about half of the complications arising out of this division of the Nantucket Commons. The remainder would not instruct the reader, since by no possibility can he understand the portion already given.

Oct. 4, 1884

Correspondence New York Tribune.
A YANKEE ARCADIA.
A PLACE WITHOUT CRIME OR GREED.
GLIMPSSES OF LIFE IN OLD NANTUCKET.

NANTUCKET, Sept. 7.—A place wherein the most timorous of ancient maidens may seek repose without first looking under the bed for that possible burglar! She may even go forth to a tea-fight and leave her house undefended, windows open, doors unlocked. The venerable mariner who is ending his days in the peaceful pursuit of peddling pie will tinkle his little bell and go away; the kerosene-oil man, a melancholy Yankee Romeo with a droop, a sigh and a weedy moustache, will peer through the wire door and sadly fare on; Billy Clark, the Town Crier, will squawk his fish horn at the gate and proclaim in an ardent tremolo his antique news, but not a soul will enter that virginal abode. There are no thieves in Nantucket—not even those polite ones who elsewhere fleece the summer visitor in a manner exasperatingly legal.

The jail has so few guests that the authorities have to do their best to cheer those who do deign to occupy its comfortable apartments. The embezzling bank cashier—who has just had his sentence commuted at the request of his sympathetic fellow-citizens—receives his friends and conducts his business enterprises within its limits with extreme good nature, dignity and success; and the aforesaid sympathetic ones meander on Main-st. in the twilight, saying to one and another that "Willum Henry is a gittin' ready to pay back every cent."

Sometimes one of the two or three gentle policemen who lounge on Nantucket streets will paralyze with a contemptuous glance a too hilarious summer visitor of the male sex and green years; but this is all they have to do except to coddle stray babies and yawn on corners. Perhaps these islanders are too phlegmatic a race to feel the temper that draws blood; however this may be, there has been no murder here for over forty years. The court that sits for a day or so every summer in an upper room in the school-house might as well go on a picnic for all it has to do.

There is a certain marked conduct, as it were, to foreigners about all true Nantucketers. You are a wretched worm of the dust, of course, and they haven't any use for you; but they will regard you with haughty toleration so long as you don't "put on airs." If you recognize the miserable fate which made you an inhabitant of another part of the globe and are very meek about it, they will enter into affable relations with you—and they may not. They may consider you a "popinjee" or a "fool-woman," too much given to "polonays and poloneezers," as old Captain — says; there is only a chance for you with a balance on the wrong side. They don't even care for your money; they don't particularly want you to board with them. They don't serve you—they "help you out;" and your washerwoman, when at rare intervals you can secure her, entertains you with polite conversation and apologizes for not wearing her best clothes when she does you the favor to visit you. At Milk they sternly draw the line. There be times when you might cast yourself on your knees before the Milkman and weep galore—and all in vain. The summer visitors are many, the herds are small; and if the Nantucketer for some abstruse reason didn't want to buy another cow he wouldn't, not if there were millions in it. Thus it cometh to pass that the subject of Milk becomes to the cottager from the outer darkness one of burning and exciting interest quite out of keeping with the fluid itself.

All Nantucketers apparently possess the first requisite for Arcadia—they are well-to-do; they "get along;" there isn't a ragged soul to be seen anywhere—save occasionally on the foot of some bearded mariner from abroad. Remnants of the fortunes of whaling days yet exist; and the energetic youths who have all sought working-space in busier regions send back into the old island homes the means of comfort and dignity. They come back here for their wives too; for as one of her most distinguished citizens says: "They ain't no hansumer wimin nowhere than they is in old Nantucket."

When petroleum came to the fore the glory of the whaling port went down; there was an exodus of men, young and old; factories were destroyed and homes broken up. Those were the days when a goodly lot and a comfortable house could be bought for \$80 here. Since then Nantucket has slept; but she still considers a whaling captain a being before whom a King in nothing and a President only a pale insect. The capns who still gather in their club-room of winter nights are men of lofty manners, and a horrifying capacity for yarns concerning the days that are no more. They are good men, too, with minds as sound as their constitutions, and with the salt of the sea in their humor. Lazy are the lives they lead; they sail, sometimes they go blue-fishing, occasionally they inspect their lobster pots; and they Yarn, Yarn, Yarn. In winter, when the storms crash on the seaward side of Nantucket, there come sometimes alarms of wreck to the watch tower in the town from the life-saving station perched just above the whirling surf. Then do the capns desert their big stove, and with all the able-bodied inhabitants in all sorts of vehicles, beat up the moors against the wind to the sea. Wild are the storms on that seaward side and few escape who are cast away on those sands; but if they are lost, it is not for want of fierce courage and tender care in the men of Nantucket. Then it is that the clean and wholesome vigor of the sea stirs again in their veins.

When a gale does visit the island, it is a gale that means business; but as a rule, Nantucket has mild and equable winter weather. Last winter not a sleigh was brought out and the "bare brown moors" had no white mantle for their naked loveliness. For lovely they are in every season. The sand and the damp air manage between them to nourish such a progeny of leaf and flower as make the island glorious in times of blossom. Everything of verdure grows close to the ground on these moors in a level carpet or color. In a few days they will be a mass of gold, for under the September sun a half-dozen varieties of golden-rod are beginning to glitter. Nantucket surely is the cleanest place in the world. Here are miles of windswept grass and flower with never a tin can to mar their cleanliness. The old roads that cross them everywhere are merely three ruts sunk deep in the sand and almost covered with grass and flowers. Along these and through the sparse groves of baby pines which die almost as soon as they are born, the island horses trot mechanically while the ancient mariners who drive them Yarn and Yarn to the helpless summer boarder behind. There is not so much driving as of old, however, for a ridiculous little railroad which doesn't pay expenses now runs or rather crawls from Nantucket to primitive Sconset, and carries off what used to be the profits of these same ancient mariners. Their scorn and jealousy are deep and whenever the adventurous Boarder shares that scorn and hires them for a "squantum" or picnic to Sconset or Wauwinet, the island is hardly big enough to contain their importance and triumph. The Boarder is taken possession of, body and soul; he is treated almost as if he were not a barbarian from uncivilized regions; he is even called "Tot" and "Jack" and—marvellous condescension!—"Cap'n"; and then he is fixed with a glittering eye and the Yarns begin. When you go on a "squantum" you come back with a nightmare indigestion of clams, lobsters and monstrous tales.

Let no æsthetic woman dream that she can buy old furniture in Nantucket either for a song or for dollars. Sypher and the shrewd cottager of Napoleonic promptitude have absorbed it all. Now and then at the many auctions appears a quaint chair or a chest of drawers, but the market is practically cleared. A queer feature of the town is the night meat-auction. Billy Clark pervades the entire place all the morning with the announcement; in the afternoon the butcher puts out a trestle in front of his shop and arranges thereon comfortable bits of meat adapted to the consumption of small families; and in the evening the auctioneer does his duty by the light of the moon.

As in most Arcadias, woman here is in the ascendant. Professor Maria Mitchell—who is affectionately called "Maria" by every native—is almost as great a personage as a "Cap'n"; and the clergywoman, Miss Baker, is a source of burning pride. "Yaas," says the Ancient Mariner, "Lowizy's a smart woman, you bet. Law! I went to school with Lowizy—she was allers a smart one—beat the boys, sir. A fine woman, she be!"

There was never any opposition here to the voting of women on school matters, and they form a majority on the School Board. This might be said, perhaps, of other Massachusetts regions, but in few will you find the thorough chivalry and brotherly kindness which the true Nantucketer manifests for the women of his island. If this is a consequence of insular feeling then insular feeling is not a bad thing.

Nantucket won't be fashionable for many a year. It takes a long and uncomfortable journey to get there from whatever point of departure. The harbor is a good one for catboats but inaccessible to yachts of reasonable size. This may not be the case always, for the Government is slowly building a couple of jetties which will, it is supposed, in course of the next century, do away with the inconvenient shoals. Cottage life here is perfectly unceremonious, except occasionally for the feminine foreigner who with much groaning in spirit has to make calls on other feminine foreigners. We go on squantums; we play whist into the early morning hours; our wildest dissipation is the consumption of watermelons at midnight. We sail by the sparkling morning light when the breeze is like wine, and the harbor a great aquamarine shot with gold; we sail by moonlight to see the town lying like a Yankee Venice on her sands. We go to what the Nantucketer calls the "Athreen-i-um" and hear its curator discourse learnedly on the great whale's jaw, the moth-eaten stuffed birds, the model of a whaleship and the wooden figure of an Indian lady with embarrassingly abbreviated garments. Sometimes a travelling company comes to the Athreen-i-um with what the Ancient Mariner refers to as "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" sometimes there is a concert by local celebrities of whom Nantucket "thinks a sight." Sometimes Professor Boyesen gives a lecture, or Mrs. Eastman Johnson a reception; but these sophisticated entertainments are few. The popular amusement of the day is generally announced by Billy Clark in the morning with a prodigious blaring of tin trumpet and noble expenditure of squeaky voice. His proclamation of a swimming exhibition by the celebrated Professor W. C. McGarigle drew an attentive crowd to the harbor the other day, and the Professor's appearance clad only in a large and beaming Smile and a remarkably baggy flesh-colored bathing suit was the signal for a cry of enthusiasm. The Professor's dazzling feats of aquatic agility illuminated by the Smile which shone like a fixed headlight over the harbor, furnished forth, it was agreed, the most successful entertainment of the season.

Curious Features of Life Among
Whalers and Their Descendants.

That Strange Institution, the Town
Crier, a Survival of the Unfit.

All the Old Houses Carrying Lookouts on Their
Peaks Commanding the Harbor.

The Bathing Suggests a Means of Reform-
ing Man's Carnal Nature.

The Same Means Might Be Applied Upon
the Variety Stage, Making It
the Church's Rival.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE ENQUIRER.

NEW YORK, August 10.—I had rather see
guine ideas of

NANTUCKET
As I approached it, for I had heard that it was very old looking and quaint, something decidedly on the old English plan. After we had been an hour and a half out on the ocean from Martha's Vineyard we began to see a wavy line of bluffs and coast, which finally developed into a rather sterile looking country with but little woods upon it, and, turning a breakwater, we found ourselves within a great bow of land, probably fifteen miles in compass. That is the shape of the island. Two strips of sand, which unite and become thinner and higher, and right in the middle of the concave is the old town of Nantucket, which has four-fifths or more of all the people of the island.

The appearance of the town of Nantucket is rather interesting as you draw near. You perceive arranged around the sand hills a wooden town mostly, and made of shining spruce shingles, which as they age seem like flakes of silver. There are three or four spires, cupolas or towers, which give dignity to the mass of houses, and down along the shore are arranged a number of summer cottages, the largest of which is a big red frame cottage, where Charles O'Connor, the New York advocate, recently died, and another cottage, also painted red, and in plain, good taste, is that of Eastman Johnson, one of our best painters, who has close by his house a studio.

The harbor of Nantucket is a strange sort of pool or salt inlet, or probably a combination of pools and the ocean tide which have united, for the island has a great many ponds upon it which are said to be full of perch, and, although much is said about game-fishing, I would be well satisfied to be let alone half a day at an old perch pond with a pin hook and an old cork put from a drug store.

At the tip of the point where this little harbor comes up, is the new hotel called the Nantucket House, made of wood and painted blood-red, with its name in conspicuous letters on the roof. I understood that the owner of this house was in Cleveland, Ohio, and he is a Boston architect. This hotel contains a rather fashionable attendance of people, mainly from Philadelphia and the West. Very often the summer guests of these old island places are the descendants of persons who went from the islands to the mainland and kept on westward growing rich, and bequeathed to their children tales and traditions which sent them back on summer visits. The Nantucket Hotel has been built too low, and wants to be raised up from the sands before it. It has one pleasing feature in the big parlor, which occupies a large portion of the second floor, and that is a permanent stage built for theatricals, with a sort of horse-shoe arch. After the steamer rounds the spit it runs a short quarter of a mile up the little harbor and comes to a wharf, and there you see at the arrival of the boat hundreds of summer boarders, all come down to see who has exiled himself. Along the wharf is a continuous line of seats for some hundreds of feet, so that every body can be at ease and watch the strangers. You now see the first curiosity of Nantucket in

THE TOWN CRIER.

His name, I think, is Billie Clark. He has some kind of defect of speech, and some think he is a little cracked in the head. In one hand he has a bell, and in the other hand a horn of tin. He communicates with somebody on the steamer, and in a minute you hear his palatized tones shout: "The number of passengers on this boat is 213. The Jubilee Singers are at the Town Hall tonight. Ding-a-ling—Boo-hoo!" Then he blows the horn, and starts up the wharf. He goes to the news-stand half-way up, and there he rattles the bell, blows the horn, and repeats the same thing. You hear his voice lost up in the town, and after you have forgotten all about him, and have gone up to town yourself, you suddenly find him turning a corner, the perspiration streaming from his face, his old bell rattling, and he again apprises you that 213 people came on the boat, and that the Jubilee Singers are in town. Anon this man will get up in the steeple of an old church and blow his horn and rattle his bell and bellow. I was at first disposed to think that he was a regular official, and whose office had been retained for the sake of its antiquity, but the hotel men said it was about half self-imposed, and that he was officious and fussy.

In short, there is a natural war in this country upon any body who attempts to retain any old custom. You might as well wear an entailed hat through the streets of a big city and expect to have any comfort, as to keep alive any ancient custom, even as remote from the mainland as on Nantucket Island. Three-fourths of the people who hear Billie Clark for the first time are seen to point with indignation, and exclaim: "The Fool!" You go up the wharf and you enter an old town, the streets either sandy or paved with cobblestone. The stones, which are perhaps necessary, make the worst part of the town. The sound of wheels upon them in that deserted place provokes echoes hard and intuman. There seems a brutality in driving a horse and wheels over those stones, as if one wanted to mock the queer old town with the appearance of business.

It is said once to have had ten thousand inhabitants, but now there are hardly four thousand. The streets resemble those of Boston, running hither and thither according to the longest diameter they can get to cross. The main street is rather broad, but very short, runs a little up a sand hill, and terminates at a church. There are a few brick houses in the town, but usually every thing here is made of shingles, and the first thing we observe is that two houses out of every three have on their roofs

A QUEER SORT OF LOOKOUT

Or balcony. It is of the plainest carpentry and consists of a long railed walk on the ridge of the house, generally big enough to accommodate an average family of husband and wife, grandfather and mother-in-law and three or four children and one or two beaux. You inquire what all this is for, and are told that once Nantucket Port had three hundred whaling vessels, and that the sea and the ships being the whole interest of the town, folks naturally went to the house-tops to see what was going on in the harbor, and whether the absent husband or the sweetheart had yet put in an appearance from his voyage to the Aleutian Islands or to Esfin's Bay. So far as architecture goes, however, there is nothing in old Nantucket of the least oddness or quaintness, except one old wind-mill, and that is not as interesting as wind-mills I have seen on Long Island, within two or three hours by rail of New York City. The modern wind-mills, which are not much for oddness, do a great deal better work than these old-style wheels which wearily grind and creak, and yet which have become endeared to us through a medium of paintings of Dutch scenes and they, perhaps,

missing

Many of the streets of Nantucket are winding lanes, generally with small side-walks or hard footpaths, and there is not a great deal of shade in the town—a few elms growing, and more willow-trees. It is a place, I should think, where people in love, or some literary or artistic purpose, might go and forget life's vicissitudes. There is no cable connecting the island with the mainland, although there is a cable from Martha's Vineyard to the main shore. The hotel men congratulate themselves that in a year or two they will have a cable all stretched.

Sept. 24, 1887

over

The Nantucket summer visitors are a little more exclusive and reserved than those at Martha's Vineyard. I took notice of one young woman as we came back in a sail-boat from the bathing-beach to the pier who endeavored to inflict desperate punishment on a young man who had made a remark to her friend—I forget what the remark was; not much of any thing—but this young woman, coming from Philadelphia or somewhere ancient, had concluded, as she was past the marriageable age, she could smite that young man to the dust. So she looked at him for, perhaps, five minutes, and, strange to say, he was not in the least disconcerted. "There are some men," remarked the captain to me, "who are like a rotten egg, and, therefore, they can't be spoiled."

THE BATHING.

I may say, is all still at Nantucket, and still bathing has its plainness, especially when grass is growing in the water. This summer everywhere the bathing dress is the same; the saints and sinners all have concluded to expose their snanks, but you do not see as fanciful dress as was noticed three or four seasons ago. The bathing dresses for the present year for the ladies consist of a skirt coming somewhat below the knee and a stocking covering the foot, and the stocking is generally blue.

Having been considerably along the sea-beaches this season, and being nothing if not a moralist, I have concluded that the exposure of the legs is the complete destruction of carnality in man. As long as there is some coquetting or concealing, evil seems to be lurking around the mind; but I think that if knee-breeches were the universal dress of the female world man would soon lose his general interest in the sex. Therefore the fear of our serious folks that this bathing dress business will lead to evil proves, like many another superstition, to proceed to extremes. Indeed, nothing in the mingling of men and women can be much more innocent than bathing-dress life. Those who can swim go off and swim; those who can not swim squeal a little and magnify the billows. There is no time in the water for affectations, and the bathing hour is about as simple and plain an hour as the time of family prayers.

I went out to the grave-yards in the environs of Nantucket town to see if I could find any thing very queer, and was rather disappointed. These remote islands, which have no stone-quarries, are not very smart in the way of epitaphs and tombs.

About five hundred vessels have been wholly or partially wrecked about Nantucket since the first settlement; and the timbers of sunken ships are to be frequently seen along the coasts and on the shoals. Twenty years ago one vessel was found come ashore all incased with ice, and not a soul could be found; they had taken to their boats and gone down in the ocean. The ship Newton, bound from New York to Hamburg, was wrecked here with fourteen drowned sailors, who had only left New York a day and a half. This was just after the war concluded. In 1880 it is said that there were thirty-eight vessels which went ashore in one storm at Nantucket. The grave-yards often contain some testimonial to these drowned folks, and a good many of the Nantucket people carry the Government medals for saving life.

This little island of Nantucket put into the army in the rebellion 213 men, and into the navy 126, and in the town stands a monument to the lost among these. Quakers played a large part in the settlement of Nantucket, and at one time they had converted a large part of the island, but they are now becoming scarce. I see it stated, however, that in Maine the Quakers claim to be growing. I found in one of the grave-yards tombs of the Worth family, from whom came the General Worth, of the Mexican War, who has a monument in New York. In one of the churches is a bell from Lisbon, Portugal. I took a ride out in the island of Nantucket over a rather sandy road, and it was indeed

BLEAK AND PECULIAR.

One felt occasionally like Alexander Selkirk, as he swept over these high grassy hills and saw the ponds of marsh-water full of reeds and marsh-grass, and here and there found a kingbird or a juncage, a meadow-lark or a heron; sometimes a snipe standing on a hill-crest only a few inches high would be magnified in the air to look like a little stork.

This place was a very strange spot for a skeptical, sour, lachrymose person like O'Connor to come to die. He has a niece now living on the island married to an artist. There is a little railroad on Nantucket running off to some other resort on the more exposed ocean side.

I made the rounds of the curiosity shops in the place, but I found nothing of interest. Indeed, most of the curiosities to be sold at a summer residence are made in the State of Maine and trucked up there, especially clocks and bellows. I saw a little cup which struck me as odd, containing the inscription on its side, "For Loving a Book." This, probably was an incentive to boys to read books through, when they would be otherwise tempted to go and catch crabs or whittle out a whale-boat. Nantucket is full of

OLD WHALERS.

And after talking with them I came to the conclusion that whaling, on the whole, had been rather tame business. One old man told me that the boat used to come right up alongside of the whale, and the man would then stand right up over the whale and plunge the harpoon into him. Later on they got to firing bombs into the whales. You can buy for a dollar a genuine harpoon in Nantucket. It is made of wrought iron, and hammered out by a blacksmith. It has only one flange, and that is about three or four inches long, and the shank is two or three feet long, and at the end has been split and rolled so as to receive a wooden shaft. There is a museum in Nantucket which will satisfy all your curiosity about whaling vessels.

GAT

The following letter, written by a gentleman who recently visited this place, is taken from the New York Illustrated News:—
Nantucket—Maria Mitchell's Observatory—Astronomical Clock—Sharking

The "Prof." said, "Let us go to Nantucket—I want more fishing, and of all places in the wide, wide world that is the one best adapted for that purpose." I could scarcely contain myself for joy, but controlled my emotions and meekly said, "Be it so, what my 'Lord and Master' ordereth, shall be done." So to that dear Isle of the Sea we sped our way.

When at Sag Harbor, I often wondered why people should have settled there and continued to live so secluded from the rest of the world. Many persons ask the same query with regard to Nantucket. Why did people go sixty miles out into the midst of the ocean to find a spot to live, to plant their household altars and carry their household gods?

In the early settlement of our country there was a great prejudice entertained against the sect of Quakers by those who had fled from the old country to enjoy religious freedom and the exercise of their own conscientious scruples.

A law was passed in the little town of Essex, Mass., that whoever harbored a Quaker in his house should pay a fine of five pounds. A Quaker, on a dark stormy night, applied to a man in that town to take him into his dwelling. He complied, and consequently received a severe reprimand from the government. This offended him so much, that he set sail with his family in a small boat, put out to sea, and landed, with no disasters, on the shores of Nantucket, which was inhabited by a large number of Indians, who received him kindly.

The following spring, other families joined him. Gradually the colony enlarged, and the Indians were dispersed, carried away by epidemics of various kinds, till the last has been gathered to the hunting grounds of the Great Spirit. There is a current tradition with respect to its name, as follows. That the King of England granted all the adjacent islands to a man who divided his possessions among his four daughters. To Martha he gave the island now called Martha's Vineyard, which at that time abounded with wild grapes. To Elizabeth that group of islands called after her name. To his third daughter, Naomi, he gave Noman's land, the vicinity of which abounds in codfish. His youngest daughter, Ann, received the remnant, and as Nan took it, her acceptance was commemorated by her portion being called Nantucket. Fishing was the first and sole occupation of the early inhabitants, and it might have continued to this day a small colony of fishermen, if a whale had not floated into the harbor one day, to the great amazement of the people. He was soon captured, and this seemingly trivial circumstance was the commencement of a branch of business heretofore unknown. Soon, other whales made them visits, when some of the inhabitants fitted out small boats to be gone but a few days, for the sole purpose of finding more whales. Succeding in this project, they were not satisfied with the day of small things, but launched their barks for voyages of months, and finally for three or four years. Oil had formerly been obtained by pressing various kinds of seeds, but it was ascertained that the oil from whales would be far more profitable, and already commerce, with her white flag, had introduced whale-oil into France, and if war had not interfered, it would have proved an exceedingly prosperous era for this little isle. Some of the most thrilling tales are recorded with regard to the incidents and accidents attendant on the prosecution of this life on the ocean wave, and there is scarcely a family extant there at the present time but has a vacant chair made so by the dangers of the deep. I have heard some of the old captains recount tales of horror that would blanch your cheek, make your eye grow dim, and the silent prayer to go forth that none who are dear to your hearts might ever experience the perils of a storm at sea when the waves were mountain high.

The Whale Fishery has had its day. I can recall the time when prosperity smiled at every hand, when business was brisk, and every industrious family on the Island was surrounded by the comforts of life.

An extensive fire several years since burned many of their finest dwellings. From this calamity the place has never regained its former life. As reverses in the Whale Fisheries swept over them, California held out tempting offers, and from three to four hundred of their men departed for this golden Eldorado; some went out to return no more, others lost their health, and a few have returned with wealth.

As you enter the harbor on the Island Home, you are reminded of Newport or Sag Harbor. The soil is sandy, but at their Annual Agricultural Fair they exhibit fine specimens of fruit and flowers of their own cultivation. I saw some of the most beautiful collections of moss gathered from the beach that I have ever seen.

Even when the sun is in the summer solstice, there is a cool breeze at night and morning, and a blanket is a very comfortable covering for the bed on the night following the hottest day in August. Yet Nantucket has her summer resort, for you know that it would be a terrible thing for some people to live in the same spot summer and winter. Eight miles from the center of the town is the queer little village of Siasconset, famous for its excellent hotel, the sociability of the residents, and its beach and foaming surf.

Nantucket people are much interested in science and literature. Hon. Horace Mann once paid them a fine eulogium on their School System of Education, pronouncing it equal to any in the country for thoroughness and practicability. There are many fine private aquariums, to which the ponds and shores have contributed their offerings.

Through the politeness of Hon. William Mitchell, who is a fine astronomer, I visited the Observatory, which a number of ladies presented to his daughter Maria, to enable her to continue her favorite researches. The building is small and unobtrusive, but her beautiful equatorial telescope, manufactured in Cambridge, Mass., is firmly mounted on a pedestal seven feet below the floor. It is made of gravel and brick rendered solid by cement, and a granite table weighing four hundred pounds. It thus prevents vibrations from external causes. The telescope has a magnifying power, ranging from seventy-five to three hundred and fifty times. The observatory has a revolving dome, so that the whole heavens can be rendered visible through a small open place. Attached to the telescope is a clock adjusted in such a manner that it communicates a motion to the telescope from east to west, so that after finding a star or planet through the smaller telescope, called a *finder*, it can be kept in sight for any length of time. We hope the scientific world will receive many gleams of light from that Observatory.

We saw in town an astronomical clock made by Hon. Walter Folger, when he was only twenty-two years of age. The plan of the whole machinery of the clock was matured and completed in his mind before he commenced to put it together. It keeps the correct date of the year, and the figures change as the year changes. The sun and moon, represented by balls, appear to rise and set on the face of the clock, with all their variations and phases as in the heavens. It also indicates the sun's place in the ecliptic, keeps an account of the motion of the moon's nodes around the ecliptic, the sun's and moon's declination. The wheel that keeps the date of the year, revolves around once in one hundred years. It remains still ten years, and after that time starts regularly one notch. This clock is considered by those who have witnessed its performance, to be one of the greatest specimens of mechanical ingenuity in the country, requiring not only mechanical skill, but a perfect knowledge of astronomy. When the inventor died, a few years since, it "ran down," and no one could be found to adjust its parts. One of his sons, who was a clockmaker by trade, studied upon it for two years, and after making a vast amount of mathematical calculations, finally regulated its motions, so that now its pendulum swings in its regular arcs. The inventor also, when fifty-four years of age, constructed a reflecting telescope, by which he was enabled to discover spots on the planet Venus. Mr. Folger never attended school but a few months to learn the rudiments of learning, but he possessed superior natural abilities, a mind that thirsted for information, and uncommon powers of application and perseverance. A scientific man, who is conversant with the leading minds of the country, in speaking of him to me, said he was the greatest mathematician he ever saw.

But I must not forget to tell you of some of our fishing expeditions.

Have you ever seen a shark? Neither had I till a few days since, but have been frightened "nearly out of my wits" because in past years some one would go sharking. I was now determined to see in what the real danger consisted. The term shark is suggestive of sharp, white teeth that execute their work well, and gives one a cold, shivering sensation.

The first day we went the wind blew high, and our sail-boat danced upon the waves, as to the tune of Fisher's Hornpipe. A lady who accompanied us was deathly sea sick, and sick of the sea, so that we did not invade the shark territory, but satisfied ourselves with the little fish, there called *scups*. But on another occasion we determined to be more successful. We had first to catch the bait, blue-fish. The poor bluefish—very tender

and sweet eating, when fresh from the water—are decoyed by throwing the line from the boat, with an eel-skin drawn over the bright sinker. If the fish is not immediately caught, the line has to be thrown again with great force, for the bluefish, cunning rogues, will only bite swimming, moving prey. It was amusing to see the "Prof." become so intensely interested when he thought he felt a bite. When he had drawn in the line and thrown it out half a dozen times, with "nary nibble," I couldn't help remarking, "Pease to me, that is mighty hard work for sport." He did not reply, looked daggers, and out went that line with a sort of "nil desperandum" twitch, and anon, exultingly bore up the glittering, sparkling bluefish. Soon an exclamation from our Captain Burgess—a capital captain—who is *au fait* in all fishing matters, "A shark! a shark! over there! see the fins out of water!" Soon he disappeared in his briny bed. But we were all in excitement, for we knew we were in the midst of them. After following the schools of bluefish till we had a goodly number, the captain baited the large, ominous looking hooks attached by iron chains to the large line, and down they went to entice the rapacious sharks. We soon felt them nibbling, and then, such a pulling in of the ropes, such a resisting of the shark—but he was caught; and as it floated to the side of the boat, my previous emotions of fear were forgotten in my admiration of its huge size, seven feet long, and the poetry of all its motions—for in every moving thing I see a type of a higher mind that regulates all motions. After the men dispatched the creature, or beat the breath of life out of him, they drew him up on the deck, and then I examined that enormous mouth, the three rows of sharp, curved teeth, and was thankful that those strong, muscular jaws were shut on the hook rather than on my arm.

This was the ground or sand shark. Soon I felt a strange pulling at my line, as if it would all be taken, and then such a tugging and battle in the water. Mr. Shark of the Blue Nose or Hammer Head species—I am not certain which—was determined not to be captured. But he found that we had not come on his ground for nothing, and that our Combativeness was equal to his. As he drew near the boat, he flung the water over us a number of times. The Captain cried out to me, "You will get wet"—as if I, who had gone six miles out in a small boat cared for a little wetting! "I don't mind the water," said I. "Just to see that creature in his native element, I would be willing to have a good ducking any time." Mr. Blue Nose had to give up, conquered at last, after a desperate struggle; but when they had killed him, three times over, and pulled him on the deck, he snapped with his small, sharp teeth at the hook, and would have then taken off a man's arm as quick as a surgeon, if he had only had an opportunity. There are many species of sharks. They are captured for the oil contained in the liver, used by tanners and carriers, and their bodies are good to enrich the soil. Some kinds are very ferocious and enemies to man. Several years since, large schools, some thousands in number, were seen on the south side of Nantucket, swimming in the water; but they change their locality as all other fish do, and may be found all along the coast from Nova Scotia, south to New York. It would seem but small business to fish for the little porgee, such as we caught on Long Island, after battling with a ferocious shark.

Can any one tell in what the charm of fishing consists? I have asked a number of disciples, but have obtained no satisfactory answer. Our editor in Sag Harbor said he did not know unless it was from the gratification of the love of power. Certainly both men and women, sympathetic and tender-hearted have enjoyed the sport. I recommend all indolent, lazy men, troubled with *ennui*, to visit Nantucket and go on a blue-fishing and sharking expedition in the summer season. It will be the best sudorific medicine they ever took, and if their systems need any "counter-irritant," it will be more efficacious than any medicated preparation dispensed from the druggist's shop.

I would like to describe their "calashes" or wagons, "clam chowders," and "black-berry puddings," each of which is an institution, but space forbids. You must have a living knowledge to appreciate them. Good-bye, "green isle of the sea." Though every dwelling should be deserted, and its streets be overgrown with thickets, yet ever dear will that spot be, associated with the most sacred early memories of my heart, where I learned to lip that first name that trembles on the infant's lips, and the last to be forgotten by the old man or woman—the hallowed name of Mother.

Au revoir.

MATER.

Our Nantucket Correspondence.

OCEAN HOUSE, NANTUCKET, Mass., Sept. 8, 1860.

Excellencies of Nantucket—Opportunities for Angling—Occupation for the Sportsman—The Way to Reach Nantucket—Abundance of the Gentle Sea—Captivating Glances from Bright Disproportion of Males and Females—Exciting Fishing and Sharking Expedition—Description of the Mode Observed—The Decline of Nantucket as a Trading Place, &c., &c.

"Nantucket is an island, O."

Mariner's Song.

Of all the pleasant retreats which abound in our land none offer to the pleasure seeker a happier combination of attractions than the Island of Nantucket. Here, far away from the smoke and dust, the turmoil and busy strife of your "pent up Utica," the tired denizen of the town may forget the cares and excitement of his avocation, from which he is separated by a "waste of waters," and gain a new lease of life from the pure and invigorating sea breeze that comes in all hours of the day and night. He will experience new and delightful sensations each day of his sojourn here, and will take leave of the island with regrets. To those who have never visited this island its name only suggests the whale and its captors—the weather-beaten ship, and the hardy class of seamen that man her, endure the hardships, meet and escape the dangers, and reap the rich rewards of their avocations. But Nantucket has other attractions to offer than those which draw to her hospitable shore the curious sightseer or the merchant.

The disciple of Isaac Walton finds a field here for the exercise of his particular weakness on the waters that surround the island which are thronged with blue fish, mackerel, bass, sword fish, sharks, and in short, every species of the genus *pices*. The sportsman finds the shores covered with green headed plover, snipe, ducks, geese, and every variety of marine fowls. Sailing, riding, bathing, "squawking," i. e., clambakes, chowder parties, &c., will pleasantly occupy the time, and keep at a distance and defy the assaults of a legion of blue devils let them come as they may.

It is a glorious old town, and the cheerful influences that surround you are here ever in your memory in after days.

The way to get here is as plain as a pike-staff. Take the Cape Cod Railroad to Hyannis, where you will find the steamboat Island Home, a comfortable and pleasant craft, which will bring you to Nantucket in about two hours. The sail across Vineyard sound is a delightful one, and it is wonderful how it sharpens the appetite. * * * A few coasting vessels, and occasionally a revenue cutter run in for a short time; but you look in vain for any evidences of that great fleet of vessels that in Nantucket's golden days, lined her wharves and gave an air of briskness to the place.

At the dock all the youngsters of the place are congregated to witness the arrival of the daily boat, which is the only regular means of communication with the main land; for the only excitement the inhabitants can calculate on. The town is laid out with some degree of regularity, and wears a quiet, cosy appearance, with its neat white houses and pleasant grounds about them. The paved streets are wide and clean, and here and there in those less frequented, vigorous crops of grass are seen springing up through the cobble stones—a sad evidence of the town's decay. There is but one hotel in town, from which I date my letter, and that well patronized, and, I may add, well kept.

One noticeable feature that a stranger observes while sauntering about the town is the immense numbers of young ladies he meets, which are out of all just proportion to the number of the sterner sex. The census shows that there are seven females to one male upon the island, and the streets are thronged during the evening hours by troops of young ladies, modest in attire and demeanor, and all of them possessing a bloom of health rarely seen elsewhere, and many of them are beautiful in features and form. As soon as the boys attain a certain age they leave the island to engage in seafaring life or seek a broader field for mercantile or mechanical pursuits than can be found at home. This explains the disproportion of males to females. It is a very dangerous spot for bachelors to visit for any length of time, the blandishments of female charms proving, very often, fatal to those of a too susceptible nature.

Now, as to the fishing about the island. A small party of distinguished gentlemen from Massachusetts, being desirous of indulging in the most exciting of all piscatorial sports—sharking—secured the services of Capt. Dunham, one of the veteran sea dogs that abound

Oct. 4, 1859

over

in Nantucket, and the schooner Race Horse, and set sail for Great Point, which juts out into the broad Atlantic—a famous sharking and blue fishing ground. It was my good fortune to be with the party. After clearing the harbor and greeting with cheers Col. Colt and his party, who were just entering the harbor in a private steamboat, we stood to the eastward. While running up, two or three trolling lines were let out to take blue fish, for bait. And the sport was most exciting. The blue fish, weighing from two to ten pounds, bite sharply, and it requires a strong arm to bring them safely in, as they are a powerful and active fish. At times they bite so fast that it becomes too much like work to catch them.

Arriving off the Point, the vessel was anchored in six fathoms of water, and preparations made for the sharks. A third of a blue fish is placed upon a large shark hook, attached to a long and stout rope, thrown overboard and allowed to rest upon the bottom. In the meanwhile the skipper cuts up some fish and tosses the pieces in the sea about the vessel, which attract the sharks about our hooks in great numbers. Your sand shark is a ravenous monster, little inclined to feast upon man, but with a keen appreciation for blue fish. At first he gently nibbles at the bait, then, growing less fastidious, seizes and swallows it, and starts for deep water, where he can digest it uninterrupted by the others in the school. He who holds the line is not left in ignorance long of the true state of affairs, for as soon as the monster feels the barb he makes a rush, like a team of horses, and ten to one hauls the fisherman overboard if he is not cautious. Finding his progress interrupted, he settles down and allows himself to be pulled slowly up until he sees the vessel, when his efforts to escape are most violent. Dashing to the one side, and quickly turning and rushing the other way, he gives two men all they want to attend to hold him; and when, finally exhausted, his head reaches the side of the boat, he lashes the sea into a foam, mingled with his blood, and not until his long and villanous nose receives a blow from the tiller is it possible to pull him upon deck. They don't present a pleasant appearance lying out on deck, as they open and close that powerful under jaw, lined with three rows of sharp,

long teeth, with a grating sound, and one would prefer not to be thrown in company with them in their element. A half dozen whitebelly fellows rewarded our efforts, their length being from five to ten feet. The much dreaded and rarer manatee is much larger than the sand shark, and more tenacious of life. Sword fish may be caught about Nantucket of great size and power. They are harpooned, and their flesh is considered a great delicacy. I ate a steak from a sword fish, and I can confidently say that it excels in delicacy of flavor any other fish I ever tasted. It surpasses anything else caught in American waters. At night we sailed home, with voracious appetites, which were satiated with all manner of fish, cooked in every style. Commodore Joseph Boyden, and Hon. S. E. Staples, Parser, of Worcester, were the officers of the party, while the services of Dr. Mills were fortunately not called into service.

The villages of Siasconset, on the south shore; Sacocty Head, the south shore; Squantum, &c., I have not time to refer to, but may in another communication.

The decline of Nantucket as a whaling port may be attributed to the filling up of the channel to the harbor, which prevents vessels from crossing the shoals, unless unloaded. Lighters are employed to transfer the oil from vessels to the shore, and it is an expensive and dangerous method. New Bedford is now the great whaling port, while Nantucket, year after year, is declining. She once boasted of one hundred and fifty sail of vessels; now she has but seventy or eighty, and the number decreases every year. Under these circumstances the inhabitants are directing their attention to boot and shoemaking; but as the business has only recently been established, it is not known with what success. Perhaps in the future she may stand above Lynn and Natick in the manufacture of shoes and boots; but as for whaling, the palm has passed away from her, never to return, and in a few more years a Nantucket whaleship will have become only a recollection of the past.

[From the Monthly Religious Magazine.] THREE DAYS ON A NEW ENGLAND ISLAND.

The visit was at the close of the month of March, a time when one begins to be weary of the winter months, and to yearn for spring, and be very ready to vary the monotony of so long a period of in-door life by a little travel. In fact, the migratory spirit seems often to vindicate its place among the permanent instincts of man. The birds have some affinity with us in this. And surely the periodical restlessness of the whole Anglo-Saxon race proves them to be the legitimate children of the old Northmen, whose migratory instinct brought them from their ancient homes to the various seats of European civilization. In hordes our race still migrates to all quarters of the world. It is well that we go for peaceful pleasure or business, not for warfare, and that the clang of the barbaric cymbal has given place to the whistle of the locomotive or the splash of the water-wheel.

By these combined, by railroad and steamboat, we went to the noted island of ——. Within some forty miles on our sea course, we caught the first glimpse of the place of our destination. The faintest line on the verge of the horizon was the only sign to us, that all beyond was not ocean. Soon the word was given, that a carrier pigeon was to be let go. All the passengers rushed to the place to see the embarkation of the bold little sailor of the air. He was a beautiful bird, strong and graceful, with far prouder bearing than the common dove. A slip of thin paper, containing the important items of news was tied round his leg. The little fellow was tossed into the air, and immediately rose to a great height, looking round as if to take his observation and arrange his course. He seemed at first confused, flying round and round, uncertain of his way. But soon he aimed for the island, curving his path somewhat as if to keep in sight of the jutting land on the right. He proved a good newsman and reached the island an hour before the steamboat. Surely man is not the inventor of rapid locomotion. The wings of the dove clove the air before Fulton thought of wedding the fire to the water to produce his mighty Titan, and the light flashed through infinite spaces in the twinkling of an eye before Morse trained the lightning to run on the metallic rod.

The streak on the verge of the horizon soon broadened into a belt of solid land. Can that be a populous town, thought we, as the great sand bank revealed itself. Who would think of settling on such a place when a few hours' sail would bring the main land and a pleasant country? But it is character and not soil that constitutes a people. Measured by its soil, our whole New England falls below Carolina and Havana. The tropics offer comparatively a paradise. This sandy island, in the enterprise, intelligence and probity of its inhabitants, shows what the New England character can do. It wins from the open sea a richer harvest than is enjoyed by any Southern Isle, blooming with perpetual summer.

The people who thronged the wharf to greet the passengers, gave us a good idea of what we might expect from the inhabitants. Unaffected, earnest, with an expression of intelligent good nature, blending something of rural neighborly kindness with mercantile energy, these islanders appear to unite some of the best characteristics of city and country.

Evening came, and with it an occasion that gave a good illustration of the spirit of the population. The weather was not favorable, yet a very large assembly met at the hall of the Athenæum to listen to the first of the course of lectures for the season. The great fire, that had laid waste the business part of the town the summer previous, had not spared the building that had so long been the pride of the community, on account of its collection of marine curiosities and its valuable library. Notwithstanding the severe losses by the fire and by failures, the citizens immediately erected another, and better edifice by their own resources; and the liberality of friends, chief of whom stand the merchants of Boston, supplied it with books. An excellent selection now adorns the shelves, and is dispensed to the inhabitants by a librarian whose sex well becomes a literary institution that bears Minerva's name.

How much there is in the fact that the inhabitants of this ocean sand bank within less than a year after their town was ravaged by fire, have erected a stately Athenæum, and that within about nine months from the destruction of the former building the present beautiful edifice was consecrated to its elevated uses! How hungry the people had become for literary aliment is obvious enough from the fact, that for three successive evenings they filled the hall and listened to as many lectures from the gentleman who had given the introductory. Honor to the community that provides for education before amusement. Instances in other places might be mentioned where the bar-room and the bowling-alley have been the earlier rebuilt, and schools and libraries have come up at a very tardy pace if at all.

The second day of our visit a violent wind blew, and we went in company with friends across the island to the shore that borders upon the open sea. We never knew before what waves are. All that we had ever seen were mere ripples in comparison. The wind was so violent, that the horses at times were brought to a stand-still; and when we alighted from the carriage the particles of sand were thrown into our faces like stings. The waves were mountain high, and as remarkable for color and motion as for size.

There is something of rhythm in all the movements of nature. In the beating pulse, the heaving breath, the alternate step, the changes of the seasons, the course of the planets, there is a measured recurrence, a uniformity in variety, which has affinity with the rhythm of poetry. Thus verse but follows a divine law, and in the poet's numbers there is something far more than the jingle of cunningly chosen words. How rhythmic is the ocean—what a magnificent lyric is a storm at sea! The waves roll in, various yet regular, with every aspect of passion, yet each keeping step in the tremendous march. The poet is a creature of God, and is born of him who made the stars and the sea.

Such a scene as this storm if seen by night would stimulate an ordinary imagination to unusual achievements. Just off the shore which we visited, a desperate battle was fought during the last war, between an American privateer and the boats of the British frigate Endymion. The boats started from the frigate towards nightfall, hoping to surprise the privateer. But they were seen, and the men of the privateer were ready for them. The guns were loaded, the sides of the vessel were greased so as to afford no hold for the boarders, and in the maintop sailors stood, ready with cannon-balls to drop down into the boats. The slaughter was terrible. Out of one of the boats not more than a few men escaped.

and if we remember rightly, nearly a hundred British were killed, with hardly any loss on the American side. This is war, and what savage business it is! Who can feel any pride in such a victory? The dead and wounded were brought to land. The islanders, men chiefly of the faith of William Penn and George Fox, were not slow to heal the wounds which their principles forbade them to inflict upon any creature. When will Christian people give up butchering one another? We could not but recall the thought of the existing war with Mexico, and curse Mars and all his brood.

Fancy, in such a scene under the evening shades, might easily conjure up that sea fight. The phantom fleet of boats glides slowly along from the haughty frigate. It nears the privateer—a moment's pause—the prey is sure; no. The vessel becomes a wall of fire, cannon and musketry open upon the assailants, and the cold shot from the maintops are thrown with deadly aim, and by their dead weight break through the boats and send the crew to the bottom of the sea. Then the scene changes, and a vision of wounded and dying men, surrounded by the kind islanders with their broad-brimmed hats and benevolent faces, appears. The dream passes, and the dreamer finds himself among the descendants of those peaceful Quakers, and on a soil that has never sustained any military company.

On Sunday an incident occurred, that presented some very interesting contrasts. The steamboat, expected on Saturday, was delayed by the storm over night, and came the next morning. As usual, the messenger dove was sent from the boat, and arrived just before church-time—more than an hour in advance. The news of the war was looked for with anxiety, and the bird, which is the universal emblem of peace, was the bearer of the tidings. What a contrast in Boston harbor that same day! A war-ship sailed out to carry a cargo of provisions to a starving nation. The raven of war thus bearing a message of peace, whilst the dove of peace was bearing the tidings of war.—Would to heaven that the latter incongruity were not shown so often less innocently than by that harmless bird. Would that men who are called to dispense the religion whose symbol is the dove, would abstain from encouraging the war spirit.—What a change would come over Christendom, if every pulpit resounded with the sentiments of the sermon on the mount.

After attending church in company with a large and intelligent assembly, we accepted in the evening an invitation to listen to a sacred lesson from an authority not always duly honored on Sunday, and by some theologians stigmatized as not ordained to preach. Our preacher was not book nor minister, but the heavens. To the question, "Is it against thy principles to look at the stars on first day?" our reply was negative, whatever might be thought of our Orthodoxy. A large equatorial telescope soon brought the upper world down from the cloudless sky. The moon revealed her mountains and valleys with a distinctness altogether new. Stars apparently one, separated into binary orbs. We felt a deep sense of the majesty of the Creator from this Sunday lesson upon his works, and when we turned to our Bible we found no rising compunctions of conscience, as we thought of the Hebrew to whom the "Heavens declared the glory of God and the firmament showed forth his handiwork." When will science exercise its rightful office, expand the intellect without impairing the faith, and the student of nature blend humility with knowledge, and enter at once the kingdom of nature and of heaven like a little child? When the time came to say farewell to these children of the sea, we felt that our few days' stay had revealed to us almost a new world, and given us new friends and home.

What island of New England it was that we visited, we do not say. We do say that they who go there once always wish to go again. We Yankees have a prescriptive right to guess, and the case at hand presents no very difficult problem.

Sept. 8, 1860

Aug. 27, 184-

SHOPS I KNEW.

A Rambling Reminiscence of About-Town Bazaars of Fifty Years Ago, Compiled by Roland B. Hussey.

[Introductory Note.—The writer of these notes would have readers understand that it is not claimed that the following is a complete list of the shops that have existed within the last fifty years. It is quite probable omissions have been made (and errors as well), as these jottings are wholly from memory, which has been accelerated in some few instances by interviews with older persons and those contemporaneous, with the purpose of securing reasonable accuracy.]

Copyright, 1913, by R. B. Hussey.

Continuing my reminiscent ramble, on Orange street I find myself contemplating a somewhat formidable list of shops of all sorts. Starting at the lower end of the street, David Swain's store, in the low one-story house that was later occupied by George H. Sylvester as a home, opposite the property of Alfred E. Smith, first engages attention. Just above, on the opposite side, around the corner of Back street, was a shop kept by one Simpson. It had a sign on it, but how it read escapes me. Then came Nancy Chase's little basement shop, of which Andrew B. Coon made mention in a reminiscent article. Above Charles H. Bailey's homestead (now Israel M. Swain's) was the tiny cobbler's shop of George Murphy. Capt. Charles Luce's more imposing grocery mart, corner of York street, was next on the route. Then John Sherman's grocery store, where Arthur C. Cary is now located. In order, Ariel Cathcart, corner of Dover street.

In the basement of Charles N. Long's house Lydia G. Pinkham kept a little shop. Franklin Nickerson's (the star grocery shop of that section in those days, now occupied by W. W. McCleave & Son) was flanked on either side by two small buildings—that on the south occupied by Robert Folger as a butcher shop, and later by "Reub" Thompson, cobbler; that on the north by John Gray, boot and shoemaker, who later built himself a shop where the engine house now stands. Both these shops were great rendezvous for the boys, and the Scotch-Irish-American, John Gray, was especially beloved by them all. Mrs. Abby Keene's ice cream parlors we cannot pass by. She was mother of our esteemed townsman, Francis B. Keene, and sold ice cream in 3, 5 and 10-cent "glasses," with cake charged extra—nice "rounds." In connection with this shop, an incident is brought to mind. One evening, seated about one of the round tables were a number of hearty, mischievous youngsters, who had dropped in to regale themselves with 3-cent glasses of vanilla. On an adjoining table stood a plate of tempting-looking "rounds." While the good lady was absent filling the glasses, the bottom of every one of those "rounds" was skillfully removed with spoons and transferred to waiting pockets, and the casual observer would never have dreamed that the attractive plate of cakes represented sort of "hollow blocks."

Where Asa C. Jones now has a small shop, I can recall George Clark, and later Henry Colesworthy—both grocers. Opposite Plumb lane, on the Franklin Nickerson lot, stood the cobbler shop of Jared Tracy. Between the American House—(Holiday Inn) then residence of Adeline Fanning—and William F. Codd's property, stood a building, with front painted white and containing two stores. The south store was occupied by George Clark, grocer, where I first knew him, and who later, when the building was

razed, moved to the little shop now owned by Asa C. Jones. The north store was the millinery emporium of Miss Phebe Ann Coffin, who finished her business career on the island in the store corner Main and Fair streets. The shop of Reuben G. and Frederick W. Folger was almost directly opposite. There they made coffins and repaired and sold furniture. On the site of Mrs. Harriet Dunham's house stood a "story and a-half" house, occupied by Artemas and Sarah Davis—a worthy couple who were subjected to more or less indignities at the hands of the rising generation. They were known as "Pa" and "Ma" Davis. The former was a man of mathematical education, and taught book-keeping, while between them they maintained a small store where worsteds, fancy-work supplies, rag and paper dolls, school supplies, etc., were dispensed. When the house was sold, they bought the house now owned by James Y. Deacon, on Main street, above the monument, (being the fourth store referred to in a previous paragraph), where their store was continued until old age compelled them to desist. On the opposite side of the street, in the McCleave building, Nathaniel Coggeshall had a jewelry store.

On Union street but two shops come vividly to my recollection, viz: the shop of Annie Austin, which has already been exploited in your columns, and the grocery, on the opposite side of the street, farther south, of William C. Cathcart, who subsequently moved to Monument square, and occupied the store now owned by Whittemore Gardner. His store building on Union street was made into a cottage on its site, and this was later moved across the street, where one Silva, a cobbler, resides. Opposite his store "Uncle Billy," as he was familiarly known, had a building he used for storing coarse salt, and this he moved to Main street, and it now forms the rear of Mr. Gardner's shop. There is an indistinct recollection of a little home shop kept by a woman named Coleman, but it is not sufficiently clear to me to give details.

On Hussey street Eliza McGuinity kept a notion store and bakery in a house that stood between the Murphey and Charles Rawson (now Crocker) homesteads.

On Broad street was the little basement shop of Lemuel Jones (house next west of John C. Ring), father of Asa C., where boots and shoes were made and repaired, and the affairs of nation, state and town were discussed by regular "guests."

Where George W. Hooper has a little store now, was at the period under discussion the office of Dr. Macomber, and later Dr. F. A. Ellis.

On Centre street, north of the Ocean House, corner of Ash lane, stood a small building where Edward Coffin had a little candy store, and repaired boots and shoes, and where George and Sophia Ray started in business

and stirred the peanuts till they were done to the most acute taste. They later moved to a store corner of Pearl and Centre streets and enlarged their business, of which more anon. In the house immediately adjacent, in the south fore room, Ann Castle kept a little shop. She slept in a big chair in the same room—in fact, died there, if memory serves me. North of the Reuben McCleave house was Uncle Ben Gardner's little shop, and Capt. Samuel Barrett's grocery, later carried on by his son Josiah F. and Daniel T. Dunham. Up the hill, William Calder kept the little shop on the premises of his brother Robert, at the junction of Centre and North streets.

There was the tin shop of Thomas Wright in "The Outlook," which then stood south of Miss Corinna Bearse's home. On the land of Dr. E. B. Coleman's cottage Coffin Fitch had a little shop where he repaired tinware. There was at one time one of the many front room notion shops in the Obed Coffin house (now part of Sea Cliff Inn), and also one kept by a Mrs. Dorman, in what later was known as the Eastman Johnson house.

On West Centre street, in the basement of William H. Chase's house, Calvin Ferris kept a stock of groceries—said to have been largely of the wet variety.

On North Water street, Lydia Swain had a shop in her home for the sale of small wares, lace cap findings, etc.

On Federal street, where the store buildings owned by Henry S. Wyer stand, I recall the following: Christopher Hussey, tinsmith; Andrew and George Prior Coleman, express; William B. Mitchell, insurance; John N. V. Sweet, boot and shoe-maker. Opposite was the residence and office of David G. Hussey, dentist. Next north, corner of Cambridge street, was a two-story building. The lower floor was occupied by Thomas Potter, flour and grain; the upper floor was Good Templars' Hall, later occupied by St. Mary's church, until the present church edifice was built, when the David G. Hussey house was sold to R. E. Burgess & Sons, who moved it to Steamboat wharf. Then there was "Dick" (later William) Hosier's hardware shop, where the boys disposed of their old junk. Gathering old nails, bits of copper from about the old ship-yard ways on Brant point, and any old scrap iron from any old place, and selling them to Hosier, was the nucleus of many fortunes.

On Middle Pearl street, Betsey Hilder created "loves of bonnets" in her home, where Mrs. Clarence Fish now creates up-to-date gowns; and next door, Miss Amelia M. Coffin presided over a stock of knitting yarns, wools, worsteds, canvases, crochet needles, etc.—headquarters for fancy work supplies.

On Lower Pearl street, Chase & Cook, bakers, were doing business and turning out those pilot-breads—the real hard-tack, that boys of the period of which I write were always eager to have when they "went in swimming." Just tossed them overboard, and kept them in the sea until they had softened a bit (microbes not given a moment's consideration), and then the repast! Ah! their "wild-fowl flavor" tickles my palate in imagination even at this late period. Possibly a realization would not be so pleasant—but I would dearly like to have some of those "pilot bread" for domestic use. I wonder if Mr. Cook has lost the recipe!

On Centre street, Dr. Metcalf had dental parlors in the store now occupied by Pratt & Byers, corner of Chestnut street, where later William Chase had a drug store, followed by the dry goods shop of Delia M. Folger. On the corner where Dr. E. B. Coleman's house stands, was the butcher shop of "Uncle Sam" Winslow, who later moved to Main street. At the corner of Pearl street in the house of the late Mrs. Josiah Freeman, "Ma" and "Pa" Ray opened a store, having outgrown the small shop farther north, before referred to, where ice cream was added to their stock in trade, as well as a circulating library, the most important features of the latter, to the juvenile minds, being the constantly fresh invoices of Beadle's Dime Novels, from which the youthful minds stored up rare treasures of border warfare, and learned all about "Oonomoo, the Huron," "Rattlesnake Dick," and the like. It was here that "Towser" Coffin spent many hard-earned pennies—not that he was the only omnivorous reader of this class of literature, which found a hiding-place behind many a geography in the several temples of learning. In the store now occupied by Miss Hannah G. Sheffield, Mrs. Eliza Ann Chase offered a general stock of dry goods. The south store in the same block was the millinery bazaar of Mrs. Betsey Chase, whose reputation for making the best in lace caps was at the top-notch. She was succeeded by Sally Ann Coleman. On the site of the building occupied by Zorub, corner Rose lane, stood the house of Frederick Worth, at the rear of which was his shop. He made coffins.

Starting again at Pearl street, on the opposite side, where Miss Ella F. Sylvia is located, was the milline shop of Mrs. Lucy Mitchell, who assistant, Miss Emeline Coffin, succeeded her. Next came John V. Hallett, with boots and shoes. Mar F. Coleman and Mary A. Hussey were tenants of this store successively after Mr. Hallett, both conducting the dry goods business. The next she was occupied by George R. Folger groceries, and on his retirement

George and Sophia Ray moved their stock there. William Summerhayes, disciple of Daguerre, and Mrs. N. H. Manter, with another dry goods mart, occupied the store of Proodian's. Mary Abby Hussey occupied the very small store next (the building has been somewhat remodelled since), later succeeding Mary F. Coleman. Where Abajian's rug store is now located was Mrs. L. A. Hooper's toy store, with confectionery and an ice cream parlor. This toy store was the Mecca for the little folks. Where Miss Edith Sylvia now has a small wares store was the dry goods store of Mrs. Charlotte Riddell, whose daughter, Mrs. J. P. Nye, succeeded her. Charles H. Trafton (later Trafton & Barrally), boots and shoes, followed in order. The next store, when I first recall, was tenanted by Charles H. Jaggard, druggist, who subsequently moved to Main street, in the store where the Burgess Market Co. is at present. Following Jaggard, came John W. Mitchell with dry goods, and then Mary P. Swain, Phebe W. Clisby, and Mrs. Westgate (present tenant), the three last named carrying on a stationery and fancy goods business.

At the corner of Pine and Lyons street I recall Samuel Meader's bleachery. Further east, on Lyons street, Mrs. John W. Rand bleached hats.

On Vestal street was the weaver's shop of William Ceeley, now owned by his son, Thomas.

On Westminster street, corner of Academy avenue, Gorham Bunker had a bleachery.

On York street where Arthur Williams' house stands, was the store of Absalom Boston.

Water street—or South Water street, had several shops. The first was Edward P. Coffin's harness-maker's shop (later W.C. L'Hommedieu). Next came John Winn's meat market; then John Olin's limes, tamarinds, fruit and "mead" place; Nathan Walker's paint shop; John A. Hussey's tinsmith shop; Thomas Snow's saloon; the billiard and bowling alley on site of present Red Men's hall; George Hosier's carpenter shop opposite; and on site of Pease & Ayers' stable was George Clark's stable.

Just off Water street, at head of Old North wharf, was Dunham's meat market; and below it, not many steps, Watson Burgess's fish market.

On Cross wharf E. W. Perry & Co. dealt in coal, wood and grain; and Capt. William Skinner had oak and pine wood on sale.

At No. 1 Straight wharf was the grocery and ship chandlery store of Joseph B. Macy. Next west, Alexander Cartwright sold flour and feed.

The saloon of the late Patrick Keane was then conducted by him on the same site where his successors continue the business, and at one time another saloon stood next east of it, which was carried on by William Fitzgerald. Directly opposite, occupying the site from Washington to Candle street, stood the big two-story brick feed, flour and general grain store of Freeman Adams & Sons, of which firm our townsman, Horatio W. Adams, was the junior member. Directly in the rear is the building used by William Henry Coffin as a paint shop—now used by H. Paddock & Co.

On the "Square."

Starting at Centre street, going easterly, came in order: R. Chase & Son, grocers (present Union Store); Justin Lawrence, (Brown & Co.); Bovey & Coffin, dry goods (Deacon & Co.); E. H. Parker, grocer (Congdon's); Eben W. Allen, tailor, then W. H. Weston, tailor, and B. G. Tobey, jeweler, (R. E. Burgess & Sons); upstairs, Freeman & Coffin, photographers, (Boyer); Charles H. Jaggard, druggist, (Burgess Market Co.); Nantucket Union Store (Holland's); "Ned C." Hammond, jeweler, followed by Leander Cobb (Express Office); Leander Cobb followed by Charles S. Cathcart (Telephone Office); upstairs, Cromwell Barnard, tailor; corner Main and Federal streets, Franklin Nickerson and Obed C. Parker, grocers (R. G. Coffin & Co.); Inquirer office and News Room (E. H. Jernegan); upstairs Engine Co. No. 8 Headquarters (John B. Chace Engine Co. No. 4); "House of Lords" a club composed of representatives of ship-owning firms (Ashley's Market); Bates, Cook & Co., outfitters (Nantucket Fish Co. and G. E. Mooers); George W. Jenks, harness maker (Wanamet Water Co.); Union News Room and Joseph B. Swain, insurance (John K. Ayers); upstairs, office of The Weekly Mirror; William R. Gardner, grain (Chinese laundry); upstairs, Assessors' office; Francis Colburn, grocer (Nantucket Dry Goods Co.).

South side, going west: George W. Macy, hardware (H. Marshall Gardner), later moved to store of Brown & Co.; T. W. Calder, grocer, and E. H. Alley, clothing, in stores now occupied by the postoffice. The next building, in which there were three stores, as at present, has been remodelled. The stores were then recessed, with deep front porches, and were occupied in order by Avery T. Allen, tailor; Alfred Macy, lawyer; and Jones & Hart, boot and shoe-makers. Later this firm occupied the little store next

west, where Asa C. Jones (the senior member) was located for many years, there being an interim in his occupancy when A. Manchester Hussey had the place for a periodical store, and Charles S. Jenkins sold fruits.

What is now Hussey block, in those days comprised three stores, a small one occupied as a cigar and confectionery store by Fred Mount Robinson; next the hardware store of Uriah G. Tuck, and the Postoffice. In the next block were W. H. Geary, hats and caps, and later, James Thompson, who introduced a knitting machine; next came E. G. Kelley, jeweller, followed by Alfred Starbuck; then James Austin, tinsmith. Crawford's barber shop next. Then there was an open space for many years where Levins' barber's shop is now. Charles Lovell, boots and shoes (C. E. Collins); upstairs, Summerhayes and E. T. Kelley, photographers; E. H. Alley, Henry C. Burdick, both dealers in gentlemen's clothing (Alex. M. Myrick); Henry Young—succeeded by Henry P. Olin, boots and shoes (E. A. Lawrence & Co.)

On the other corner of Orange street was the Nantucket Telegraph Co.'s office (now Gas Co.'s office); next Harriet M. Macy, dry goods (F. V. Johnson); then John M. Bovey, succeeded by Charles Brooks, dry goods (E. Genesky); Charles K. Pratt, dry goods (Louis Coffin & Co.); Charles H. Starbuck, boots and shoes, (J. W. Westgate); Pinkham & Starbuck, tinsmiths and dealers in stoves, "Olmsteads" and "Airtights" were at the corner of Fair street. It was in their window I first recall a sign and saw a sample of kerosene oil. Previous to that, sperm oil and "fluid" were the illuminants of the majority of the island homes, though a few of the most prosperous had commenced to indulge in gas.

This completes my "little journey into the past," and I trust it will prove as entertaining to readers of The Inquirer and Mirror as it has been interesting to the writer to resurrect these memories.

It should be borne in mind that my effort has been to speak of the shops and their occupants as I first recall them. I possibly may have omitted some. Some readers will "hark back" of my presentation, and recall the Frederick Gardners, Orison Adamses, etc., of earlier days. I will esteem it a favor to have any one call attention to any omission within the fifty-year period; and, in closing, will suggest that some writer give a list of the shops about the wharves where blacksmiths, riggers, block-makers, sail-makers, etc., held forth; and of the coopers' and carpenters' shops, candle-houses and rope-walks. Get them located, that future generations may have the facts, which, it is to be regretted, are already hard to obtain. If someone who can will write of these things ante-dating me, it will be fine.

Remembers The Old Days.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

"I think I'll subscribe for another year. I hope there will be continued agitation against the excursion mob who will surely sink the island and ruin it for those who really love it.

"Nantucket was such a grand place fifty years ago, populated by some great people: and I had such wonderful times. Capt. Baxter, who could tell you the tallest tales of any man old man Hosier and his little shop where you bought your fishing outfit; James Austin and his tin shop; Ernest Jernegan, who used to chase us boys away when we got too close to his peanut stand, which stood by the doorway. At 'Congdon's,' Reuby Small would always give up the best sodas ever made. You stopped at the South Shore station and had a gam with George Veeder, Gene Clisby, Johnny Jernegan, Dick Gibbs and others.

"At Wauwinet, when you went up there either on the *Island Belle* or the *Lillian*, Bill Norcross—and afterwards Jimmy Backus—would give you one of their shore dinners.

"I have seen some of the famous beaches of the world, but none of them could compare with old Commercial Wharf for swimming. Some of the 'boys' joining me then were Chester Pease, Charlie and Frank Congdon, Arthur Jones, Warren and Ed Chase, Fritz Worth, and a bunch of others.

"Capt. Burdett, who would teach any boy to sail a boat, had the old *Dauntless*, with a star on her sail. I recall William Smith and his stable, 'Billy' Clark and his birthdays, and others too numerous to mention.

"Six or seven years ago, after an absence of thirty-five years, I went back to Nantucket. Policemen, traffic rules, fire engines, post office boxes and collections, three boats a day, automobiles. It was progress, yes, but it wasn't Nantucket to me.

"Circumstances have prevented me from coming to the island for several years, but next year, if I'm alive, I certainly am coming. Yes, I think I will subscribe for another year.

Faithfully,

F. D. Chase."

New York, August 15.

March 1, 1913

Aug. 21, 1948

SHOPS I KNEW.

A Rambling Reminiscence of About-Town Bazaars of Fifty Years Ago, Compiled by Roland B. Hussey.

[Introductory Note.—The writer of the following would have readers understand that it is no claimed that the following is a complete list of the shops that have existed within the last fifty years. It is quite probable omissions have been made (and errors as well), as these jottings are wholly from memory, which has been accelerated in some few instances by interviews with older persons and those contemporaneous, with the purpose of securing reasonable accuracy.]

Copyright, 1913, by R. B. Hussey.

Shades of Pitman Moore, Tommy Day, David Pierce and Tommy Burns! "Joe" Farnham has taken us on a remembrance ramble "down Guinea," and that little four brought to mind the small, one-story store that stood at the junction of Pleasant street and Atlantic avenue, facing north, and suggested the topic for this little journey into the past.

How vividly I recall the "flying horses" and my first ride upon them. And the home of Prudence (mother of Tommy Day, of "Juba," etc., fame) which stood opposite the Isaiah Nickerson place.

But hold! What has this to do with "shops"? Let me to my chosen subject.

I will start with the little store at the junction above referred to. It was a small building, used for the sale of general groceries, and kept by Stephen Pompey, a colored man, father of the late Simpson D. Pompey.

Then there was Phebe Fuller's store on Silver street, where she was murdered by the negress, Patience Cooper.

Paulina (pronounced Po-li-ny) Nicholson's bakery, in the basement of the house now owned by Warren Barnes. What "wonders" that good lady used to turn out of the boiling fat! And her "doughnuts," too, were not to be sneezed at. We did not know the new-fangled "rings" in those days—just "doughnuts" (diamond-shaped) and "wonders"—rings with bars across the diameters, one, two, or more, as happened; and at 10 and 12 cents per dozen respectively.

The next stopping place will be the soap shop of George W. Stevens, facing Pleasant street, at the rear of his Pine street homestead lot, where his son, William B. Stevens, now resides. There were turned out fancy soaps that Mr. Stevens used to sell on the Cape, making annual trips for the purpose.

I will keep right along Pleasant street. Next in order of my going was a double house, of which the residence of the Misses Mooney is a part. Here resided Uncle John and Aunt Lydia Monroe. In the south half of the house they kept a small store and there it was that I made my weekly purchase of a cent's worth of cinnamon bark to carry to Sunday school. Why such a selection I have often wondered. But there is no accounting for boys' tastes.

At the corner of Pleasant and Summer streets stood an old house where Sarah Gardner lived, who, if memory serves me correctly, kept a "notion" store—small wares for domestic uses, and painted miniatures on porcelain or ivory and satin.

In the lot adjoining on the north, and bordering the property of William Hadwen (the Joseph Barney estate) on the south, were two buildings, the first in the order of our going being Ryder's market, later kept by Coffin & Wyer (the late Robert B. Coffin and Benjamin F. Wyer). It was a neat butcher's shop, and the large sign that graced the eaves of its porch roof was, to my boyish eyes, a marvel of the artist's brush. A herd of cattle and sheep had the full sweep of green pastures. In the centre was depicted the butcher at his block, serving a customer. Oh, but it was something to remember in color work.

Its closely adjacent neighbor was the pale, faded green grocery shop of Peter Hussey—an unattractive sort of emporium on the outside, and to me unattractive and dingy internally. Everything therein was arranged orderly and neatly, but it lacked some magnetic influence. Yet Peter did a good business there, and seemed prosperous. What disposition was made of these two buildings has escaped my memory.

A step backward, lest we pass by inadvertently the little store of Uncle Ben Hussey, on the corner of Mill and North Mill streets, a little building facing north, and painted a light yellow. It was there fifty-six years ago, the proprietor living in the house on the opposite corner.

On Pine street was Charles H. Gibbs' "soap-house," forming the south part of what is now the house owned by William H. Jones. It was razed within a comparatively few years.

On the corner of a little right-of-way leading from Pine street to the homestead where the writer was reared, and to other properties, stood a tiny shop where Uncle Ned Hussey repaired boots and shoes, and where sundry male neighbors were wont to congregate evenings to participate in settling affairs in general. Memory tells me that this unpretentious edifice was at times the target for youthful pranks, and that the assembly often found it difficult to disperse, as the locks and latches had gotten out of commission.

On Darling street, Capt. James Henry Barnard kept a sort of kitchen grocery, dispensing goods he or Capt. Cal. Ferris had brought home on their respective packets from other Atlantic ports. He owned and lived in the house now the property of George F. Coffin.

At the southwest corner of New Mill and Copper (now Prospect) streets was a little grocery store of Benjamin Holmes, later kept by John Williams, which was afterwards moved to the junction of New Mill and Milk streets, referred to in the next paragraph.

I will refer casually to the shops on Milk street, which Arthur H. Gardner described in his very interesting sketch of recent date. John Williams' grocery—at the Milk and New Mill streets junction—I have cause to remember it. While I bought stick cinnamon of Aunt Lydia Monroe, it was John Williams who sold me my first cinnamon cigar. Two lads of us, with two coppers each burning our pockets, parted with our hoards for two of John's much-tooted cinnamon cheroots, and, slinking off behind a barn, started fires on the tips of them, while the other ends were put to our lips for a draw—then a puff—and then expectoration. Wonderful experience! I think neither of us enjoyed all the cinnamon of his cigar,

or whatever of good tobacco there may have been. We did not feel like sitting up with the remains; cast them aside and went home. I plead "that tired feeling" and turned in, only later to be aroused by internal disturbances. But I think my secret was never guessed by the parental part of the household. This building, or a part of it, is now standing in the yard of Charles E. Snow, West Chester street.

And Uncle Ben Hussey had a grocery on the east side of this street (and later one at the corner of Gardner and Liberty streets, and both subsequently to the shop on Mill street, before referred to).

The little shop in Liberty Hall, and the cobbler's shop of William R. Ellis, on the west side of the street, on land now owned by Capt. John P. Conway, have been referred to by Mr. Gardner. He might have added that the engine house of the Ocean, No. 9, was at first occupied by the No. 1, then—temporarily—by the Fountain, No. 8, before she was taken to Centre street (where steam fire engine No. 4 is now housed) and subsequently taken to Tuckernuck for a schoolhouse, Andrew G. Hussey doing the moving.

On Main street, at the corner of Walnut lane, was the general repairs shop of Rowland Folger (now Willard Hall, Gardner street) and next west a small building where Charles Clark kept boots and shoes, and which later was used as a grocery by "Charles Interest" Coffin, as he was dubbed, and which still later Miss Mary Joy Cottle utilized for a "cent school."

Farther down the street, in the Lodge building, now owned by Charles R. Pollard, were the stores of Edward and Moses Mitchell, Friends. The former kept stationery, slates (both single and double), school text and writing books, some drugs, etc., while his brother dealt in "Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Lard, Flour, Sugar, Molasses, etc., etc.," as the two vertical signs, one on either side of the store entrance, enumerated. Moses died some years prior to his brother, and his store was then occupied by Mary P. Swain and Susan Paddock, they afterwards removing to Centre street, to which reference will be made later. Alexander G. Coffin, dentist, also occupied this store.

Others have referred to Edward Mitchell in their reminiscent articles; told of taking the end of the wrapping twine, wound on a large reel hung aloft, and dashing away up the street, while the spool whirled and its wrapping grew rapidly less; told of asking for Quaker hymn books; told of other stunts they pulled off in teasing this peaceful citizen. I will tell of two young scamps I knew well, who one evening in spring were seen groping about in the grass in the front yard of the Atlantic Straw Works, (now Red Men's Hall) which stood where Mrs. W. T. Swain's home is located. What were they doing there? I found they were catching "lightning bugs"

—those hard, yellow-backed and winged beetles that used to be here before a potato bug was born. They could hum like a telephone wire, and under a strong light seemed to lose their heads and go batting everything, regardless of whether it was feathers or rock. Those two rascals were busy as wine merchants, and seemed to be catching bugs and transferring them to their pockets—trousers, two, and jackets, three—five pockets each, and ten pockets in all, crammed with lightning bugs, and closed with pins. Cargoes complete, they went into the shop of Edward, and asked to see double slates, which they knew were in a rack back of the counter. As the merchant turned to get his wares, pins were slyly removed, and the light caught the attention of the June bugs, and they began to get numerous and fussy about the store. The boys wanted to see slates with "list" on the frames—silent slates, that would not mar the "forms" at school, and as the slates grew into a large pile on the counter, the little store grew to a be veritable lightning bug weekend gathering, and merchant and boys were puzzled to understand the sudden influx of nocturnal visitors—a problem the first-named never could satisfactorily solve. There was no slate sale that evening.

I am not going down on "The Square" at this time. Let us journey up street again, and we find Horace R. Coleman & Son occupying the shop where John H. Hosier dispensed groceries for years, and sliced "smoked beef" for any who couldn't resist, at 45 cents per pound. "Smoked beef" in those days was a luxury, indulged in by plebeians when they "had the 'circle' to tea," and when we of younger growth had to sit at the "second table." Then it was that new recipes were sprung, and discussed, and paper and pencils brought forth to jot the new mixtures down. But pardon me if I digress. My pen runs away at times. John Hosier's store stood west of where it is now located, where Mr. Coleman's house is, and after his death was occupied by W. T. Devlan, with a stock of small wares in tin and hardware, and later by A. K. P. Bucknam, as a grocery. Closely adjoining it on the east was a somewhat smaller building, occupied by Eunice B. Paddock as a dry goods store, where she did a thriving business. "Eunice" (she was a friend, and lived to be the last resident Quaker) was a sharp buyer and saleswoman, and though she did not use "worldly" colorings herself, had a keen eye and taste for suggesting goods that would meet the requirements of her customers. She always kept a girl clerk, the first one I remember being Emma Swain (Mrs. Frank Wise), and later I recall that Miss Emma Coffin handled the drap d'ete, bombazines, delaines, poplins, and the more lowly cotton goods. The building now forms the rear part of Coleman & Son's shop.

Above the junction of Gardner and Main streets only four shops are recalled, three of which will be here referred to. The first was that of Edwin Ellis, in a front room of what was known as the "Mansion house," an old building owned by Timothy M. Gardner, that stood right where Nathaniel E. Lowell now has a pile of brick and stone behind a fence in his houseyard. Here Ellis dispensed nuts, candies, and the then-popular "mead"

over

of John Olin repute. Ellis was a tradesman, and if one asked for peanuts and his stock was exhausted, he would reply: "Am all out of peanuts, but have plenty of almonds or stick candy." Later Mr. Ellis lived on Farmer street, and did something of a business caring for stoves, and his little advertising rhyme will be familiar to many, viz:

"Stoves polished and Carpets beat
By Edwin Ellis, Farmer street."

Above Ellis, on the opposite side of the street, in the rear of his home, was a little shop where Joshua Barker made hoop rivets for the various coopers about town. A model of industry was Mr. Barker, who lived to a great age—96 years.

The next in order was William Russell's store, in the house at the head of Main street, now occupied by his granddaughter, Miss Minnie Smith. Mr. Russell was a cigar maker, and in earlier days had his factory in a building that stood where E. A. Lawrence's house is now located. Compelled to vacate this place, he moved to his home, and in connection with his cigar trade, kept nuts and candies.

On Winter street, in the southeast corner of the property of Mrs. William F. Codd, stood a small building that was used as a weaver's shop by Alexander Hussey, who later removed his loom to a little building on the property of James Coleman (Mrs. L. R. Cartwright's) on Gardner street.

While out of the line of shops, it may not be amiss to call attention to the one-story schoolhouse that occupied a place on the southwest corner of what is now the Dr. Dixon property, but was then owned by Francis Folger. This school was taught by Judith Folger (later Mrs. Joseph Mitchell). The building was moved to Low Beach, where it is now used as a residence on the farm of C. F. Coffin.

Another shop that almost escaped me was a notion store kept by Mrs. Susan Folger, in the front room of the house that stood on the northeast corner of Winter and Liberty streets, where she also conducted a bakery.

Stepping into Liberty street, there come to mind Mrs. Obed Cottle's and Mrs. Judith Nye's chowder parlors, the latter subsequently opening a home bakery, where the great kitchen fireplace and oven (house now owned by John C. Ayers) were busy factors. Later Mrs. Nye conducted a toy store. This house was then double, the eastern half being occupied by Mrs. Ann Clisby and her daughter Phebe. The former carried on a shop for the sale of small wares, while her daughter taught school. Farther up the street, in the house now owned by Mrs. M. F. Freeborn, lived Lydia Mitchell and her daughter Miss Mary S. Mitchell. This house was then blessed with two front doors, and in the west room Mrs. Mitchell carried on one of the little shops in which the town seemed to abound.

Let me jump now to Fair street. On the lot of Charles H. Robinson, end to the street, was a small store building. It was about opposite Hepsibeth Hussey's schoolhouse, and was kept by Hannah Fosdick, who later moved to the house on Orange street, now owned and occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Coffin. Hannah Fosdick was somewhat of a character, but was a shrewd business woman, and dealt in all sorts of commodities through which she could obtain an honest penny.

Capt. Nathaniel Fitzgerald, corner of Fair and Charter streets, kept groceries (dry and wet). His store still stands, having later on been conducted by his son, the late Edward Scott

Fitzgerald, whose widow now holds the property. Capt. Fitzgerald, erect, of good proportions and of dignified mien! Contemporaries, can you not recall him driving to and from his home on lower Orange street in his spring cart, with a sorrel horse, and wearing a tall, felt hat. He was a kindly old gentleman, and square to the core.

Let me turn off here. First into Plumb lane, where William W. Wood for years had his watch, clock and jewelry repairing shop, and who gave the writer a lot of practical information in this line of work, which he has frequently found of value.

Now into Martin's lane. Here, in the low house next C. H. Robinson's property, lived John P. and Alice Hussey. The latter kept a little shop in her "fore-room," and there will be many who will recall with me the tin plate of peanut macaroni squares, on greased copy-book papers, set at an angle of 60 degrees in one of the windows. These were the tempting bits to us young folks, who cared not so much for porcelain buttons, hanks of twist, etc., which made up her other stock.

Back upon Fair street, approaching Main, we find ourselves at the door of James M. Coffin's furniture and wall-paper store. Can you remember the rear room, with overhead lights, where the latest in satin, gilt, and striped wall papers were displayed?

Next door north (now occupied by Louis Coffin & Co.) we find John P. Hussey's news and periodical store. He had for his right hand man, Billy Clark. It was through his apprenticeship with John P. that Billy became a newspaper pedler. In this same store John Sherman kept the town's "liquor agency" at one time.

Feb. 22, 1913

For the Inquirer and Mirror.
ATWATER, May 12, 1889.

Mr. Editor:
Having read with interest the names of residents and traders of my native island, and since you ask for more, I have been induced to write and give you the names of some that I can remember seventy years ago: Dry goods dealers, Centre street, Mary Hussey, mother of William Mooers Hussey; Abiel Hussey, at the corner of Hussey street; then on Centre street, Hepsibeth Jones, Barnabas Swain. Toy shops, Maria Fanning and Meribah Gardner; Main street (in the Matthew Barney building), Lydia Macy, Susie Folger; Orange street, Cromwell Barnard. Philadelphia crockeryware, Job Smith; Fair Street, Polly Barnell; School street, Lydia Swain, Phebe Hussey; Pleasant street, Lydia Munroe, crockery and glassware; Sarah Clisby, Chicken Hill.

One editor's name has not been mentioned, which was Joseph E. Melchers, whose wife was the daughter of Capt. Jim Coffin, as he was so called. One trader whose name I will not mention, advertised cream colored quart bowls, all colors and all sizes, sixpence apiece and all prices.

Another Word About Nantucket Shops.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

In R. B. Hussey's list of stores I didn't find mention of Mrs. Delia M. Folger, who had one in the house on Liberty street next to the Sally Smith house, opposite the garden of what is now the Tice house, I suppose you call it. I was interested only in the toys and books she carried and remember them so well, because Mother would send my brother on an errand to Aunt Delia and he would stop to investigate the working of the toys. Then she would send me after him and I'd say "George, Mother wants you," and he'd say "Wait a minute" and keep on looking, and by that time I was busy with some books. Soon the door would be burst open, a little voice would rattle off "George Barnard, Lilla Barnard, Mother says come home!" and the door was shut as quickly as it was opened. My sister knew the difference between an errand and a visitation, but, we didn't when we got into that enticing store. However, at that sumomns we both flew home.

Then I know she kept gloves, because one of the High School girls said her hand was as small as Ellen —'s and measured hands so craftily that wrists and tips of fingers met, but when she bought gloves she couldn't get the size Ellen used on her hands. Doubtless there were whatever of staples or findings in the store that a neighborhood would use.

At the last of my living in Nantucket, Benjamin Hussey had moved to the house on the southwest corner of Liberty and Gardner streets and kept his grocery store in the front room. Once when I went there, as the tinkling door-bell called him from the back room, he came eating and I remarked something about his supper being interrupted, and he replied "Sometimes I am called in so often that when I go back I say 'Susan, where did I leave off?'"

A shop we of the High School enjoyed was kept by a Mrs. McGuinity —pronounced that way if not spelled that way. It was in Hussey street and had for sale candy, pickled limes and a delicious kind of cookie cut in the form of boys and girls. We always called for girls as long as they lasted, because there was more in the spread of the skirts. We were debarred at last from buying "two girls" and had to take "a boy and a girl," so then we spent only one cent at a time. That is the way of the world, after getting a certain value for our money we feel aggrieved if the price is raised as the quantity is lessened.

So much for stores. Now what I very much wish is that someone will write how the sailors prepared the bananas they used to bring home. Evidently peeled and put into barrels in layers—were they put in whole or split in two lengthwise? They came to us flat and thin, as if pressed, or did they flatten of themselves? They were dark red and translucent, as if steeped in molasses. What a treat they were! I know about tamarinds, for a sailor said they grew on trees lining the principal street in St. Thomas and anyone was allowed to climb the trees and gather the fruit if only he didn't injure the tree at all. The tamarinds were put into a barrel and covered with the first running of molasses.

Lilla Barnard.

March 8, 1913

Commercial Affairs in Nantucket Fifty Years Ago.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

With due limitation it may yet be forcefully said that Nantucket once maintained a considerable merchant marine. Prior to fifty years ago and on through continuous years such was emphatically true. The whale-fishery, successfully dominant for so many years as the principal commercial industry of the town, was the promoter and natural stimulant of other lines of trade. Because of this many and varied activities in traffic were conducted within the town. These brought an interchange of trade relations not alone at home, but also extended abroad.

Reviewing boyhood recollections there comes to me a renewed knowledge of inter-domestic and inter-state traffic which was once of considerable volume. This was conducted by packet service, at least three Nantucket vessels being so employed, and in addition there were many other sailing craft regularly in commission to and from the port, bringing wood, coal, lumber, grain, fruits and other products, and carrying away in trade exchange local miscellaneous freights. This packet service comprised vessels once so familiar to me as to now represent themselves from the tablet of memory.

The schooner Robert B. Smith, Capt. Lewis L. Adams, made trips, maintained as near to schedule as weather conditions would permit, regularly to and from Albany, N. Y., conveying large cargoes of varied merchandise. I am not entirely clear in my mind as to that Albany trade in its continuance. My impression is, however, that the schooner Robert B. Smith was, for what reason I do not recall, discontinued from that service about 1862 or 1863, perhaps a little earlier, and the schooner William F. Burden, under Captain Adams, entered upon and continued it for a few years. I may be in error in stating that Captain Adams was master of the schooner Robert B. Smith; if so, I hope some correspondent will correct me. I know that he did command the William F. Burden.

Another of these packets was the schooner Enterprise, under the command of Capt. Henry C. Pinkham, with an excellent commerce to and from Boston. Before I left Nantucket the schooner William O. Nettleton, under the same management, with similar trade, and over the same route, had succeeded the schooner Enterprise. The efficient mate, in continuous service on these two vessels, was Capt. William Fitzgerald, one of the old-school successful mariners, and he was often in command in the absence of Capt. Pinkham.

The third of these packet-craft was the sloop Tawtemeo, Capt. John Ray, plying to and from New Bedford, in like business as the other two vessels mentioned. These craft were well known to Nantucketers through many years, the Tawtemeo, I think, being the last regular in the service narrated.

Many other craft, with differing freights, found Nantucket an excellent place with which to engage in trade. One of the most frequent arrivals noted in the marine column of the local papers in the days under review

was the schooner Charles Everson, Capt. Marston, hailing from Cotuit on the Cape. She brought cord wood for fuel regularly through a great many years. All of us boys knew that "wood-coaster" right well. She was a small schooner, and always made her landing at the Straight wharf. On this wharf in those days long piles of cord fire-wood were always in evidence. From early Spring to late Fall this vessel was in port every few days.

Occasionally there arrived a vessel with apples—an "apple merchant" we called her. Then, too, quite frequently in season, there would arrive a vessel with water-melons. It is needless to say that such craft were a keen magnet for the boys. We visited them often and we were about them as longingly as the proverbial "flies around a molasses hogshead."

Another schooner by me well remembered was the Caroline, Capt. Dyer, which had a good trade to and from Fall River. No vessel visiting Nantucket was I more familiar with. The Captain, with his family, lived aboard. Beside he and his wife there were two small boys and a young daughter, and I had a limited acquaintance with them. The two boys were Fred and Charles, and after the lapse of many years I came in contact with them and developed a further and more intimate acquaintance.

I met them scores of times, as men in my adopted home of Providence, and have had pleasant social relations with them. For many years on the Providence river, under the incorporated name of the Dyer Transportation Company, a large business has been conducted by these brothers between Providence, Fall River and near-by towns. The daughter, a girl when on board that schooner Caroline on trips to Nantucket so many years ago, for a number of years has held and still holds the position of matron in one of the noted hospitals in Providence.

Of active affairs at Nantucket in my boyhood days, which are firmly rooted in personal memory, none appeals to me more strongly than the varied lines of industries then pursued. They especially emphasize themselves to me because of the fact that all are now nearly or quite extinct and unknown to the present younger residents. These industries embraced practically every vocation incidental to the building, rigging and equipping of the whaleships, of the maintenance of them in their calling, and of the sales of the oils and by-products produced from the whale-fishery business. Of these several industries I retain a general recollection. I cannot, from memory, specify minutely as to some of them, yet others are most vivid in my mind.

Up Main street, just beyond the line of the compact part of the town, I recall the old rope-walk. Of it I retain but a vague memory. Its activities had really passed in my early days, and I simply recall it as a long building, I think with an apex or slanting roof on either side running from the ridge. I remember to have heard frequently that it was once a material commercial enterprise of the town. Rope and cordage, I have been told, were made there in large quantities.

"Sewing straw," or making hats from straw braid—mostly for ladies' wear, I think—gave employment to quite a number of people in Nantucket during a portion of my boyhood there. How long an existence it had I do not know, but I think that it

flourished more or less prosperously for a few years. It was conducted within a building located in a court just off from the south side of Main street, under the name of the Atlantic Straw Works. It stood a short distance back from the street on an eminence a few feet above the street level, with a yard in front. Many girls, as I remember, were there employed, and also there were a limited number of male employees.

That business went "by the boards," and was finally closed out. Standing empty for quite a while, this building, if I mistake not, was taken down in sections, transferred to the outer harbor side of Brant point, and was re-constructed into a hotel called "The Nantucket." After varying fortune in that line, that business was discontinued, and again the building was transported back to the compact part of the town and converted into Red Men's hall. Capt. William T. Swain, for a number of years later a successful merchant of Nantucket, built and occupied a house on the site once occupied by the Atlantic Straw Works.

Blacksmith's shops, of which there were many, pump and block making shops, spar making yards, sail lofts, rig lofts, and other allied trades, cooper shops—so many of them which, in the aggregate, gave to the isolated town of Nantucket a prestige and material standing in business matters. Some of these trades, to some degree, at least, are yet extant, but the flourishing length at which they were once maintained is forever gone.

Nantucket, an ideal summer resort, besieged and admired by summer tourists from far and near, is, in every business essential, and I may also say socially, quite the antithesis of its past. In my boyhood time there mechanic and artisan, in the trades which have mentioned, vied and co-operated each with the other in the production of their output. It is unnecessary to note specifically these industries, and then, too, it would make too long a story.

I think, perhaps, that a brief review of the business so long carried on by my father may be of interest, because it is now so radically different than when he pursued it. He was born in Boston in 1805, and there received his schooling and acquired his education. His first wife was a Boston woman, and my oldest sister was born in that city. Somewhere about 1831 or 1832 he sought Nantucket as a locality offering superior inducements for a young man to engage in business, in view of the then very prosperous whale-fishery industry of the town. He continued in business there for thirty years or thereabouts.

He was a pump and block maker. To any one familiar with that trade its dependence upon active shipping interests is at once apparent. His finished products were worked from carefully selected white-oak stock and lignumvitae logs. These logs, as I keenly remember, were kept in a closed-in compartment beneath his shop, built of boards with wide openings between, into which the tide water ebbed and flowed.

Those logs, as is generally well known, are a very hard wood. From them were made the "dead-eyes", which were firmly secured by iron standards to the sides of a vessel, into which the shrouds were fastened and carried to a further fastening well up the mast, and drawn taut and secure in place. How well I can now

mentally see them, quite formidable in size, artistically shaped, with holes through them, each of about an inch and a half to two inches in diameter, finely bored and smoothly fashioned, in every respect work of first-class mechanism.

My father was an excellent mechanic, and no one in his employ was permitted in the least degree to slight his work. From white-oak were wrought the blocks, each with the rolling sheave made from lignumvitae revolving on a central pin, and over which operated the rope which constituted the fall. Each sheave had a copper centre. Later I remember that a new copper "bushing" was devised for the centre of these sheaves, which comprised a series of three or four small rolling wheels, which proved a much better scheme for the quick movement of the sheave, as the rope passed around and over it. All this line of work is now wrought from metals.

An important feature of the business of my father was pump making. Some of these for the ships, but more of them for use about the town. The ship pump was crude compared with that of the more dignified pump made for town use. These pumps were manufactured from logs about twelve to fifteen inches in diameter and about twenty to twenty-five feet long. I do not remember the kind of wood from which they were constricted, but each was hand bored through the centre, the hole being four to six inches in diameter, as I now judge.

A pump consisted of two, three, and sometimes, perhaps, four logs, depending on the depth of the well where placed. In one of the lower logs was a so-called "lower box". The upper log, standing four or five feet above the casement about a well and through which it passed, contained the "upper box" which was attached to a long iron rod, at the upper end of which was the pump brake operating on an iron pin passing through the log, a groove or slot being fashioned on the side of the it, extending from the top down for about two feet, thus giving free access for the operation of the brake, with a spout for delivering the water on the opposite side from the brake.

These pumps worked by suction and were a most familiar object about the town—many still remaining, having fallen into disuse, yet shadow an active useful past. Boring these pump logs, very awkward in retrospect, was then an interesting process. One log was about the length of father's shop. Placed on its side, for boring, it was needful by open doorway and men across to the far side of the street to thus begin. The augur on the end of a long iron rod, with cross-bar about three or four feet long at the opposite end, was operated by two men.

It was slow work, and for an hour or more stopped traffic on the street. Once started the augur penetrated slowly, further and further, the men following it up step by step, all the while the round hole was being cut through that log, until finally the men were within the shop and the task was done. These pump-log pumps were in use universally in the town in the time of which I write, the water supply then being alone, except for a few springs, from wells.

The length of one of these pumps, naturally, depended upon the depth of

the well. In some sections of the town water was reached from a higher level than in others. The two, three or four logs, as the case might be, were placed one above the other—not "dove-tailed" together, but rather sat into each other. The log which rested on the one beneath it was fashioned down to an apex which fitted into the bored hole of the under log. Thus the continuity of these old pumps was firmly adjusted.

In the various lines which constituted my father's business he was once constantly busy and very successful. With the decline of the whale-fishery began the decadence of his business, and it worked rapidly in that direction. His work was finally reduced to a little repairing for small sailing craft of Nantucket, and in making and repairing the pumps about the town. Through the years, in anticipation of coming trade, it was customary in dull times to make up "parts" in readiness for demand.

Dead-eyes, blocks, sheaves, pump-boxes, and other articles were made ready for quick use, and each kind, individually grouped, were strung together and hung all about the ceiling of the shop. A very material make-up, of first-class construction, these parts ultimately proved worthless from lack of demand and ingloriously became fire-wood. My father ceased to do business in 1863, the last year of my residence in my native town.

And so, too, other business waned in many lines which were once very successful. Only a remembrance of them now exists. Some, perchance, in a limited way, are still pursued. Along Washington street, south of the Commercial wharf, were many shops in active operation. I cannot definitely remember each or the trades conducted. One (I think it was on the west side of Washington street) was the brass foundry of Benjamin Field, which continued much longer than many of the others. The rope-walk, the cordage factory, the sail-loft, the cooper shop, and many other industries which might be named, are practically no longer in active evidence.

David Folger, whose death was quite recent, and who in his later life was an insurance agent, fifty years ago had a large cooperage. I think that I am not mistaken in saying that he was the last in that vocation in Nantucket. Two of his shops I well remember—one on Lily street, near its intersection with North Liberty street, destroyed by incendiary fire, and the other (he at once re-establishing himself in business) was near the head of the Commercial wharf, a little back from the corner of Washington and Candle streets.

He was successful for many years. Comparatively he was but a short time in the last location named, and I am quite sure that that building with his shop equipment was also razed by fire. If I am wrong in this last conclusion, I trust some alert correspondent will correct me. With the passing of this latter shop ended that line of trade, Mr. Folger being the last man in my native town in the cooperage business. In each of his shops, although but a small boy, I occasionally worked in "out-of-school" hours. What I did was called "cul-ling" staves. I do not with any

definiteness recall the process. It was a sort of selecting and placing of staves in pairs as they existed in the rough material. Perhaps it might be called "sizing them up."

In these cooper shops were made the casks, splendidly fashioned, which were sent to sea on the ships as receptacles for the oil which might be taken on a voyage. These casks, so carefully made, with flagging between the staves to make them positively tight, securely bound with heavy iron hoops, were, many of them, again taken down and "shooked" for economy of space in stowage on the vessel. As these were needed they were again put together on board ship, an important person of the crew of such a vessel being the "cooper." Some "went to sea" whole, and contained the ship bread for use when far away from home. This ship bread, or large "crackers," was deftly packed in these casks. There comes a fact which at once suggests a continued story.

J. E. C. Farnham.
Providence, R. I. *Mar. 15, 1913*

A Few Loose Ends.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

In a recent article in your paper, R. B. Hussey requests any omissions supplied, and I will follow him up Orange street and pick up a few loose ends. Mr. Murphy, of whom he speaks, was succeeded by Ned Harps, and, as it comes within the period mentioned, perhaps he would like to make a record of it.

Moses Smith kept a grocery in a small building south of Mr. Carey's present location. On Dover street, next to Capt. Arthur Manter's house, if I am not greatly mistaken, was a general notion store, kept by people by the name of Washburn, who afterwards moved to New Bedford.

In a small building opposite Mulberry street, was a grocery kept by a Mr. Parker; his given name I am unable to recall. In a building opposite Plumb Lane, on the south end of the Nickerson lot, Benjamin Ray kept a paint shop in one end, and the other end was occupied as a carpenter shop, the building being divided. Possibly this may be the building to which he refers.

Would also say that Niagara No. 10 was for several years located in the court at the south side of the South Grammar school building.

That part of Mr. Farnham's article in a recent issue relating to candy frolics staggered me. They were unique, as he says, but any who had never participated in them could not appreciate the enjoyment they afforded. Why, Mr. Farnham! a hiding candy frolic spelled activity from the start—a matching of wits, a determination on the part of the girls to outwit the fellows, and the fellows just as determined not to be outwitted by the girls. After the party plans were made, the dates were agreed upon, and the girls arranged a meeting-place among themselves. They could assume any disguise they chose, get there in any manner or at any time, day or night, but they must all be at the meeting-place when the time expired, usually nine or ten p. m., on a given date, and believe me they had a hard task sometimes, for if by chance one

of them was discovered, she would not be lost sight of again. Another feature was the willingness of the people to allow their houses to be searched. If the girls were suspected of being in a certain house, the occupants were so informed and permission was freely given to search the premises. Every nook and corner where it was possible for one to hide was examined; the only restrictions were that no outsider should give information, and none was desired or accepted.

Why, Mr. Editor, it was not considered a lack of courtesy or gallantry for the fellows to find the girls, but it was the fun it afforded, and the feeling of good fellowship between them that induced the fellows to put forth every effort to find the girls.

Mr. Farnham says the fellows were none too strenuous; well, perhaps that suited the girls of his party, but I knew lots of Newtown girls, who after attending one party of that sort, would have declined an invitation to another one, and would have told the fellows, "they had better go and hide themselves." The question of a treat was of secondary importance, although a part of the program.

If one wishes to get the inside history of a hiding candy frolic, let them ask some of their elders and they will be told of houses being watched, day and night, to prevent the girls getting to the meeting-place. That was when the young fellows were home from voyages and had lots of time to spare until they sailed again.

I hope Mr. Farnham will not be offended at the liberty I have taken with his article, but it seemed so wide of the mark that I could not help it. He says he wants to be corrected, if he makes mistakes, and I would say that Benjamin Field's brass foundry was on the east side of Washington street, extending into the water. It was the last building on the beach—nothing between that and the mouth of the creeks.

That takes me back to the south beach again and I would like to say a few words in regard to it. At the present time the former high water mark of beach line is entirely obliterated and overgrown with grass. Not a trace of the former beach remains and one would find it hard to believe that a beach ever existed there.

As a boy I would go in and out of the creeks with my father in a boat and he would tell me, that as I knew them he also knew them in his boyhood—no change whatever in all those years. Then came a time when the railroad was built and the Goose pond was filled in, for construction work. What happened then? Very soon a change was apparent; the creeks began to grow narrow and fill up, and the shore-line to be overgrown with grass. Evidently something was wrong somewhere, but whether from the filling of the pond or not, I am unable to say.

In former years the water at the mouth of the creeks at low tide was usually more than two feet in depth, and would run out so swiftly that it would be difficult to keep your footing in crossing. The last time I was home, I could have gone over to the Monomoy shore with an ordinary pair

of rubbers and not wet my feet.

Years ago at low water, while the creeks would show a slight decrease in depth, the Goose pond would always remain at the same level, and, as I previously stated, a swift current ran out of the mouth of the creeks. The water must come from somewhere, and I have often heard the opinion expressed by the older residents of that locality that the bottom of the pond was probably full of living springs and until the pond was filled in they were active enough to keep the water moving.

Now, such being the case, I do not think there is much prospect of ever seeing the beach restored to its former beauty. The grass has grown to such a depth that if it could be dug out, the water at high tide would overflow the entire locality.

Mrs. Owen is hopeful of its being restored, but I hardly think probable, much as I regret to say it. There is no reason, however, why the rubbish should be allowed to remain, or any more deposited there, and I hope someone in authority will prohibit it, for it certainly does not look very attractive. Summer visitors often take great pleasure in strolling along the beaches, and consequently they should be made as attractive as possible. The Monomoy bridge scheme would no doubt be a benefit, and I hope sometime to see it materialize.

Junior wants to know if anyone remembers Tom Day. I will say, yes, I well remember him, and the last I knew of him he was aboard the bark B. B. Colcord, Capt. McCleave commander, in the Pacific ocean. I do not think he ever came home again. I would like to ask Junior why he did not repeat the other song, that Tom used to sing—or has he forgotten it? It ran something like this:

"God made the mountains
As slippery as," etc., etc.

Oh, those good old days!

Yours truly,

A. B. Coon.

Dorchester, Mass.

April 19, 1913

Nevins Recalls a Few Things.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

While it is a source of much pleasure to me to witness the advancement of an old friend in his profession—to wit, Wyer becoming an editor and newspaper proprietor—at the same time his necessarily close confinement to sanctum cares just at this period of the reminiscent fever is almost distressing.

I find it difficult to reason just how Editor Wyer can remain silent after reading a recent copy of the Mirror, wherein his old captain tells us that he was at one time at the helm of an institution maintained for the purpose of elevating and educating unruly and mischievous boys.

It can be seen at a glance why the principal could remain at its head or in the vicinity, but one year, when one considers that the school was located out in Worcester county, where the rarest pear and apple orchards abound; where, just previous to the harvest, the old farmers spend much of their time in propping up the heavily-laden boughs with fence rails, and the farm boy starts for school in the morning with his pockets filled with the choicest Bartlett's and Baldwins. Wonder is that the whole school, to say nothing of its principal, could stand for his teaching among such tempting surroundings.

I had intended to say in the beginning, Mr. Editor, that I have been greatly interested in reading every line of the long and short contributions you have published since the souvenir number. It was a real treat to hear from Mr. Farnham—I should say Brother Farnham—and also Brother Gardner, in whose office I first learned to set type. You know all printers are "brothers."

And so Brother Farnham was formerly of Eagle Lane and Pine Street? Which, of course, makes him a New-towner. I always felt there was a little more than a North Shorer in his make-up, although I knew him only while he was passing his vacations at home, at which time, I think, he stopped on Chestnut street. He frequently called in the Mirror office, where he was always welcome, and I recall very clearly the good advice he gave to the apprentices.

And while I think I read every line of Brother Gardner's contribution very carefully, I must confess that I surely omitted a paragraph, for I did not discover any of those quoted words in the article by Yorick, under the heading "Lest We Forget," published in a recent issue.

There's little danger of the boys of today going wrong if their greatest fault lies in imitating Nantucket boys of the 70's and 80's or any other generation, for that matter. I never knew one of them to get into a "scrape" of any sort that couldn't be straightened out by a plausible alibi. And there was one of those for every day in the calendar. "Gus" Easton, the venerable truant officer in the latter 70's, was the only arm of the law that was ever called upon to exercise his authority to any extent among those boys. And he was one of the finest of men—not very powerful, but firm and kind, and filled with good advice.

Brother Gardner's letter, though short, was surprising in parts. I could scarcely bring myself to believe that Brother Gardner would at any time of his life hammer down a brass button and endeavor to "shove" it over the counter of an innocent old Friend. And I wouldn't have given it the slightest credit had it not appeared over his own signature. I trust none of the young gentlemen of today will be led to do anything of that sort just from reading it in the Mirror. Of course they won't. Times and men (and boys, too,) have changed.

I have ever cherished a great deal of respect for Brother Gardner, however, and only on a single occasion has my great regard for him been in the least weakened. That happened many years ago, when he was editor of the Nantucket Journal, and when he "dipped" into poetry. He was unsurpassed as an editorial writer, of those days, could collect columns of the most interesting local and telegraphic news, and make up his forms single-handed and put them to press with ease. But the "poem" was terrific. That is, it might have been all right, as I was scarcely of sufficient age to judge. But I cannot forget the remarks I used to hear from older persons. I cannot to this day. And this is how it came about:

In the Spring of '78 or '79, I think, the people awoke one Monday morning to find the entire town from Consue to the Cliffs and from the Custom House to Hiram Folger's, "labelled." During the small hours slips of paper about a foot in length, with the word "Haro" printed in black ink, had been pasted everywhere. As I came out of Union street on my way to school that morning, there was scarcely anything else to be seen. Going up Main street, one could behold Charlie McCann doing his utmost to rid his handcart of the pest, which almost completely covered it. Charlie always kept his cart chained in front of Wendell Macy's store, although I never could understand why he kept it chained. Around on Centre street it was the same. The wheels of Roland Hinckley's cart, as he drove down Pearl across Centre street, gave one the impression that he was peering into a kaleidoscope, while the fences everywhere were mute witnesses of the handiwork of parties unknown.

'Twas the talk of the town. None could fathom it. Brother G.'s paper was a Wednesday publication, and all looked to its editor for a solution of the word that had caused such widespread concern. And they were not to be disappointed, for, after very completely recounting the doings of the parties responsible, the editor, in an eight-stanza "poem," covered the situation, something like this:

"HARO!"

I.

The shades of night had fallen fast,
When through our sleeping town
there passed,
Four youths who carried in either hand
A pot of paste, a sheep's-foot and—
Haro!

I regret that I can only give you one other stanza, (the last one) Mr. Editor. Fact is, I'm writing from memory, and I seem to be short a word or two occasionally in the intervening ones, and I doubt if other than the author could supply them. Here's how he exposed the "pasters."

VIII.

It is not meat (Walter Burgess) that
we should dis-clothes (Elliott
Cathcart)
The names of these bold midnight
heroes.
But we'll leave the public to **Inquire
and Reflect** (R. B. Hussey)
Upon **prescriptions** (Charlie Pitman)
put up which they could not de-
tect—

Haro!

Wouldn't the above have shattered you a trifle if you had been around those days, Mr. Editor? I hope none of the boys of today will be driven to writing poetry from reading the foregoing.

But Brother G. received the thanks of the community, nevertheless, for unravelling what had been a perplexing mystery for more than 48 hours. The sequel appeared two days later, when the Mirror announced that "Haro" was the name of a play to be produced in Athenaeum hall at an early date, in which some of the "talent" mentioned in Brother G.'s "poem" appeared. 'Twas well advertised, and the house was packed.

Shortly after the "Haro" episode I shipped for a three-years' voyage with the Inquirer and Mirror, then located at the corner of Main and Orange streets, up one flight. And if it should ever fall to my lot in the hereafter to live over any portion of my life on earth, believe me, I shall select those three years.

The Journal office was across the street, in the front offices of Pantheon Hall. The "force" over there and the Mirror "force" were very chummy. They had a "wireless" which they carried on by means of a broken piece of looking glass flashed in the sun (not original with them, however,) and thrown so as to attract the attention of the party desired. For instance, if George Hosier's dromedary was coming around Federal street corner, two quick flashes from the Orange street window meant that the Journal "devil" must get a 3-em bourgeois quad ready. A well-directed throw (accurate from long experience) and the quad would connect with the short ribs of George's old bay horse, which would start off on the jump while the owner was making his purchases. I've often thought the men who rebuilt Main street—must have found a lead mine in front of the Journal office.

But one morning the Mirror operator flashed the sun across A. G.'s glasses. Whether from mistake or design is not clear at this late date. Brother G. cleared his chair on the first jump, and rushed from one alley of the composing room to the other, hoping to catch the cause of the indignity red-handed. But his force was attending conscientiously to business, and a hasty look from an open window across the street showed three industrious young men in the Mirror office fairly "eating" their copy.

But there's no doubt but what Brother G. had his suspicions, for a second flash a moment or two later, just after he had seated himself, was the last.

"Stop that!" he yelled, rushing to the window, from which position he caught the "operator" in the act.

And then the harangue that followed! I couldn't repeat it! I wouldn't use dashes even to express it! I much prefer to forget it.

The storekeepers on our side of the street came out upon the sidewalk, and Mr. Congdon stepped out on to the pavement in order to get a look over the awning to the open window above. And the senior member of our firm, who could have heard the monologue from a point three times as far away, rushed to a window and called out:

"What's the matter, Brother Gardner?"

And it was right here that A. G. won our everlasting praise and silent thanks, for instead of answering, he turned silently away to his seat at his desk. He had caught the guilty party, and he knew perfectly well what it would mean to the culprit should he divulge. He himself some years previous had been an apprentice in the same office. But while that outburst lasted—my, wasn't it awful?

Good for young Conway! He'll make a good postmaster some day. He's a "son of the old man," and I was pleased to read about him. By the way, I have a story on the captain in hand. I've been getting it together for some time, but I still lack a photo or two. It will be entitled: "Captain Jack Ashore and Afloat." I'll send it along shortly.

And "Doc" Sharp is trying to get a statute on the books "by stealth," etc.? It takes more than stealth to get a law on the books of this grand old Commonwealth, and the party who penned those lines ought to be ashamed of his ignorance. For Nantucket's sake we want the doctor in Congress. It's what she needs for the well-being of her future. We may have quite a time getting him there, but there is a great change coming in national politics in the next few months, or all signs fail.

Did I read in the Mirror that my old friend the Honorable Judge of Probate was asking for an increase to \$1,800.00? Some salary that, but he'll get it if he's "in right," and I think he is. Hard work, long hours, etc., count for little in these cases. It's being "right" with the "pols" that counts.

Away out in New York State, Mr. Editor, there is a young man whom I would be pleased to hear from in the reminiscent line. Original and interesting always, his modesty was his only fault in his boyhood. It has remained with him until now, no doubt, otherwise we should have heard from him. I refer to my good old friend Tom Barrally. Let's hear from you, Tom.

S. J. NEVINS.
Brookline, January 27, 1913.

A Few More Reminiscences.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

During the days of the Civil War, when news was received of a northern victory, the boys would get busy and celebrate it by having a bonfire on the Lower Square. Anything and everything that would burn was used. The merchants about town would donate all their empty barrels and crates, and with a pair of oil-trucks we would go collecting.

As a rule, we did not intend to burn anything of value, but I remember of seeing several very good small buildings burned. The location of the fire was about in front of where the Nantucket fish market is now, and the side-walks on both sides of the street would be thronged with people enjoying the fun. I remember one night in particular, when we were having a big fire, we also had a good deal of excitement. Capt. Joseph Hamlin, who kept a livery stable on Candle and Whale streets, was also night policeman.

The night of which I write, as we swung onto Main street from Union, with a good load of material for the fire, Captain Hamlin came running toward us, waving a heavy cane with which he was armed, shouting "Stop! Stop! Don't put anything more on that fire." As we had not been prevented from having fires previously we could not see why we should stop then, so kept right on with our load. It so happened that there were several young fellows home from the front on furlough, and they were on the Square at the time in uniform and were not slow in helping out with the fun.

There was quite a struggle between Captain Hamlin and the crowd, and finally the Captain lost his head or his temper and struck one of the soldiers, a young fellow by the name of Wood (I think his first name was William), with his cane. Instantly he was surrounded by a crowd of angry men and boys and for a while it looked as though it would go hard with him, but some of the cool-headed ones managed to reach his side and he was escorted by them to his home on Union street, followed by a number of excited citizens. If my memory serves me right it was quite a while before he was seen on the streets again at night as an officer.

Then the Home Guards would have a parade occasionally and that would furnish us with a close view of our soldiers. John Brown was first lieutenant, the only officer I remember. He was son of Capt. Thomas Brown, who lived on Union street.

As in memory I go back to the wharves, I see the excursion steamers docking at the Commercial wharf, as by doing so they would not interfere with any vessels, arriving or departing, as it was customary for them to stop over night, and this seemed the best place for them. There was plenty of water there and they would berth just beyond the present location of Barnes' boat-house, usually coming from New Bedford and Edgartown and always bringing a large crowd of passengers, most of them having friends or relatives in Nantucket, with whom they would pass the night.

Another feature about the Commercial was the fact that it was a pretty good lobster ground. Many a night I have gone down there, and in company with other boys, set our nets all around the wharf, and occasionally would go and pull them. I do not remember of ever going home without a good fare—sometimes it would be most midnight before we would leave, but that was taken as a matter of course.

The nets were made on an ordinary steel hoop, such as the boys trundle along the streets. The hoop was first covered with cloth, to prevent rust from eating away the twine, then the nets were knit on, deep enough so that after the net left the bottom, a lobster could not get out. Considerable of my "cattle show money" was earned in that way, as I was usually able to dispose of all I caught.

No doubt a great many of your readers remember the Grampus Club, a company of business men of Norwalk, Conn., who came annually in a chartered vessel, and would berth at the Straight wharf. As I remember, they would usually stop about a week, and every evening while there, would give a vocal concert in front of the Pacific Bank, and one that would be highly enjoyed by all, as a large audience would testify. Their vessel was a model of neatness.

Of my school-days I could write a great deal, as many of the incidents are still fresh in my memory. I attended the South Grammar, while Mr. Bliss was principal, with Misses Derrick, Upham and Swain as assistants. I remember one way Mr. Bliss had of dealing out punishment was to walk down the aisle to the boy, run his fingers through his hair, and shake him until he would see several brands of shooting stars, going in as many different directions, after which he would walk back to his desk, apparently satisfied with himself, whether his victim was or not. After leaving the Grammar school, I attended Hepsy Hussey's on Fair street and can join with all the rest of her scholars in testifying to her painstaking efforts in our behalf, and although I fear at times she must have thought us unappreciative and careless, I cannot remember of ever seeing her the least bit disturbed. If she was she showed wonderful control of her feelings, was grave and dignified in manner, but gentle and loving towards her pupils. Of course that school, like all others, had its imps, and I think the boss imp of all still resides among you. I will not mention his name for fear of offending, but if he reads this letter, let him ask himself this question—to whom does he refer?

On stormy days, when the girls could not go home to their lunch, the boys would call at their homes on their way back to school, and carry it to them—a custom unknown at any other school in the town as far as I know. Hepsy always allowed them time to eat their lunch before the afternoon session.

Over the girls' door was a motto reading: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Another over the boys' door read: "What man hath done, can be done by man." On my various trips home I have made inquiries concerning the disposition of these mottoes, but have been unable to learn what has become of them.

Sincerely yours,

Andrew B. Coon.

Dorchester, March 4th.

Tribute to Two Nantucketers of "The Old School."

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Each Monday evening after removing the Inquirer and Mirror from its familiar green wrapper I find myself turning almost automatically to the column recording vital statistics—births, marriages, and deaths. Whether this habit is influenced by age, I am not sure, but it is noticeable that among older non-resident readers of your paper their first interest seems to be "Who has died?" Those of us who live in "America" and visit the island but infrequently are particularly interested in happenings of this character.

The recent death of two members of my generation is of more than ordinary interest. In their passing Nantucket is poorer and the country has lost representatives of "the old school" of which there are none too many. May I here express, inadequately I am sure, something of my feelings as I recall the lives of these two women.

Annie S. Ray was my classmate during the days of our early struggle for an education at the old Academy Hill school building until we entered high school. After one year in high school, my education was "finished" in the office of the Inquirer and Mirror, but Annie continued her academic education to become a teacher of more than ordinary ability and helpfulness so well recorded in your paper of March 31.

Mary E. Brooks happened to be my father's first cousin, so naturally I had occasion to be well acquainted with her. Living at Tuckernuck during her early years gave us little opportunity for companionship, but the name of "Mary Brooks" became a tradition which has followed me all the days of my life.

Now that both are gone and the years have provided the proper perspective, it is fitting, and should be inspiring, to review briefly certain outstanding qualities in these two women. Both were children of hard-working, honest, typical Nantucketers. I know these men—Captain John Ray and "Uncle" John Brooks. One sailed the sea for his livelihood, the other tilled the soil. Each was a quiet man, attending his own business, seeking no publicity, yet as I recall them now, gaining considerable credit by these same qualities. The mothers of these two women made the homes havens of rest and comfort.

Annie Ray was always a good scholar, a jolly companion, a dependable friend. The kind of girl it was a delight to know, whose fine character was as natural as life itself. She was bubbling over with wholesome fun—as we sometimes say, "the life of the party". It would have been surprising if her pupils in New Bedford, where she was a teacher for more than thirty years, did not "highly esteem" her.

Mary Brooks made her home in Nantucket where she was born, after several years at Tuckernuck, the home of her parents. I asked her at one time if she was born at Tuckernuck, to which she replied, "No, I came down to Nantucket to be born." A very bright and active mind made her a well-liked companion, whose circle of friends,

native and "strangers", was wide. In talking often to Mr. Joseph Phinney, a summer resident of Tuckernuck for many years, our conversation never failed to include Tuckernuck and particularly Mary Brooks.

These two women are (not were, for "their works do follow them") representatives of American culture at its best. Annie Ray and Mary Brooks never married. Theirs was not to make a home and train children but the children of others will "rise up and call them blessed." One as a teacher in public school service, the other as a good neighbor to all who came to or were visited from her hospitable door, each has contributed much for the good of humanity. To have enjoyed the friendship of these women has been a lifelong pleasure. The need of such characters in the world was never greater.

Alliston Greene

Worcester, Massachusetts
April 30, 1945.

Her Memories of Nantucket Date Back to 1877.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

How dear to my heart are the memories of my early days in old Nantucket, coming here as a very small child in 1877 and knowing Cliff Road, where I now reside, as the "North Shore Road".

The first house my late father (James Hewins, Boston attorney) built, was out on the Cliff, and I think there were but two houses near us then, the Powers' house and Yardley's. After a number of years we sold our house to Mr. Cabot of Boston. It is now owned by Mrs. Parrish.

Later my parents built, and we occupied for a long time, the house at the corner of Cliff Road and Nantucket avenue, now owned by Mrs. Helen Wyeth. The boats upon which I came were the Island Home and the Gay Head. Later, the Sankaty and the Uncatena were in service.

I well remember the steam-railroad to Surfside, the horse cars from Main street to the Sea Cliff Inn, and the quaint little railway line to 'Sconset.

I recall how very accommodating the genial conductor was, in stopping the train, to retrieve my hat which had blown out of an open window, while crossing the lovely sweet-scented moors. The train also stopped to take on berry-pickers, here and there.

I also remember the Nantucket Hotel, on the beach, near Brant Point.

I am a Unitarian and frequently attend the old church on Orange street. Many a time in my younger days, I climbed the belfry to enjoy the wonderful view.

The old Quaker church service will also be a pleasant memory to me, as will be my many visits to the old homes and their owners, whom we all loved and have long since missed.

Mary Adeline Pope,

54 Cliff Road,
July 19, 1932.

March 15, 1913

Bakeries of My Boyhood.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Never can I forget the bake-shop of James Westgate and its attractive product of ship-bread. Those large, round "crackers"—how delicious they were! Or at least that was my unyielding conviction when I was a boy often around that old bakery. That view, too, was shared to the full by other boys of my day.

The bake-shop was in a basement of a house which stood on the west side of Union street near the corner of Stone Alley. The house was then occupied, if I mistake not, by a widow by the name of Westgate, and as I remember she was a sister-in-law of James. She had two sons, older than I, one of whom I knew as "Mat" Westgate.

That old basement bakery! What visions far back over the years mentally re-appear to me. Often on one-school days—Wednesday and Saturday—I have for an hour or more untiringly thrown wood from the yard in the rear through the open window into that basement bake-shop, that I might receive, as remuneration therefor, one of those delicious crackers, or ship-bread, as it came fresh and warm from the oven.

That product in large quantities, was "sent to sea" in new casks—large hogsheads—designed ultimately as receptacles for oil taken on the voyage. Mr. Westgate, as proprietor and manager of the bakery, had some three or four other men who assisted him.

That old, long, kneading-trough—how keenly I now once again see it! Into it, for mixing a batch of dough, would be dumped a full barrel of flour. My! what a quantity that then seemed to me! With water carefully and judiciously poured in, a little at a time, the mixing process was begun. One man with skillful—yes, it was skillful—and faithful action, worked that mass over and over, and brought it to a large perfect lump of dough ready to be rolled into a sheet from whence to cut "crackers."

Putting on the "finishing touches" of his labors he would close his hands, and with his fists thus clenched and tensely drawn, he would punch and maul that dough into a well-nigh faultless style of finish. By a large knife it was separated into hunks of convenient size, and each in turn was placed in the flat chute of the rolling-out machine, leading down to the rollers, which flattened it to the proper thickness for cutting out.

The rolling-machine consisted of two cylinder metal rollers, operated by a crank, adjustable for thickness of dough by thumb-screws, a wide, flat, inclined chute leading down to the rollers. The chute, over and again, was strewn with dry flour to keep the dough from sticking to it. Each batch of dough was rolled through the machine a number of times until it was brought to a proper thickness.

The right thickness attained, it then passed to the "cutting out" machine. That machine also had a wide, flat chute which led down to the cylinder which cut out the "crackers." The cylinder of the machine was quite large; from memory I should say that it was two feet or more in diameter and about four feet wide. It was made of brass, had all over it movable disks in the form of a round cracker operating on brass concave-shaped points, graduated from the outer edge inward so that the disks were retained in place.

As the cylinder revolved, operated by a man at the crank, the ship-bread was cut in form, the brass pins, on which the disks fell slightly back and forth as the machine was operated, making indentures or small holes on the face of each cracker. The cut-out ship-bread was then removed from the cuttings or "trimmings" surrounding them, was jammed into a mass and again put through for further cutting of crackers, until the full batch of dough was thus worked out ready to be transferred to the oven for baking.

While the dough was being thus prepared the ovens were being heated. That was accomplished by a fire of burning wood within the oven itself. I do not remember just the kind of wood used, but it was soft, cut about two feet long and measurably fine, and it made a very hot fire. The ovens by this means were heated quickly and to a very high degree.

In heating an oven the burning wood was distributed all over its surface or bottom. The burning embers were then carefully removed and the oven cleansed. There were two of those ovens at the north end of the bakery. Each, I should judge, was approximately twenty or twenty-five feet across, nearly square, although slightly curved at each further corner, and had an opening into it by a small iron door. The door, hinged at the end, was about fifteen inches long and ten or twelve wide. All in readiness, these raw crackers having been arranged in piles on a table, the table was moved up to the opening into the oven. Mr. Westgate always personally placed the crackers in the oven. He was an expert in so doing—in fact, had it down quite to a science—and every particle of space was utilized, as he landed each one of those raw, moulded-to-shape pieces of dough over the surface of the ovens. In this work he used a flat paddle, about six or eight inches across, on the end of a long handle, sufficient in length to reach the further sections of the oven. It was necessary to do this work rapidly, so as not to lose the heat of the oven by the open doorway while it was in process. And do it quickly he did; it was an art with Mr. Westgate.

With his right hand grasping the handle, with his left he would lift one of the raw crackers from the table, throw it on to the paddle, instantly thrust it into and place it in the oven, withdraw it for another, and then another, until the surface was all covered over. As I now recall how that work was done, it seems almost incredible that Mr. Westgate could throw, never missing, and so instantly place that ship-bread for baking.

He would then close the oven-door, and keep guard on the baking. As the crackers became gradually cooked, he would, with that same paddle, turn them over, stir them up, until they had attained a perfection in cooking, and would be removed from the oven elegantly crisp and done to a beautiful brown. My, how good they looked to me as he withdrew them! Food, I then thought, fit for a king; but they had been baked and were to be further prepared for

the use of the hardy mariner who took long voyages on the Nantucket whale-ships, so many years ago. Those were surely a water cracker, for nothing but flour and water entered into their composition, save, possibly, a slight seasoning of salt. While they were yet fresh and crisp, they were carefully packed in casks, the casks headed up, and then "sent to sea." Casks, also, were used for carrying supplies of fresh water for the sailors.

That old basement bake-shop, as I personally knew it, years ago, has gone; but the fragrance of the flour and water ship-bread there made yet remains, as a delectable memory of how good such used to taste as it came hot from the oven. The southerly section of the house is still standing, I feel quite sure, but the northerly section, under which was the bakery, is one—or possibly the whole has been changed. As I remember seeing it on my visits "home," I have discovered that the basement, at least, is changed from what it once was. James Westgate then lived at the southeast corner of Union and Coffin streets.

Another bakery of my boyhood days in Nantucket was that of Chase & Cook—and a right good one it was. Extremely popular with all the people, and entirely domestic, its varied products were eagerly sought and daily used throughout the town. It was located on Lower Pearl street, next to the corner of South Water street. If I mistake not, the building is still there, is similarly used, but not to the extent of its earlier time. Cookies and confectionery, possibly other sweets, are now sold there.

I remember Timothy Chase of that firm as a man unmarried, who made his home, or at least had his lodgings, on the second floor of the building over the store—that store with its show-case wherein were displayed those choice lines of pastry. His associate was your fellow townsman, John W. Cook, and they constituted an enterprising business firm. Every appearance in connection with them and their business gave evidence of thrift, and they were regarded as a prosperous team.

They made and dispensed excellent edibles in great variety, and sold daily direct to the homes in every section of the town. Moving backward in thought over the years, how plainly I can see the "bake-cart," or rather, "wagon," from the Chase & Cook bakery on its daily rounds. That conveyance, in that specific traffic, was quite different in construction than is ordinarily seen—running gear of four wheels, with cross-springs, as used under the "one-and-only" type of Nantucket box-wagon, a flat platform extending full over it, on the end of which was built a nearly square compartment.

Between these compartments a narrow space was left for the driver of the horse to stand. Each compartment had a circular top, divided and hinged in the centre, thus making two openings, or a "cover" over each half. Both covers opened at the same time would rest against each other, running lengthwise of the wagon. Each of these compartments, I think, was divided in the centre, each cover as described covering a half section.

In the compartments was conveyed for sale every variety of bread and pastry. So regularly was that "bake-wagon" to daily schedule that in any given section of the town it could be counted on almost to the minute. One of the nice things dispensed therefrom was "seed-cakes"—sugar cookies, with a liberal supply of caraway-seeds. Rolled thin, delicately baked, crisp, attractively browned, those were universally popular. So much depended upon for its varied products in pastry was this bakery in my boyhood that scarcely a Nantucket house-wife really felt that she could successfully keep house without it.

Doughnuts—did they make them? Oh, yes! But "wonders"—Nantucket "wonders!" Those were a prized article of "dessert" food. I am "wondering," as I write this, if they now hold so strong a place in public esteem as they did then. What were they? Simply doughnuts made in a certain prescribed regulation form—cut out round, jagged across the centre two or three times, but not cut through to the edge; thus made, permitted the fat, while they were frying, to pass between those jagged cuts, with the result of a crisp, deliciously browned cross-piece, so that the "wonder" easily broke in sections peculiarly appetising.

"Wonders!" My! how good they were! The ordinary ring doughnut, with hole in the centre, in lusciousness could in no wise approximate unto them. Surely the "wonder" was—may I not say, is—the king of doughnuts. I have often in these later years "wondered" if the "wonder" was known as a "wonder" anywhere but at Nantucket. I am inclined to think that it is a name for a doughnut solely indigenous to my native town. Here in my adopted city of Providence I have produced occasional merriment by calling a doughnut, no matter the form in which it was made, a "wonder." The name is a "quaint" belonging exclusively to the town where it is used, is a "laconic" of its inhabitants, and is of "lore" exclusively their own—at least, I believe so.

The "jagger-knife" by which those "wonders" were scored may be more or less known, but such as was used, and are used, in my native town, I think are exclusive to localities from whence hailed and sailed the whale-ship. Unique in construction they surely are. They were made "aboard-ship" from ivory, and were deftly wrought from the tooth of the sperm whale. Each consisted of a revolving wheel set into a slot or groove at the end of a handle. The handles, sometimes made straight, sometimes slightly circular in form, were about five or six inches in length, and the wheel about an inch or an inch and a half in diameter.

These wheels, fashioned smooth and round, had an edge cut like a "frill" so as to get the jagged effect when used for scoring dough. Each section or part of this peculiar knife, "made at sea," was artistically executed. The wheel revolved on a metal pin, fastened at each outside of the slot in the handle to hold it in place. Much time on their hands while at sea, no whales in sight, sailors were nevertheless busy, and many articles made by them on ship-board manifested rare skill and workmanship, and these

March 22, 1913

over

"jagger-knives" represent such to a marked degree, for the varying genius of the "sailor-mechanic" was aptly shown in their construction.

In different artistic shapes have I seen them, and I could minutely describe the make of many of them. Just one by way of illustration. The handle of the one I have in mind was delicately smoothed, concaved from the centre to represent the arm of a child, the end finished in a clasped hand, and the fingers delicately and quite perfectly formed; drilled in slightly from each side of that closed hand a hole was made in which was placed a neatly made ring, also of ivory, which swung a little rigidly in its place. I have tried to minutely describe the sailor-made "jagger-knife," not that native Nantucketers require any such description, but rather because some eyes may read this sketch who never heard of such an affair.

The Chase & Cook bakery, as I knew it fifty and a little more years ago, was a valued domestic institution. Its products were of the best; it was always neat and clean, and it was in every way popular. The "bake-wagon," which I have tried to describe, and which went forth every afternoon with its wares to every part of the town, was eagerly looked for and fully appreciated by every house-keeper. Its every appearance appealed to patrons, and it is vivid in my mind's eye as I go back to the days when I was personally familiar with it. The horse drawing that wagon was always sleek, rotund and well groomed; was attractively attired in a cleanly harness, and an essential feature of it was a string of small sleigh-bells of soft mellow tone, a familiar and pleasing sound to the ears of the people. Mr. Cook always "commanded" and drove that team. He was then a young man—genial, obliging, and always a gentleman. I can mentally see him now standing in the centre of that one-time wagon, between the described compartments, as he daily drove about and solicited and obtained a generous trade.

Both of the men associated in that baking business were young men when I personally knew them, and in their chosen vocation they made a strong business team. Everybody within the town knew them intimately, and I used to hear my elders say, as they might on occasion have referred to either one or the other of them, "Tim" Chase, or "Johnnie" Cook. Whether those men originally established the business which they so long conducted I do not know; neither do I know whether either of them was the son of a baker, and thus took naturally to their trade. I do know, however, that I have often heard from my elders in pleasant—and never spoken except as a pleasant—the following little "jingle" referring to one of the men of that firm:

"Johnnie Cook, the baker's son,
Learned to bake while he was young;
And all the cake that he could bake
Was rye and 'Injun Johnnie' cake."

There is one positive fact of my own knowledge, not learned from the elders, and that is that the above "verse" narrates not the truth. The fact is that Mr. Cook was an expert in his business, and no kind of pastry, the making of which required nicety and skill, was unknown to him. Over and again I have proven this by personal "contact" with his toothsome and appetizing products. Mr. Cook, unless I am grossly mistaken, is a Nantucketer, born and bred, has lived his entire life there, and has always been and is one of the most respected citizens of the old town.

J. E. C. Farnham.
Providence, R. I.

[For the Inquirer and Mirror]

The Nantucket of My Girlhood.

My former pupil—and a mighty nice boy he was, too—has been writing of the bakeries of his boyhood and the merchants of his manhood. Why may I not try my hand at the geniuses of my girlhood?

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight,
Make me a child again, just for tonight."

Let me sit once more, an eager listener, at Mendon, and hear the words of wisdom as they fell from the lips of my elders in those days. What was Mendon, do you ask? It was a gathering of some of the bright spirits of the Nantucket of my girlhood, on Sunday evenings, to discuss the issues of the day. Phrenology, Mesmerism, the New Hygiene, are some of the subjects I remember; but most warmly—I might say most heatedly—discussed, was the question of "Anti-slavery," which cause had no more earnest adherents anywhere than in Nantucket.

Nathaniel Barney and his wife Eliza; Lydia Barney, the fine, sensitive, brilliant woman; Mary Earle, wife of a true reformer and herself intellectually quick, active, with a wealth of literary attainments ready at hand for comparison or illustration; William R. Easton, with his stores of memory and his command of language. It scarcely becomes me to speak of my father, whose words, the fruit of deep thought, were listened to with close attention. One I recall, a woman outspoken, fearless, but with her peculiarities, of whom it might be said, as Whittier is reported to have said of Lydia Maria Child, "I've a great respect for Lyddy, but I don't like her bunnits."

Incidentally the sermons delivered that day in the Unitarian Church were brought under discussion. A visiting minister, invited to one of these symposiums, remarked that he should scarcely have expatiated so calmly on his topics if he had been aware what a critical audience was his and how they were preparing to "haul him over the coals" that very evening.

Another gathering of that time, at which, when it met at our house, I was permitted to be present, was the Lydians. I believe Mrs. Earle had a hand in naming it, with a thought in the background, of the "soft Lydian airs" of the ancients. But it was held to have taken its name from the founders—Lydia Barney, whom I have before mentioned; Lydia Barrett, wife of John Barrett; and others bearing that cognomen. This was of a more social nature, the ladies arriving in the afternoon, the gentlemen later, in time for the supper of Nantucket dainties—delicious corn puddings, pound cake, preserved beach plums, etc.

The company included most of those prominent among the older people of the town: Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Barney, Mr. and Mrs. William Hadwen, Capt. and Mrs. Eben Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. John Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. John Barrett, Mrs. Macy, mother of Alfred Macy, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Easton, Mr. and Mrs. George Cobb, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. David Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Crosby and scores of others. I love to set down the good old names, but must not tax the patience of my readers. There was plenty of life and jollity at these meetings. One evening at our house, when the fun waxed fast and furious, Mr. Crosby, a quiet spectator, called out: "Read the Riot Act!"

I recall the generation next younger, with its "Dramatic Club," and the dramatization by Emily Shaw of Dickens' "Cricket on the Hearth." It was performed in Athenaeum Hall to the delight of a large audience. Frank Mitchell as "John Peerybinge"; Caroline Tallant, bewitching as "Dot"; Harriet Pinkham overwhelmingly funny as "Tilly Slowboy"; Andrew Whitney as "Caleb Plummer"; Emily Shaw, his blind daughter "Bertha"; Dr. Metcalf, the son of Caleb, who returns unexpectedly after a long absence and creates quite innocently a "family jar" at the Peerybings; Ellen Mitchell his lady love; and the others. How perfectly they took their parts and how bright they were!

Miss Shaw was constantly contributing to the culture of the younger folk of her day. How many of my age will recall the Shakespeare Club, which she conducted with inestimable profit to us all, her classes in elocution, in German and in Italian. We remember also her fine readings from the poets, illustrated by tableaux, delightful to all who heard and saw. Surely it would be a pity for such forces in the uplift of the Nantucket of the past to be forgotten!

As for the teachers who played so important a part in making our native town the home of intelligence and culture that it certainly was, and as we believe will always be, the list is a long one. Miss Emily Weeks, in her excellent address at the annual meeting of the Historical Society, spoke well-nigh exhaustively on this point. But I would go back even further than she, and call up the memory of one of the early teachers who deserves a high place as a pioneer in advanced education—Mrs. Phebe Fish, mother of the late George Fish. As Phebe Gardner, she did a fine work in moulding the literary taste of her pupils, of whom my mother was one. I am glad to have the memory of the serene, dignified old lady as I knew her and also my mother's testimony to her worth as a teacher. The best of literature was presented, a love for the best in poetry and prose was implanted, and her influence reached far down through the years.

A similar influence in my own young life was that of Maria Tallant—the Mrs. Owen so well known to all our readers, old and young—the staunch lover of her native isle, the unwearied student of all lore, historical, botanical, pertaining to it. A teacher in the old High School, she stood with us, boys and girls alike, as the embodiment of all that is beautiful in spirit and in temperament, of knowledge and of genius in imparting it. If this should fall under her eye, I trust she will pardon the personal allusion. A wider field opened later to her intellectual power and social influence, and when she left Springfield after a long residence, a writer in the "Republican" testified to the value of her life there, and the loss the community sustained in her removal.

As I go back over the old High School days, one comes before me who was certainly a genius in her way. Mr. Morse had called out the history class for a review exercise. Beginning at the head of the class, he asked this girl "What is history?" "History is a narrative of future events." "Sit down! you stupid, blundering girl!" And she subsided—"faded" as the slang of today has it.

Of the family of William Mitchell it is scarcely necessary for me to speak. Maria Mitchell, large of brain and large also of heart—some of us remember her interest in the young people and her ready response to our desire for knowledge. I sometimes think the sympathetic, winning side of her nature is not often enough dwelt upon. A friend writes me that her one visit to Nantucket was inspired by the desire to see the birthplace of her beloved teacher at Vassar. Miss Mitchell once asked me how I felt as I faced my first class, and then told me her sensations as she sat for the first time before the company of eager, waiting students.

Sally, the oldest daughter of the family, sweet, calm, responsive; Anne the linguist; Phebe the artist, and Kate, inimitable in true wit and humor. Among them the brothers, each to make his mark in after life. As the different members of the family married and to each came a single child, the saying grew: "One, but a Mitchell." Kate, Mrs. Dame, was the only one to break the record.

Of Miss Mitchell's successor in the Athenaeum library, Miss Sarah Barnard, mention should be made. Entering on her duties as chief librarian when of barely more than schoolgirl age, she held the position until her death, rendering more and more valuable service as the years went on and seeing the library grow from a comparatively small, though valuable and well-selected collection, to its present status as one of the free public libraries of the state, valued by the citizens and highly esteemed by the summer residents of the island.

And lastly, Louise Southard Baker. As I write the name I see a black-eyed girl—a pupil of mine in my first essay at teaching; with a dignity all her own and showing thus early the promise of her womanhood. In later years I was proud to call her friend.

Many are they who need no word of mine to call up before them the true and steadfast friend, the earnest woman, the eloquent preacher.

These are but a few of the many who have contributed to the growth of our native town in all that stands for the best in life. Has not Nantucket a right to be proud of her sons and daughters? I gladly sign myself one who is proud to be

A Nantucketer.

June 7, 1913.

More Boyhood Memories.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

When I wrote and forwarded for your columns my first reminiscent article, I had no thought of writing more. I have continued to do so, however, because of the interest which it aroused, and I have been pleased with the appreciative comments which have publicly been made upon it. I have, at a sacrifice of valuable time, "spun out" the story, my only motive being to recall some of the matters happening in my boyhood days that are real affairs in history. As I have treated each familiar subject it has led me in thought to another, and yet another, so that an almost indefinite chain of happenings of those days comes to my memory. Hence I forward the following, and it is possible others may be forthcoming.

An incident, if not quite without precedent, is yet, I am sure rare, and it is indelibly impressed on my memory. I cannot name all who were connected with it, yet I never can forget the fact. Capt. Henry Cleveland, Zimri Cleveland, John Orpin and others associated with them, used to "go-a-fishing" and "go snooks" on the catch. With a horse and the typical Nantucket cart they drove to the south shore. Unharnessing and unbridling the horse he was tied to the cart and was left with a quantity of hay to munch while the sturdy fishermen went in pursuit of a "catch."

Launching their dories and deftly crossing the breakers always making in on the shore, they would proceed several miles to the cod-fishing grounds, drop anchor and await luck. After a few hours they would weigh anchor and make for the shore. They experienced varying success; sometimes the fare would be large, sometimes small. Two, perhaps three, boats made up the fleet.

It not infrequently happened that while at the fishing grounds the breakers making in on the shore had increased in volume, due to shifting winds. On this account landing was often difficult, but anticipated, precaution was taken against possible accident. The fish were strung through the head and were fastened to the boat, to prevent their loss should the boat capsize in landing. Many times I have seen these boats just back of the breakers or inward surf awaiting favorable conditions for landing.

These expert fisherman, each at an oar, ready to give a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, when they rose on the crest of a comber which appeared to them a favorable one on which to land, energetically bent themselves to the oars and in they came. Sometimes they would land safely and right side up, but frequently by a miscalculation as to the action of the waves, the boat would be upset and the men be thrown into the shallow surf. Attired in hip boots and leggins they were prepared for such a happening, and, recovering themselves, they would grab and right their boats, pull them up on to the beach, and the fish would be saved because they had been "strung."

Loss of oars and other material was also provided against in case of such an accident, by being secured in place. Upon landing the fish were transferred to the cart, the boats were drawn up to a place of safety, all movable material from them locked in the fish house at the beach, the horse harnessed and a start was made for town.

Usually they would bring up at the home of Capt. Henry Cleveland, opposite where I lived on Eagle lane. The "big gate" was thrown open and they drove in and the catch of fish was then dumped upon the ground. Then came the division. Assorted into as many piles as there were fishermen in the party, the fish were as equally divided as the judgment of these men could determine; then followed the "assignment."

One man with back turned on the piles of fish so that they were out of his gaze, would be asked by another, pointing to a pile, "Who'll have this one?" The man with back turned would reply "Henry," and then followed in like manner, the same question. Response would be "Zimri," "John," "Charles," "I will have that," "William," and so on, until each pile had been thus designed for ownership. Surely a fair division.

These fish, how excellent they were. Those fishermen, how well they knew their business. Fresh cod-fish in Nantucket was always delectable. Ah! the "corned fish!" how admirably well those men knew how to clean, split, salt and corn fish! A Nantucket "corned fish dinner," with "pork dip"—was there ever anything quite so satisfying to the appetite? It has been many years since I have had one.

Bathing at Nantucket is and ever has been a rare summer pastime, felicitated in by thousands. Swimming, as we called it (we boys were wont to say "go-in-swimmin") was enjoyed to the full. We had unlimited privileges for its indulgence. All restrictions were off, bathing costumes were unknown (at least not required), no fear of interference by the "cop" disturbed us, and every situation was perfect. Water about the shores and wharves of Nantucket is and ever was of the purest seawater anywhere to be found. We never called this sport anything but swimming, for beginning to wade, as small boys, we soon learned to swim. Nantucket boys were skilled swimmers, a truth current when I was a boy, and it was said that they were not excelled by the south-sea islanders, who had a world-wide fame for proficiency in this art.

Our favorite swimming resort was at the Creek, "cross the cricks", we used to say. To reach there we went nearly to the end of the south beach of the harbor and then waded across to the Shimmo shore, over towards what is now called Monomoy. Never a better beach or a more ideal spot. The water sufficiently deep for shallow jumping and diving, but never "over your head" except at the "pot." How the boys of my day, and perhaps those since then, will recall that round, deep hole, which we called the "pot." There, at high tide, the water was "over your head," and it was fully appreciated by the finished diver and swimmer. I wonder if the boys now use and enjoy that spot as we once did.

On the right, nearly opposite where we waded across to the Creek, was another resort for swimming, which we called the "Marsh". On occasion, at high tide, we went there to swim, but not so often, as it was not nearly so desirable as "across the cricks."

But swimming in my time at Nantucket was not alone at the "Creek" or at the "Marsh." In fact, those were the places frequented when we were learning to swim. Once acquired we sought the deeper water and wider area, and nearer at hand, which we found anywhere about the wharves wherever we chose to go. To swim about the wharves, across docks, far out into the harbor—what delight such was to us boys. Those wharves; where are they now? I wonder if the younger residents at Nantucket have any conception of the changes which have taken place along the harbor waterfront. I am sure that they have no realization of the lonesome feeling which possesses one who was a boy there fifty years ago, as he now looks over that locality.

Beginning at the south there was the "First" or "Commercial Wharf," followed in order by the "Old South," the "Straight," the "Old North," and the "New North," or "Steamboat." Those were the wharves of my day. Each was long, broad, and extended a considerable distance into the harbor, with T extensions running out from either side of them. Not one of those wharves then but was a hive of industry, where there were located many shops in the varied lines of mechanics demanded by the general lines of business of the town, especially in connection with the fitting of whale-ships for sea.

On the Old South was the pump and block-making business of my father, and close neighbors to it were five blacksmith shops, the old rope-walk, under the direction of Robert Ratcliff, where rope and cordage were spun, over it the sail-loft, where thousands of yards of canvas were fashioned into sails, at the head of the dock the lumberyard and buildings of Isaiah Robinson and John Wendell Macy, besides numerous smaller shops in different trades.

Each wharf was similarly conditioned as the one I have specified. The Straight Wharf, as long as Joseph B. Macy lived (the man who was dominant in its care and upkeep), had a large commercial business. Many vessels, from the "Apple Merchant," which we boys always delighted to have arrive, the "wood coaster," all craft up to the majestic ship, found moorings there. These wharves, now restricted, portions gone, are far different in most every respect than when I used to frequent and roam about them.

The New North or Steamboat wharf is the only one which now, in any real sense, retains a semblance of its former past. This is true because of the fact that the New Bedford, Marthas Vineyard & Nantucket Steamboat Company controls and uses this wharf for its terminal. Yet even this one is not so extended and as much occupied as it was in years past.

All of these wharves, in my boyhood, had many T extensions and in the basins about them were moored whale-ships and other craft. The whale-fishery was then on the decline, yet there were a considerable number of the ships still engaged in that industry. Some were lying idly at the wharf, while others were fitting for sea. Floating about the latter and at various places around the wharves was the stage used by the workmen engaged upon the ship. All privileges ours for their use and we boys found them ideal spots from which to go in swimming.

With water all about of great depth, jumping and diving from them was exhilarating diversion. The most proficient of the boy swimmers and the more venturesome of them—and there were many such—enjoyed to the full this liberty.

An old whale-ship lying in ballast at the wharf, sat high upon the water, her side and taffrail being, I should judge, twenty-five or thirty feet above its surface, and so furnished opportunity for high jumping and diving, which was fully utilized. Indeed, many of the boys, seeking higher altitudes for this sport, would climb into the rigging, running up the masts of the ship, even up to the cross-trees, and from these varying heights would plunge feet first or head first, as they chose, into the water. Never better facilities—I think scarcely ever equalled—than was afforded Nantucket boys in my day for summer water sports. Swimming anywhere we chose to go about those old Nantucket wharves were privileges granted us without molestation.

Those wharves, nearly every one of them, were at that time depositories of scores of hogsheads of oil, brought in by the ships, stored there waiting for a favorable market. Stacked closely together, lying length-wise on the bilge, bung up, enclosed with rough boarding, covered over with sea-weed, there they remained for months, sometimes for years, before sold. Such sights, most familiar to me in retrospect, I judge are, to the present younger people of Nantucket, quite unknown, but oil stored in this way may yet be seen on some of the wharves of New Bedford.

The whale-fishery was on the wane, as I have said, in the days which I am reviewing, yet many ships were then hailing and sailing from Nantucket and I can recall the names of a number of them. Of these were the Spartan, Edward Cary, Ganges, Young Hero, Three Brothers, Peru, Phenix, Navigator, Planter, and some others the names of which are a little vague in memory. In their day these old whaleships were reckoned as leviathans of the deep. Certainly they pursued and captured the leviathan—the sperm whale in the Southern ocean, and the right whale in the Arctic.

In the capture of whales, always exciting, it occasionally happened that a boat and its crew, and sometimes the ship to which it was attached were destroyed and killed, wholly or in part, by an ugly whale after attack.

over

I well remember Capt. Charles Pollard, an honored retired ship-master, living at Nantucket when I was a boy, who had a most pathetic experience in the ship Essex, of which he was captain, and in which he and his ship-mates mutually suffered by the destruction of the vessel and the loss of several lives by being struck by an infuriated whale. The sufferings and hardships endured by that band of Nantucket men are a matter of historical record.

Fitting ships for sea at Nantucket was a matter of fascinating interest. One feature was particularly so to us boys. From the keel of the vessel to just above the water line the entire broad side was sheathed over and then covered with sheet copper. Lying at the wharf, a ship to be coppered had to be careened to a sharp angle. This was done by blocks with the fall attached to the mast and to the wharf by means of which the ship was drawn over. This gave full opportunity to do the work. Old ships, upon their return from sea, were considerably encrusted with barnacles. The old copper, too, on the sides, was broken and torn and had to be removed before new could be placed.

This old copper sold well for junk, and was carefully saved for that purpose. Some of it, despite all care, went, as we boys used to say, "into the drink" and lodged at the bottom of the water. Such loss was a rich mine for the expert swimmer to explore. This several did to profitable success, by diving down, crawling around and picking up the lost copper, bringing it to the surface, whence it was placed in a bag which the boy had brought with him when he came down to "go in swimming." There was only one thing for the boy to do with this and that was to take it to Hosier's junk shop on Federal street, where there was always a ready purchaser at the smallest possible price.

J. E. C. FARNHAM.
Providence, January 25, 1913.

FEBRUARY 8, 1913

Who Ever Heard of the "Scrap Island Club" Before?

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I am writing to say that the seventh annual reunion of the Scrap Island Club was held on Tuesday afternoon, December 12, in an old-time sea grill on Canal street, in the vicinity of the North Station. It is here one can get the very choicest sea food of every description, and the club's bill of fare is always the simplest.

First, let me say that the club is a very exclusive organization, and has a membership of only three. No more applications can be received. Yet at each reunion just one person, who must be a Nantucketer, or must have been born near by, can be invited. On this occasion a gent who was born in Woods Hole was the lucky man. When it came to dining, he proved himself of the proper sort, too. He had visited the island in his younger days, and liked any kind of shellfish that was ever heard of.

The guest and the writer ordered for a starter a half-dozen quahaugs on the half shell. Not little neck clams. Not a bit of it. But quahaugs—first-size. 'Twould make an old-timer think he was raking for them once more on that dry flat off the mouth of the creek, near the pest house shore.

The member from the Forest Park section of the island (called, in my time, Chicken Hill) didn't care for anything that wasn't cooked, while the member from the Rose Jenkins Lane section would try a few oysters. I think he was sort of shamed into it. Then we had an order of fried Nantucket scallops, with all the fixin's, and then the real festivities began.

The first subject was "Jupiter Fluribus." We didn't do a thing to Yorick. And we are anxious to get the next Mirror to see what the gentleman from Plainfield, N. J., has to say about it.

"The Unholy Innuendo" was the next. We all agreed that Wyer received just what he deserved in the following issue. We couldn't bring ourselves to believe that Wyer's old captain would be pulling up posts on the Brant Point road during the small hours. As to the unearthly sounds in the earlier evening, that was another matter. Getting into the cattle show with a poor little rabbit in a box to be entered in the prize-winners for a gratuity, sounded good, and we all recalled with much pleasure crawling under the fence on the Lover's Lane side of the grounds, and being chased by some of the old farmers of that day, who didn't spare the whip when they caught us.

And then to think that \$8,000 has been received in Nantucket in two months from the sale of shellfish alone! Nothing to us could sound better, and we hope the warm weather will continue, that the fishermen may not be interfered with.

John Norcross and the men from Coskata station received their share of praise for good work this fall, and the entire party felt surprised when it was stated that the Mirror had not recorded Capt. Arthur Jones' falling overboard, for more than six issues.

Many other matters were gone over, and the club once more voted to spend as much of their vacation as possible in their old home, the coming summer. This is not the first time we have so voted, but never before with greater sincerity. If we could only ascertain just when Wyer was to be there, or "Teddy" Worth from Brockton, 'twould be a great inducement, you may believe.

Some few weeks since, while the writer was in a city many miles from Nantucket, with a party of friends, his eye caught sight of a little picture in the corner of a store window, that brought him to a sudden stop. For there was the old mill—as correct a picture as ever was produced. It was a hand-colored photograph, with a good portion of the road going up from Pleasant street, nearly where Candle House Lane branches off. The corn on the little hill in the lot on the right as you go up was perfect, and as one looked at it he almost expected to see it wave. This lot at one time belonged to William B. Stevens. I have "borrowed" radishes, tomatoes and turnips from it myself.

Well, this picture was secured the next day, and rested in the centre of the table at the banquet. The writer "struck off" a few lines which seemed appropriate, and read them before the party left for their homes. Of course there will be some readers of the Mirror who will say they were stolen from an old song about a school house, that the scholars in the high school sang along in the middle 70's; but neither will be correct, as they are now offered for publication for the first time:

THE OLD MILL.

It stands at the top of the hill today,
As it stood in the days of yore,
With scores of names on its weather-beaten sides,
A hundred on its old-fashioned door.
Yet proudly it stands in storm and calm,
To all "You're welcome!" it seems to say,
While many, many boys who've climbed its shaft
Have long since passed away.
So may it stand for years to come,
When more of us have gone to our rest;
And may our dear friends in our dear old home
Say and feel we all tried our best,
Along the sundown of life we slowly are traveling,
Each Christmas marks another mile gone,
May we meet next year, more years unravelling,
With the old mill, the rut road and Bill Stevens' corn.

A "Merry Christmas" to everybody in Nantucket, and may some who have been blessed with good voices be mindful of the poor people in the home in the outskirts of the town, pay them a visit on that day and fill their hearts with good cheer.

N.
Boston, December 12, 1911.

DECEMBER 16, 1911

"Morning Star" Brock Recalls Boyhood Escapades.

Arthur C. Brock, of East Bridgewater, (a former Nantucketer) writes for the papers over the signature "Gramp Brock" and his material is always as entertaining as he is in person. Here is a letter which "Morning Star" wrote to his Cousin "Moon-glow".

Dear Cousin Moonglow—
"Backward, turn backward, O time in thy flight! Make me a boy again just for tonight!"

Do I know Old Happy Jack Swain? He was one of my old sidekicks. We were in the same class in that school house on the hill that I tell about in my poem, "Dear Old Nantucket". When I left school I went to work for E. W. Perry & Co., on the old North Wharf in their general store. Happy Jack Swain at the same time shipped as apprentice in the blacksmith shop of Clinton Parker right under the eaves of our main office. Happy Jack was as full of fun as a nut is of meat.

One of the funniest episodes of my life concerns Happy Jack and "Morning Star" Brock (that's me). At the head of the old wharf stood the blacksmith shop of Uncle Rough Gardner, a whale of a man with a voice like a bull and a heart like an ox. We boys all loved him and "loved to see his flaming forge and hear his bellows roar." I never heard him raise his voice. He was the typical village blacksmith.

Between his shop and Clint Parker's was a slip, so-called, a body of water surrounded on four sides by wooden docks which was an ideal place for wild fowl to congregate. One of the hardest of them to shoot is the water witch, a species of tern which dives at the flash.

Uncle Rough had an old-fashioned muzzle-loader as tall as himself, six feet four. He poured in a handful of powder (old-fashioned black smoke), then another handful of No. 8 shot, then a paper wad; then the whole was rammed down with a ramrod, then a percussion cap was placed on the nipple and she was ready for action! What noise! What smoke! I fired her once and only once. She kicked like a mule and I thought my shoulder was dislocated.

Well, Happy Jack came over one day while I was engaged in bagging up corn, and he presented one of his schemes to make life miserable for good old Uncle Rough.

We swiped one of Joe Gardner's decoy ducks, a wooden one with the form covered over with the skin and feathers of a real duck. These were glued on just as natural as life. We placed the duck in the centre of the slip and I went over one side, underneath, and Happy Jack on the other side, each with a piece of string. Mine was fastened to the head of the duck and Jack's to the tail, so we could manipulate it just as natural as life.

Uncle Rough was an ardent sportsman and, on receiving word that a duck was swimming in the middle of the slip, (as told, with great gusto, by one of our confederates) he left his forge and came sneaking down the dock with the big old gun grasped tightly in his hand.

I can see him yet with his huge leather apron, his huge head, bald as a billiard ball glistening in the sunlight, and shoulders like Ajax when he carried the word.

In the meantime, the duck was doing some tall swimming under the manipulation of first my string and then Happy Jack's. Uncle Rough sneaked behind a pile and, resting the heavy old gun on top of the same, took careful aim and blazed away. Bang! Oh, boy, what a din! Finally the smoke cleared away and there was Mr. Water Witch swimming around and diving as well as ever.

"Missed him, by crammel!" growled Uncle Rough as he proceeded to reload in the laborious manner I mentioned before. "Dove at the flash, but I'll get him this time," he muttered.

Meanwhile the duck was cutting up all sorts of capers. Uncle Roger took a position at point blank range and again blazed away, but as the smoke cleared, Mr. Duck was still alive and still swimming.

But right now, "Morning Star" Brock could stand it no longer and boomed out with laughter.

The old man's face never changed. All he said was "Hum! Guess you boys better get that duck." Dear old Uncle Rough! Dear old Happy Jack Swain! Both waiting for this old hulk to join them. Yes, Cousin Moonglow, you certainly brought back memories.

Gramp Brock.

Jan. 16, 1937

Merchants and Professional Men of Fifty Years Ago.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

No memory of my boyhood is more impressive than a review of the merchants, store-keepers and professional men of that time. Main street in Nantucket, from the Pacific National Bank on the west to the Pacific Club building on the east, is one that many of our modern cities may well envy for width and general lay-out. That particular section is and always has been completely given to business. West of the bank the street intermingles with homes and an occasional shop, while east of the Pacific Club building it has ever had its commercial houses, with important trade relations along the water front, as the street extends to the end of Straight wharf.

Several of the intersecting streets, Main street being the principal business artery of the town, are and ever have been more or less centres of business activity. The business men with whom and of whom I was once so familiar were such as gave a dignified and healthy stamina to differentiating lines of trade.

As I have, on occasion, visited my native town during the years since I since I was a boy resident there, I have instinctively noticed the ever varying business panorama covering the locality which I have named. From time to time a new sign, with change of individual or firm name, and in some instances a radical change in business, have characterized the stores once so well known to me. My last visit to my native home was in 1911; at that time but one business sign remained as in my boyhood. That was "Charles Lovell" on Main street. The same sign was there and the same business was carried on, yet Charles the father and Charles the son had both died, and others had entered upon their daily pursuits.

In the professions, in those far-back days, while measurably limited, yet Nantucket could well boast and be proud of her then representatives in various such lines. It is pleasing, interesting and stimulating to recall the once fathers of industries and speak of their numerous activities. It is true, beyond successful contradiction, that in the days under review there was less of business failure and commercial reverse than in these late days, when greater ventures, by large combinations, with less careful plan and operation, are undertaken. The days of which I write were those of the small store and a single business to such store. I cannot recall all of the wide-awake business men whom I once knew or knew of in my boyhood at Nantucket, but many of them I remember. I will mention several of the more prominent ones.

Hadwen & Barney was a firm well-known, William Hadwen and Nathaniel Barney—each a man of respectful and dignified influence. For years since this firm has passed from business and its members have died, and up to a visit at Nantucket so recent as two years ago, I saw the firm name as it for many years has appeared on a building on the north side of Broad street, nearly opposite the end of South Water street. Theirs was an oil and allied business.

One of the old, reliable, and for many years prosperous houses of oil merchants was that of Joseph Starbuck, followed in succession by his three sons, George, Matthew and William, as Starbuck Brothers.

Charles G. and Henry Coffin was a staunch and reliable commercial house in the oil trade, and their quite impressive building, as I remember it, was located slightly back from the south side of Coffin street, between Union and Washington streets. In the last of my boyhood days that same building was occupied, wholly or in part, by two Ryder brothers.

Out in the hills of Pennsylvania, prospectors had "struck oil"—not sperm or whale—but crude, black petroleum. Some of that product soon found its way to Nantucket. The Ryder brothers used it in the development of a new trade, and from that repulsive appearing material, by various processes, were obtained sales articles, special of which were the pure, immaculate, white and popular paraffine candles. These are now made and extensively used, but then it was a new industry for illuminating purposes. Quite a large business was done by those Ryder brothers.

Prominent in the oil business were Isaac and Philip Macy, sons of Thomas, to whose business they succeeded.

William R. Easton, a man of impressive personality and a historian and writer of some note, was one of the most successful business men, and I think, too, that it was in oils and similar products.

If I mistake not, there was a considerable section of brick oil sheds, with several continuous half-circle roofs, located at the corner of Washington and Coffin streets, at the head of the Commercial wharf. Whose those were I do not remember. Oil, however, was stored and sold from there in large quantities through many years.

These several oil merchants were, I think, owners, to a greater or lesser degree, in the whale ships, and were the agents under which such severally sailed.

Other stalwarts in business and mercantile life, whom I well remember, were Zenas H. Adams, Freeman Adams, John W. Barrett, Frederick Mitchell and John Shaw. I cannot specifically name the business of each of these men; my impression is, however, that, directly or indirectly, they were commercially associated with shipping interests.

We regarded those men as aristocrats—the moneyed men of the town—and they were genial, cordial and democratic, and were highly esteemed citizens. None of them ever possessed what in these days is considered a fortune; they were, however, the rich men of Nantucket.

I remember the homes where some of them lived. Upper Main street was the "classy" residential section. Joseph Starbuck lived on New Dollar lane; his three sons in the three brick houses next to one another on Main street, nearly opposite the end of Pleasant street. If I mistake not, two at least of these brick houses are now occupied by descendants of the family, ownership having never passed therefrom.

On the corner of Main and Pleasant streets, and next east of it on Main street, are two wooden frame houses which were the homes of Messrs. Hadwen and Barney. Just below, on the opposite side of Main street, were the homes of Isaac and Philip Macy.

The home of William R. Easton was on the west side of North Water street, a short distance in from Broad street.

Joseph S. Barney, son of Nathaniel Barney, was a notable business citizen, and for many years was the local agent of the steamboat company.

To mention the oil merchants and not speak of the "oil truckage" within the town is quite equivalent to the story of Hamlet with Hamlet omitted. Those old-fashioned "single-team trucks" are vivid in my memory; was there ever anything like them? They were made of two long sections of flat wood, presumably of oak, about fifteen or eighteen inches wide; at one end each of the sides was rounded, concaved and shaped so that when in position opposite each other, they constituted the shafts for the horse; the rest of their length—about two-thirds—flat, and resting on and attached to a set of wheels, just back of the horse.

If I remember aright, those sections were framed across and held at intervals by wooden strips or iron rods. A windlass sat over the wheels, around which passed two lengths of an endless chain. Backing the old truck up to a hogshead of oil, one of those chains would be placed around each end of the hogshead, just in from the chime; the truckman, by the crank of the windlass, would turn it over and over, all the while the hogshead of oil was being drawn up on to the truck. If more than one was to be transported, the first was secured in place by a wooden block or wedge placed under each side of the cask as it lay on the bilge. The chains, then released, were placed around another cask, it was similarly landed and secured on the truck, and so on until the load was complete. Four or more, as I remember, were so conveyed at one time.

I think that I am right in memory when I say that the flat section of the truck had holes bored at regular intervals; that there were iron pins which set therein placed back of the final hogshead on a load to hold all in place. The chains also were left in position, encircling the whole load. Often have I seen oil commercially transported about town in the manner which I have tried to describe. If my judgment is correct, those old trucks were about twenty or twenty-five feet long, and as hung for service, with the wheels so well in front that they attained an angle when in use of about forty-five degrees, one end by harness resting on the back of the horse and the other nearly or quite scraping the ground. I wonder if a single one of those old oil transporting trucks yet remain in my revered home town.

Of the store-keepers and the merchants of local traffic I retain a quite keen and a fully appreciative memory. Pleasingly interesting, it seems to me, will be a word recollection of them.

A prominent Main street store was that of Bates, Cook & Company. It was down on Lower Main street, in the brick block now partially occupied by Mooers' auction mart. It had a long and honorable career. Principally identified with the whale-ships and their crews, that firm was called "outfitters" and "infitters," selling to the hardy seamen clothing, sea-chests, trunks and other accessories when about to sail on a voyage, and again supplying them with similar home needs upon return from a voyage. If I mistake not, Charles S. Cathcart, for many years afterwards a prominent Nantucket merchant, was a clerk in the Bates, Cook & Company store. My older brother Henry was also employed by that firm for many years.

Directly opposite, at the corner of Main and Union streets, where the postoffice now is, and in the same block, was the grocery store of Timothy W. Calder, one of the best in town. My brother George was for a long time a clerk in that store.

Next to the Calder grocery, in the same building, was the clothing and gentlemen's furnishings store of E. H. Alley, who was succeeded in that business, I think in the early sixties, by Henry C. Burdick, whose chief clerk was his brother, Washington I. The Burdick brothers were salesmen, prior to its purchase by them, in the Alley store.

William H. Geary, Main street, was a tailor and dealt also in gentlemen's furnishings. His name is a name vitally remembered in Nantucket history because of the fact that the "Great Fire of 1846" originated from a slight cause—an over-heated tailor's goose—in his store. In 1862 he advertised in the "Mirror," closing out sales in his business, as also his home estate on Union street, defining minutely its desirable features, as he was about to remove from the island. I do not remember just when he moved away.

George Wendell Macy had a hardware store in the wooden, granite-color building on the south side of lower Main street, extending from Union to Washington streets. Later he removed his business to a store on the opposite side of Main street, nearly facing Orange street. After Mr. Macy, in the granite-color building, came Andrew Myrick, who there established an auction mart. Mr. Myrick I remember well as a farmer on a farm two or three miles straight out below the grounds of the Nantucket Argicultural Society's grounds, which farm, before him, was that of his father, Capt. George Myrick.

George W. Jenks manufactured harnesses and conducted quite a general, kindred and leather business, where the office of the Wannacomet Water Company now is. I have a faint memory of the time when that building was erected and of Mr. Jenks removing to it from another locality, which I cannot definitely name. His son, Dr. Arthur Elwell Jenks, is now and long has been one of your respected citizens.

over

Bovey & Coffin (John M. Bovey and Charles Frederick Coffin) had for their time a large and up-to-date store in general lines of goods for ladies, misses and children. It was well-stocked, progressive and popular.

The Union Store and the store of R. Chase & Son, both on Main street, were excellent groceries, and each had a good trade. Ezekiel H. Parker, with his brother George, succeeded to the business of R. Chase & Son, and conducted it for many years. The Union Store, as its name signifies, was

co-operative in its operation, and was owned in shares by many associates. Charles H. Bailey was the manager, and his energetic assistant, practically his "first mate," was Obed Glidden. Together with a number of other clerks, they cared for a large and popular trade. Mr. Glidden, after many years' retirement from business, died but a comparatively few years ago, at a ripe old age, being well over ninety years.

The grocery business in the days of which I write was radically different from our modern stores. The day of canned goods, of preserved fruits, of jellies, in tumblers and jars, and many other today lines of delicatessen goods in sealed packages, had not arrived. Sugar was sold in a vast variety of kinds — brown, dark brown, light brown, coffee crushed, and many others. The excellent appearing granulated of the present time was conspicuous by its absence.

Lard then came in large "terces" — larger than an ordinary barrel and smaller than a hogshead — the graceful idea of putting it up in neat three and five-pound tin pails, as now, not having been thought of. It was sold by the pound, or in any amount as desired, and was transferred to a receptacle brought to the store by a purchaser. Mentally I can now look into one of those old "barrels of lard," and see the flat paddle by which it was taken from it. Not quite so neat then as now, with regard to the sales of the enumerated products, the "pure food" law had not been enacted and so rigidly enforced, yet we had cleanly goods, and large families, healthy, strong and robust, were the rule, and we all flourished well.

Trafton & Barrally, on Centre street, Charles H. Starbuck, Charles Lovell and Jones & Hart, on Main street, were each in the boot and shoe business. In those days men and boys quite generally wore the long-legged leather boots. From late spring to early fall most of the boys were "bare legged and bare footed."

Jones & Hart made boots and shoes as well as dealing in them. I remember that firm in the Postoffice block and later in a little narrow building on the south side of Main street, nearly opposite Federal street. It was half circular in form above the entrance. An advertisement of theirs at the time of the Civil war I remember well; I never forgot the first verse. Recently I came across a copy of it, and here give it to your readers as a novelty of its time, and also because of its patriotic sentiment:

To Jones & Hart's at once repair,
And you will find them able
To make you boots and shoes to wear
In palace or in stable.

The place you cannot fail to find,
For all the folks are telling
That Boots and Shoes of the right kind
At Jones & Hart's are selling.

No matter what their rivals say,
They are artistic men;
They mean at once to lead the way—
Come beat them, those who can.

At No. 1, Postoffice Block, Main street,
Flags in the breeze are waving;
A smiling crowd within you'll meet—
Their money there they're saving.

And now, before you get too old,
Go try them, and remember
That they will not be overold
While 'Abe' says 'no surrender.'

Asa C. Jones, of that old firm, a man full of years and honors, is now one of your aged and highly esteemed citizens.

Charles H. Jagger, on Centre street, was a leading druggist of the town. His store was neat, attractive and fragrant as a first-class drug store invariably is.

Uriah G. Tuck, with stoves, tinware and similar goods as merchandise, and I think located on Federal street, was an enterprising business man.

Peleg Mitchell and James Austin (Mitchell & Austin), were merchants in the same line, with a considerable sized sales store on Main street, nearly opposite Federal street, and had a large work-shop in the rear.

Andrew Whitney and his brother Daniel, close associates in business affairs, I remember well. Andrew was, under President Lincoln, postmaster, his brother Daniel being his chief clerk. I have a vague recollection, too, that prior to that they were mutually interested in the insurance business.

William H. Weston, Leander Cobb and Avery T. Allen I recall as drapers and tailors; Andrew and George Prior Coleman, as Coleman Brothers, were the local express messengers and agents; Philip H. Folger and Timothy W. Riddell were auctioneers, and there are many others in various lines of trade which I might enumerate. I will mention only a few others.

James Thompson was an exceedingly valuable and enterprising business man. He introduced knitting-machines to the town, by which the leg section of a stocking was produced in long strips. Cut into proper length for a stocking, such had then knitted on to them a section for the toes, and knitted into them the well-formed heel. These latter portions of the work were done by hand, with the long ordinary steel knitting-needles, and furnished employment to many in the homes about the town. Knitting mittens was also a part of his business. He also kept a general store on Main street known as "Thompson's Exchange," and dealt in hosiery, gloves, yarns, worsteds, knitting cottons, silk, twist, spool cotton, etc. He was also an agent for the sale of sewing and knitting machines.

Similarly, John W. Hallett conducted a very material coat business in light weight goods. This, too, furnished "home industry" to many in the town, in making of button holes and other features of that work.

James Thompson lived on the east side of North Water street, nearly opposite Ash lane. His home estate, not large, was yet one of the most attractive in town. He was quite a stock fancier, and had a small but fine herd, I think, of "Jersies."

John W. Hallett and Avery T. Allen were each popular as public singers. For many years Mr. Hallett was prominent in the choir of the North Congregational Church, and, if I mistake not, was the musical director. Mr. Allen was a concert singer of considerable local repute. He frequently with his vocal powers entertained and delighted numerous evening audiences.

I well recall a ballad which he sang, to which was a refrain, one line being, at the end of each verse, repeated a number of times. That one line I have never forgotten. It impressed and perplexed my young mind as I heard Mr. Allen sing it. As I then understood it was "And shave him with the bilsur." What in the world a "bilsur" was my young mind could not fathom. Not until years after, reflecting upon that simple and ludicrous matter, and the mystery with which it clouded my young mind, did it occur to me that the line really was "And shave him with the bill, sir." Mr. Allen did not articulate sufficiently clearly for me to grasp it.

In banking institutions Nantucket has a proud and honorable record. The Pacific Bank, afterwards the Pacific National Bank, with William Mitchell as cashier, was one of the most reliable and financially sound in the country. It was effective, not because of its large capital, but rather because of its honest business management.

The Nantucket Institution for Savings, another of the banking institutions of honorable integrity, has a history of unimpeachable repute. Matthew Barney, quiet, tall, impressive, honest and ever a gentleman, was its esteemed treasurer. Both Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Barney were Quakers. The garb of that sect, with the tall hat, of the colors universally worn by them, I can now mentally see in its faultless "fit" upon Mr. Barney. Mr. Mitchell lived in a fine brick house on Main street, I think next to the bank.

Health was conserved, disease stayed, broken bones set, and other human physical ills sympathetically and professionally cared for by physicians of skill and helpful experience. I recall Drs. Elisha P. Fearing, Charles F. Robinson and J. B. King, and a Dr. Kelley.

The home of Dr. Fearing was on the southeast corner of Centre and Chestnut streets, now owned and occupied by R. E. Congdon, your local druggist; Dr. Robinson lived on the west side of Centre, next to the corner of Pearl street, and Dr. King on the west side of Union street, near Main, where the sign bearing his name now is as it was in my boyhood.

Dr. Augustus E. Franklin, long a resident physician, came to the town in my early boyhood, and associated with a Dr. Macomber, established himself on Broad street, nearly opposite Federal street. Of Dr. Macomber I have no further memory, but Dr. Franklin for many years afterwards and until his death was a popular physician under the name of Dr. Ellis.

As a small boy I recall a Dr. Metcalf, a dentist at the northeast corner of Centre and Chestnut streets. I used to go there for attention to an occasional aching tooth, and I vaguely remember the doctor as a pleasant and helpful practitioner.

Of "legal lights" my memory fails to reveal those of my day except Alfred Macy and James M. Bunker, each of whom were a "Counsellor at Law and Notary Public." Both were school-teachers, Mr. Bunker principal of the North Grammar, and Mr. Macy principal of the Coffin School. Mr. Bunker was quite an "all round" man, and I remember him as a civil engineer and surveyor.

Schools as I attended them at Nantucket were maintained at a high standard. For years they held popular in general esteem at home and abroad, and the old town of Nantucket possessed an enviable school reputation.

Large churches, as to buildings, with equally large memberships and congregations, were in evidence, especially so the North Congregational and the Methodist. They had a recognized and appreciated ethical uplift in the community. The "Friends" or "Quakers," once holding quite a material religious influence in the town, were growing less in my boyhood, yet I recall quite a company of them holding service in their small, plain meeting-house on the east side of Centre street near the corner of Lower Pearl street. This building in these later years has been attached to and is a part of the Roberts House, at the corner of the two streets just named.

The Baptist church on Summer street, the North Congregational on Centre street, with its ancient edifice in the rear, and the Methodist church on Centre street, each worshipped in the same building as now. At the corner of Fair and Lyons streets was once a Methodist church—the second to be established in Nantucket—a waning institution when I knew it is a boy. I feel sure that services were discontinued there in my boyhood, but I cannot name the year.

I remember that about the year 1858 or 1859 the Rev. E. W. Dunbar was pastor, a man of exceeding eccentricity, who was familiarly spoken of by almost everybody in town as "Brother Dunbar." That church was known as the "Teazer Meeting-House," because of the fact that on the day of dedication there was floated from the flag-staff at the peak of the building a flag with that word on it in conspicuous letters belonging to the sloop of that name. The church building was a framed plain building, with pitch roof, and it ran lengthwise with Lyons street, fronting on Fair street.

The Methodist church, on the corner of Centre and Liberty streets, looks today as it did when I was a boy, little if any change having been made in its exterior appearance. When a boy I knew more of that church than any other. I remember being present there at service one Sunday afternoon when I was quite young, in company with the late Edgar Lovell Allen and one or two other boys. We sat in the south gallery, and as I remember, there were not many in that part of the church with us on that particular afternoon.

over

For some reason, of course we did not know why, we saw Zimri Cleveland, one of the officials, from his pew below keeping an occasional eye on us. Finally he left his seat and turned toward the door into the vestibule, from whence went the stairs to the gallery. We divined at once that he was after us, so made a break for "liberty" and all but myself made good escape, but I was caught and taken into a pew on the lower floor, where I remained, a more quiet if not a more interested attendant to the close of the service. Father heard of that incident and "settled" with me later.

That church had a large membership and an almost equally large congregation through many years. It was a church of religious uplift and ethical influence in the community. Many of the most popular ministers of its denomination filled its pulpit. It was regarded as one of the leading churches of its creed in southeastern New England.

Of its pastors, Joshua Soule, who served it in the year 1803, was elected and consecrated a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church in May, 1824, serving in that high office until his death, March 6, 1867. Hedding, pastor there in 1812, was also elected and consecrated a Bishop, in May, 1824, serving until his death, on April 9, 1852. Another of the prominent ministers of that church was the Rev. Micah J. Talbot, D. D., in 1853-55, now living, a hardy, vigorous and alert man, at the age of 92 and possessing a strong, keen, intellectual mind. He is, and long has been, an intimate and personal friend of mine, and I have delightful association with him in membership in the Mathewson street Methodist Episcopal church in Providence. At the time of which I write, the Nantucket Methodist church was one of the foremost in the Providence conference, in which it has ever had its affiliation, the name having been changed to its present one of the New England Southern Conference.

In combination, the merchants, store-keepers and professional men whom I have mentioned, constituted an influential citizenship significantly effective because of the environments and conditions under which they lived and wrought in the isolated community which separated them from the great commercial and religious world which lay out beyond them. Integrity, probity, honor and business intelligence emanated from them, and the records prove that each, with but slight exception, was true to vocation and sacred trust.

The wisdom of retrospect of these several citizens and interests may, at first thought, appear unnecessary, and the question may be asked why this special mention of them. There are a number of justifiable reasons for this review, especially with regard to the merchants and store-keepers. They were identified with trade relations, notably the whaling industry in its most potent years, which belonged to an age and an environment which were entirely dissimilar to present day commercial transactions. A few, and a very few, comparatively, vessels yet pursue and capture the whale, and bring to market the oils and bones which he supplies. There is, however, yet a considerable trade in whalebone, obtained from the jaws of the right whale, a habitat of the Arctic or northern ocean. But the glory, grandeur and heroism of the once combined whaling industry is an attractive memory of a now far-away past.

The merchants and store-keepers which I have named were business men at a time and under conditions which will never again exist. The so-called "department store" was then unknown and unthought of, and each store had its specific and individual line of classified trade. Dry goods, millinery, furnishings for gentlemen, boots and shoes, hats and caps, trunks and traveling bags, meats, groceries, and many other lines which might be mentioned, can now be found under one roof, ownership and management, in many of the larger towns and in all of the cities of the progressive world. Not so anywhere at the time of which I write. Then, too, the merchants and business men whom I have mentioned were such at an era and crisis unlike any other known before or since in this country. The uncertain and agitating conditions which affected trade affairs for years prior to the civil war, and the bloody carnage and strife raging at the time of that war, were the years and the conditions obtaining during their business careers.

Money was unstable, currency was depreciated, was finally withdrawn, and postage stamps were circulated as a medium of financial exchange at the stores. This was at the time of the war, and just prior thereto matters were not much better. After the use of the postage stamps came the "shin-plasters," issued by the government in three, five, ten, twenty-five and fifty cents denomination—literally small paper bills.

More than this, accelerating unrest, causing lack of confidence and universal doubt, was the fact that all banks were of State charter, without rigid official examination, and their financial strength and standing all too often was disappointingly precarious.

Sent to the store on an errand, as I frequently was when a boy, to purchase groceries or other articles for the home, I have been given a State lic advertisement. Instead of grouping such in one large advertisement, as present day merchants do, each individual kind was advertised in two, three or four-line notices, as the case might be. To exceed six lines was rare. Such advertising notices would be scattered all about in the newspaper. As an illustration I mention the store of Bovey & Coffin, the representative store in dry goods and accessories, and one which, for its time, carried a considerable stock of goods.

I have a copy of the "Nantucket Weekly Mirror," published Saturday, November 16, 1861. In it I counted twenty-four advertisements of that store, scattered over three pages—no advertisements in those days ever appeared on the second page of that paper. The second page of the paper which I have is devoted to miscellaneous reading, much of which pertains to the civil war then in progress, and there are several personal letters from "Nantucket soldier boys" then at the front.

For a store of the character which I have named to now advertise its commodities scattered around on three pages of a newspaper, each kind by itself, would be regarded as an act of folly. Then it was thought to be wise. In these days, the large "ads" running often to full pages in the newspapers, enumerating in attractive, illustrated form, the wares offered for sale, is the correct and effective method employed by the successful and progressive business house. Striking, indeed, is the contrast between "catchy" advertising by newspaper fifty years ago and now. It is interesting to consider it by comparison.

This "review" is an echo back to a now quite distant day. In writing it I have relied mainly upon memory, and I may err as to names of some of the one-time commercial men of Nantucket, and the location of some of the stores. I will be grateful for any correction from correspondents equally interested with me in the pursuance of these reminiscences.

J. E. C. Farnham.
Providence, May 19, 1913.

270.
MAY 17, 1913

Do You Recall "Wendell's Hall"?

Speaking of the name "Wendell", some years ago the hall over Walter Coffin's store was known as "Wendell's Hall". It later became "Golden-rod Hall", but the old timers always referred to it as "Wendell's Hall" and some of us do to this day when inclined to reminisce. Where did the name "Wendell" come from? you may query.

It was named for Lewis Wendell, a man who was ship-wrecked on the island and remained here to his death. At one time he occupied the store now occupied by Mr. Coffin and rented the upper floor for public gatherings, which soon became known as "Wendell's Hall".

It was in that room that the first moving pictures were shown in this town—on the 20th of June, 1907. Two young men who were summer residents conceived the idea of holding moving picture entertainments and secured a machine to throw the "movies" on a screen at the back end of the hall.

At that period it was the custom to illustrate popular songs on the screen as a part of the evening's entertainment, and it was in this connection that William J. Blair, present chief of the fire department, came to Nantucket. Mr. Blair was then a young chap who had been on the road and not only was a pianist but a good singer. That was thirty-three years ago and great changes have come in the moving picture industry since the first screen was placed in Wendell's Hall and moving pictures shown there.

But as to the name "Wendell". It was on the 21st of April, 1863—over three-quarters of a century ago—that the Prussian bark Elwine-Fredericke struck on Great Point rip in a thick fog. The bark was bound from Cardiff, Wales, for New York, with a cargo of coal. She was boarded by Capt. David G. Patterson and Capt. Aaron Coffin, who, at the imminent risk of their own lives, succeeded in rescuing the crew, fourteen in number. The vessel soon after broke up and became a total loss.

Lewis Wendell was one of the crew (all Prussians) and in recognition of the rescue, the King of Prussia forwarded to Captain Patterson a heavy silver chronometer watch, suitably inscribed.

Mr. Wendell had sent a detailed account of the ship-wreck to the Prussian government, and he made the presentation to Captain Patterson. Mr. Wendell remained on Nantucket and became one of the island's most respected citizens.

Another Word About Nantucket Shops.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

In R. B. Hussey's list of stores I didn't find mention of Mrs. Delia M. Folger, who had one in the house on Liberty street next to the Sally Smith house, opposite the garden of what is now the Tice house, I suppose you call it. I was interested only in the toys and books she carried and remember them so well, because Mother would send my brother on an errand to Aunt Delia and he would stop to investigate the working of the toys. Then she would send me after him and I'd say "George, Mother wants you," and he'd say "Wait a minute" and keep on looking, and by that time I was busy with some books. Soon the door would be burst open, a little voice would rattle off "George Barnard, Lilla Barnard, Mother says come home!" and the door was shut as quickly as it was opened. My sister knew the difference between an errand and a visitation, but, we didn't when we got into that enticing store. However, at that sumomns we both flew home.

Then I know she kept gloves, because one of the High School girls said her hand was as small as Ellen's and measured hands so craftily that wrists and tips of fingers met, but when she bought gloves she couldn't get the size Ellen used on her hands. Doubtless there were whatever of staples or findings in the store that a neighborhood would use.

At the last of my living in Nantucket, Benjamin Hussey had moved to the house on the southwest corner of Liberty and Gardner streets and kept his grocery store in the front room. Once when I went there, as the tinkling door-bell called him from the back room, he came eating and I remarked something about his supper being interrupted, and he replied "Sometimes I am called in so often that when I go back I say 'Susan, where did I leave off?'"

A shop we of the High School enjoyed was kept by a Mrs. McGuinity—pronounced that way if not spelled that way. It was in Hussey street and had for sale candy, pickled limes and a delicious kind of cookie cut in the form of boys and girls. We always called for girls as long as they lasted, because there was more in the spread of the skirts. We were debarred at last from buying "two girls" and had to take "a boy and a girl," so then we spent only one cent at a time. That is the way of the world, after getting a certain value for our money we feel aggrieved if the price is raised as the quantity is lessened.

So much for stores. Now what I very much wish is that someone will write how the sailors prepared the bananas they used to bring home. Evidently peeled and put into barrels in layers—were they put in whole or split in two lengthwise? They came to us flat and thin, as if pressed, or did they flatten of themselves? They were dark red and translucent, as if steeped in molasses. What a treat they were! I know about tamarinds, for a sailor said they grew on trees lining the principal street in St. Thomas and anyone was allowed to climb the trees and gather the fruit if only he didn't injure the tree at all. The tamarinds were put into a barrel and covered with the first running of molasses.

Lilla Barnard.

July 27, 1940

March 8, 1913

Hooper's Ice Cream Parlor of Long Ago.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Someone has nudged my writing hand and asked why there has been this long dearth of reminiscences from me, greatly fearing I may be "under the weather." So if you will kindly make room for me in your columns, I will set at rest any fears for my health by saying that I am better than at any time in the last forty years, thanks to my summer in Nantucket's life-giving air.

As for the reminiscing—why, that is all I have been doing for the last four or five weeks, and the end is not yet. Last August a friend invited me to visit her when she came up to Well-lesley for the cold months, and since she and I were girls together back in the 50's and 60's of the last century, everything has set us talking of those days.

Beginning with dinner the day of my arrival here, when the ice cream was brought to us we started with—was brought to us we started with—"Do you remember how we used to run down the stairs from the Pantheon Hall, and around the corner to Mrs. Hooper's, eat our ice cream, then run back again before the intermission was over and finish the dance program?"

Oh that wonderful place as seen by our eager young eyes! First the outer room, the store filled with candy of many kinds in glass jars, covered on shelves on both sides of the store. And at Christmas time peppermint candy was braided and formed into little baskets to enthrall the children. Mr. Hooper was a master-hand at making candy and at making it attractive to the eye as well. You who read this can remember back into the 50's, wasn't it all just as I am saying? Shut your eyes a moment and think of how it looked. Now give a good sniff. There, didn't you get that candy smell?

Then the arch at the back of the room with its heavy portieres looped back—how I admired their richness and sumptuous elegance! I have been told that I use long words (not told it accusingly, but in a friendly way) but "sumptuous elegance" and no lesser words can express my feelings about that arch and the draperies as I gazed on them spell-bound, a girl of 10 or thereabout.

Once past the arch, the "saloon" broadened before us. More elegance! And the little tables! And, best of all the ice cream! Has there ever been any like it in our more sophisticated years? Oh, the de-licious-ness of the vanilla ice cream! Please pronounce that word the way it is intended, slowly and with stress on the "licious" part. Don't you think that pronounced so, it has a luscious sound? And don't you who ate that ice cream in the 50's think we should use words expressive and appropriate when we speak of it?

The fish on the menu suggests to us the days so long ago when the fisherman would go down to the South Shore and get fish by going off in a dory or by "heave and haul" from the shore. Then loading up a wheelbarrow with a board laid across the handles, on which to clean the fish, as sold,

some would take their stand on an advantageous corner, like "Capt. Chase's corner"—now it is known, perhaps, as Ashley's corner,—and others would go through the residential streets crying their cargo.

My grandmother preferred to buy of "Sammy Long Manter." The name was easily pronounced as one word. His call was unlike the rest, as it was actually sung, whether he realized it or not. I presume that by supplying all the omitted words, it would be "Here is fresh fish. Who will buy?" but written down as it sounded it was "E-ah! Fresh fish who buyeeeee!"

The high note was on "ah!", an octave above the tone of "E." Then the notes gradually descended and the "buy" trailed off into silence. Try it in the natural scale of "C" with triple time, the heavy beat coming on "ah," "Fresh" and "buy." Take "E" on g below, third beat; then "sh" on g of the staff, fills that measure. "Fresh fish who" for the next measure on f, d, b, and ends with "buy" on "C." Get it?

And the meat on the menu brings up the meat auctions, though these were not in our earliest memories. I didn't go to those auctions. I suppose if I had been a boy I would have gone but it was a frequent sight to see a man coming up the street with meat on a wooden skewer held in one hand and the other hand held the coat skirts clear from any drops that fell from the meat.

Fish was carried home in a somewhat similar fashion. After the fish had been scaled and made ready for cooking a little gash was cut around the fish just above the tail, a piece of rope-yarn was tied in the gash, with a loop which the buyer slipped onto a finger and so carried it home, keeping his coat skirt away from any drops that might fall.

Now, Mr. Editor, if I should keep on to tell how we carried home the groceries before the days of paper bags, I am afraid this letter would be so long you would have to drop it into the waste basket, as there'd be no room for it in your columns with all the news items of the day that are so eagerly looked for. So I will withdraw again into seclusion, with my best bow to you and to those who may have read this.

Lilla Barnard Starbuck

A Nantucket Boyhood.

One evening this last week I had the rare chance of hearing one of the older and more prominent men of our community tell the story of his boyhood life. He was very enthusiastic about his story, and he told it to me in a most realistic style. He wished to impress upon me the difference between life today and life as it was when he was "coming along".

He was born in Nantucket, one of a family of six boys. They lived on Captain Cash's mother's farm in the south part of the town. His father, who worked at that time for the enormous sum of one dollar a day, bought the house and land for \$350.

When the boys came home in the evening, their mother would tell them to take some corn (all of which they raised) up to the mill. The boys would go to the barn and get a large bag of corn and trudge all the way up to the mill. The miller, John Francis, had special days for grinding, but when he saw the boys coming he would start up the mill for them. As the corn came to the hopper, the boys would eat it and then carry the rest home. Their mother would make hominy for six hungry boys and what was left would be fried for breakfast in the morning.

On the farm they raised all their vegetables and hogs for pork. The cellar was a store room for vegetables and pork, and a large hole dug in the fields often held the overflow of cabbages and turnips.

Their father dug peat from the swamps and dried it for coal so they had no coal bills to pay. They had a large hog's-head which caught the rain from the roof. This water was used for drinking and washing purposes; thus they had no water tax. They got their living entirely out of the ground and from the sky.

In 1876 the boy of this story went to work for Alexander Coffin on his farm, which is now Justice's. Alexander Coffin and his wife Narcissa were of the so-called Progressive sect of Quakers who held meetings at the meeting house on Fair street. Narcissa Coffin kept a boarding school for girls whose homes did not furnish the proper environment for bringing up children. The girls went to class from nine to eleven in the morning and from one to two-thirty in the afternoon. Then, to help pay for their board, they worked on the farm, picking strawberries or cutting asparagus. They often went over to Mac-tinosh's farm to pick peas and received fifty cents for each barrel they picked.

On Thursdays and Sundays most of the girls went to Quaker meeting with Mrs. Coffin. Alexander was a dentist, having his office in what is now the Civic Club building.

Our John soon started school, but as is true of many of that day, he did not stay there long. From May first to October first, he and his brother used to keep cows on the moors. Within the town, people would bring their cows to George Flood's lot and have the boys take them to pasture. They had about eighty cows from the town proper and about twenty were added on the way out. They received two cents a cow for doing this.

As they had no clock, they had to tell the time by measuring their shadows. One day it was cloudy and so there were no shadows. The boys arrived in town with the cows about 2.30 p. m.; and their father promptly made them return for the remainder of the day. If a cow was lost, the boys were forced to remain out half the night looking for it.

After the first of October he returned to the South Grammar School where he received instruction from Susan P. Barnard, Mrs. Addington, Phoebe Clisby (later a storekeeper in Petticoat Row) and Mr. Baxter.

He always went to school barefooted and in overalls. Even though they were poor the staunch Nantucket pride kept most of the poor people from calling on Samuel Wood, then Overseer of the Poor.

It seems to me that besides showing the difference between life today and life seventy-five years ago, this story shows how a man, who came from humble and poor surroundings, worked his way up in the world, rising powerfully over all difficulties and becoming one of the leaders of the political and business life of his community. Such a man is "Honest" John Terry.

Clinton T. Macy, Senior.

March 30, 1935

March 1, 1930

UNIQUE SOCIAL CONDITIONS

As Experienced on Nantucket a Half Century Ago. Candy Frolics and Dances. Interesting Article by J. E. C. Farnham.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

The island of Nantucket, set like a jewel in the sea, because of its isolation from the mainland by thirty miles of water area, necessarily imposes upon the residents of the town thereon unique social conditions. An island, a town, a county, each bearing the same name, and embraced wholly within each other, is a geographical feature probably without parallel. Because of these conditions—and markedly so in my boyhood—self-dependence and self-intimacy, intermingling among the people there, are essentials which absolutely formulate themselves.

In domestic, school, church, commercial and all relations incident to everyday life, in reciprocal interchange, there is established a friendliness and an acquaintanceship which, perforce, brings residents closely together. Independent and interdependent, born of the environment of the locality, the interests of each, in a general way, at least, are mutual.

No communication with the mainland except by a steamboat weekly, semi-weekly or tri-weekly, or by the occasional arriving of a sailing vessel, (often wholly isolated in winter by ice blockade lasting weeks), circumstances of local dependence were experienced which were essentially peculiar, forty and more years ago; so that in my native town we well-nigh knew one another intimately to the last resident—and it could not have been otherwise.

Peculiarly friendly we were, due to the restrictions cited, as we daily met and intermingled; we freely greeted and addressed one another in close acquaintance—a singular feature of which was, in almost every instance, the use of the middle letter or name of a person in connection with the Christian name.

Such was the state of affairs as I recall them during the few years of my boyhood in my native town. Telegraphic communication with the mainland, telephone conversation within the town—all such were then unknown. I very well remember the day when our local steamboat arrived in the late summer or early fall of the year 1858—the exact date I cannot give—bringing the news of the first successful planting of the Atlantic cable, by the steamer Great Eastern, connecting the continents of Europe and America. I remember, too, that that cable service proved brief in its operation; for it was broken, and was not again placed on the bed of the ocean and made fairly permanently successful until about four years later, the work being done by the same vessel.

Such matters came to us at Nantucket as "items of news," but the practical experience of such by us then residents was but a "pipe dream." Not even cable connection, nothing but steam and sailing craft, as I have said, with the mainland. However, isolated as we were, we were happy; "separated from the world," we yet had our blissful experiences, and altogether, induced by the natural restrictions surrounding us, we were felicitous, prosperous and uncomplaining.

Every experience by means of family connection and acquaintance; by means of the small shop—many of them in homes; by trade at the stores with their varying lines of commodities; by the old-time dance; by the evening parties of pleasurable character, and by the various out-of-doors attractions and pastimes, in season and out; we were a people genial, companionable and socially helpful to the uttermost degree. Of the small shops much has been said in former articles. They were an important social factor, each of them. Of evening diversions the "hiding candy frolic" was perhaps one of the most noted, because of its uniqueness. I never heard of such except at Nantucket. Arrangements made for the "event," the young women, or rather the "girls," of the party, in close company would hide in some home or place of their choosing, and there wait while the opposite sex searched to discover where they were secreted.

It was a rare sport in the olden days, and I know not whether such is now there practiced. If their hiding-place was discovered, then the girls had to stand treat for the "candy-frolic" to be held on an evening set for it. If not found then, the young men or boys of the party had to provide the viands. Occasionally the hiding-place of the girls would be discovered, but as a rule not.

Keen in planning and in gaining seclusion they could usually elude the seekers—then, too, I am not so sure but the gallantry of the pursuers often induced them not to be too strenuous in their quest. Therefore in the larger number of cases the girls were the ones feted.

Many such interesting evening companies have I known in my young life in Nantucket. Other evening companies, distinctively social, materially differing in similar lines than those given in the larger centres, obtained there, and I presume do now. In these days, with the changed summer conditions there, the few-weeks' guests departed for their widely separated homes, it seems to me that social life by and within the community must now assume even more extensive form than in the days when I personally knew of and enjoyed it.

Ice cream at Nantucket was ever held as one of the delectable luxuries. We used to think—perhaps we were too arrogant—that the so-called "Nantucket ice cream" was a little better than that obtainable anywhere else. For an evening treat of rare excellence, either by patronizing the "welcoming" quarters where it was for sale, or with it daintily arranged and served, with its accessories, from the dining-room table in the home, it always held first rank in the opinion of those who claimed to know what was "the" thing on such occasions.

"Ice Cream Parlors" there were in liberal number, in homes and in small shops, where that universal luxury was offered for sale. Mrs. Nye's parlors on the north side and about mid-way of Liberty street, and Mrs. Keene's, on the west side of Orange street, nearly opposite the old South school-building, were two well-known to me in my youth. In each of these, on occasion when I had "the price," have I sat with companions at one of those little old round tables and enjoyed a three-cent glass of vanilla—the general favorite.

By running errands, "picking up" old junk and cashing it in at Hosier's, and in sundry other ways, have I earned the few pennies—to me then a considerable sum to gratify my longing for that prized delicacy. On the centre of the same table where we were served the ice cream, there would most always be a plate of small cakes—how well I remember them as "hearts and rounds." A Nantucket name for them, too, I think, coined from the shapes in which they were cut and baked. How excellent they were or looked to be; but, alas, we could not afford one of them with our "three-cent glass."

Tempting, how could we let them alone! We sometimes had one, or a portion of one, by "helping ourselves." Alone in the room while partaking of our cream, we would reduce those shapely cakes to mere shells, yet leave them in appearance quite as fair as when they came from the oven. With the spoon we would dig the cakes out, very deftly, from the under side, and then return them right side up to the plate from whence we had taken them. Deprecating, as I most certainly do, such cowardly act, now as I review it by a mature judgment, I am sure that as boys, while we were old enough to fully realize what we were doing, yet I do not think that we intended to be malicious or criminal in our conduct; it was a thoughtless yet very wicked youthful caper.

Suffice it to say we did not do such a "trick" often; if we had we would have been nearly as often caught. Lapses of time must, necessarily, intervene, to "get by" in such rascally work. Occasionally we were overtaken in our mis-deed. Well for us that those gentle-natured and whole-souled ladies, at whose home ice cream parlors we were so ungrateful, were more gentle and patient than might have been the case. Rebuking us for our mean acts, and giving us no uncertain understanding of their full appreciation of the injury done them, they would "let us go" under promise to make good later. Under the circumstances we could not do less than keep our promise, and we would in some way earn the few cents necessary to make restitution. I know that I never got reported at home for such despicable conduct; had I, there is no doubt in my mind, even at this late day, what "the after consequences" would have been.

"Hooper's Ice Cream" was popularly known by old and young throughout the town. The saloon of L. H. Hooper, on Centre street, nearly opposite the Methodist church, so gracefully presided over by the always genial, smiling Mrs. Hooper, with its long counters on either side of the entrance, those alluring glass jars on the side shelves back of the counters, containing those varieties of candies, the toys and other accessories which added to the commodities there offered for sale, in combination, made one of the most attractive stores in the town. It was a fascinating place, liberally patronized, a special feature most inviting being the "ice cream parlors" in the room at the rear of the store, and separated therefrom by draped curtains drawn across a wide door-way entrance.

It was a noticeable fact, known to all, that on Sundays purchases could be there made. Not so conspicuous as on week-days, yet on Sundays the door to that store was always ajar, and we could, had we the pennies, get what we wanted. That open door, suggesting a welcome, enticed some of us children on the first day of the week to enter it, and there, I fear—and I guess there is no doubt of it—small sums given us for "contribution in Sunday School" were diverted to the "Hooper till."

At common, "every-day"—to use a homely qualifier—parties I spent very many pleasant hours of my young life at Nantucket. Especially was that true during the last two years of my residence there. Enjoyable occasions indeed, they were, as we engaged in the old line of games popular at such gatherings. Young people resident now in my native town, I doubt not, have their social evening functions. Environment, as I have before said, naturally brings your community, so largely dependent upon itself for its pleasures, closer together socially.

But, appreciating to the full, as I do, present conditions, I am sure that never was social life more largely enjoyed by residents of my native town, both young and old, than in my short experience there as a boy. Educational and helpful were such experiences, and enjoyable to a rare degree, and I look back upon them as morally beneficial and uplifting.

The dance hall has ever been a prominent companionable attraction. Under proper direction it affords a line of social development which stimulates personal etiquette and promotes graceful personal manners. The old-fashioned dances of fifty years ago were pretty, in the fullest significance of that word, and attractive because of the beauty of movement, and they were socially effective. The "turkey trot," "bunny hug," and other so-called modern dances had not then been conceived. How elevating, in contrast, was the "Virginia Reel," "Money Musk," the "Quadrille," the "Schottische," the "Polka" and the graceful "Two Step."

Young people and their elders judiciously engaged in and enjoyed those old-time so-called "Socials," given at Nantucket on stated fall and winter evenings. Indeed, so popular were they, that often they were continued through the spring and well

into warm weather. Personally I did not very fully engage in these, because I was of the especially younger set. But I was often present as a visitor, and did, in the years 1862 and 1863, (my last as a resident of the town) have limited participation in the particularly fascinating "square dances."

Many engaging memories and retrospective associations cluster about the old Pantheon Hall—the favorite dance assembly. It was located on the north side of Main street, nearly opposite Orange street, and was up one flight of stairs. Plainly in memory I can look into it and discover it to my mind as I so long ago familiarly knew it. Calvert Handy and his old violin cannot be dis-associated with that one-time famous social centre. He it was who, with his voice in "calling off" and with his fiddle and his bow, vitalized it and made it the fascination which it was. Other violinists there were; other social trysts there were; but there was only one Calvert Handy and only one Pantheon Hall.

The dancers were by that combination drawn together, and the visitors in considerable numbers were always present, and there was mutual enjoyment for all. I feel very positive that there are yet very many, once young people in Nantucket, to whom a recital of the pleasures of those old socials is revertingly inspiring. Mr. Handy had his two sons—one still resident with you—and the three musicians furnished the inspiring strains to which the terpsichoreans gaily tripped. Ascending the narrow stairs to that old hall, all immediately imbibed a fervid welcome, as the atmosphere of the room was always redolent with it. Those socials of which I write were appreciatively acceptable as to company and cost. They brought together an amiable group of people. In my earliest knowledge of that hall there was quite a sizable platform at the far side, opposite the entrance. I remember when it was renovated, the old platform removed, the floor relaid, and the entire space made available for the dancers.

Provision was made for the musicians by building an ornate compartment attached to the side wall, over where the platform had formerly been, which was suspended for additional support by rods running up through the ceiling and attached to the timbers above. At the end was an opening for the admission of the musicians, covering a hinged door. To reach the platform within and forming the floor of that compartment, an ordinary ladder was provided, and after the musicians had "ascended their throne" it was removed.

There they were, with their violins, "hung up" on the side wall. Peculiar, indeed, such appears to me now as I think of it. Nine o'clock was the prescribed evening hour for the dance. Promptly to time a merry mixed company assembled, and a "first-rate" time they had until midnight or a little past. I fancy that I can now hear the clarion voice of Mr. Handy as he "called off" the various changes in the dances. Old-fashioned music—homely in a way—but it was indeed satisfying and exhilarating to those who then engaged in those socials.

That music, together with the fact that the musicians were in "their pen," and must there stay until the ladder was placed for their descent, appears to me now most weird and quaint. And so it was; but, on reflection, I am sure that never a "dance"—as those affairs were called—under the more dignified name of a "social," ever gave more satisfaction or proved more enjoyable than did the winter series by Mr. Handy in the old Pantheon Hall, and a hearty social influence radiated from those assemblies.

MARCH 29, 1913

Thanks for the Correction.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

My reminiscent articles to the readers of your paper are entirely from memory, and that, too, a "boy" memory. I was fifteen years old when I left my island home, and it is nearly forty-nine years since I was a resident there, so that I am "harking" a long ways back.

Arthur H. Gardner, in your last issue, corrects me on my dates as to the Folger fire and other events on a first day of November, which I said was 1862, but which he says was 1860. He probably is right, as he has a "private journal" which gives him the correct date. I thought it occurred on a Saturday evening, in 1862; his date makes it a Thursday evening in 1860.

His correction of the date of the burning of the ship Planter, over on Brant Point, giving 1859 instead of 1863, as I gave it, certainly "sticks me." I cannot, would not, for a moment, dispute him. My statement is from "memory," his from "record." I certainly thought that I was right, and even now cannot make it appear otherwise; but I must yield. I thought it occurred my last year of residence in Nantucket. The events I stated in connection with that fire are right, except, then, the year and the house where I lived. It must have been while I was living in the "Elisha Starbuck" house (long since razed) on the east side of Union street, next to the corner of Coffin street. I thank Arthur, gratefully so, for his correction, for I wish always to be absolute in every word of mine, whether written or spoken.

I have a number of other subjects in my mind relating to the past, which I expect to give to your readers. Remember all is from "far-back memory." If I make errors of statement, as I am likely to do, I invite and shall gladly accept every correction which may be made—in fact, I cordially request such.

J. E. C. Farnham.
Providence, Feb. 24, 1913

Has Nostalgia For "Boyhood Days on Nantucket."

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Thanks for the issues containing Allison Greene's recollections. Some of them have served as a palliative for an incurable disease from which I suffer. No, it is not cancer nor even dementia praecox, but boredom, and boredom complicated with at times acute nostalgia. Did Alliston never leave his house without a notebook, or was he at sometime a census enumerator? I think I know the Nantucket that was, and I can find no errors or material omissions in his articles. He brought me one piece of gratifying news, i. e., the fact that there still brightens this confused world a young lady who was the first of her sex whom I ever escorted to a semi-public affair, namely one of those Wendell's Hall dances of the distant past where music was furnished by a symphony orchestra composed of Billy Stevens and Cora Coleman. It was fitting that this charming person was introduced in an article on flowers, for she was then as pretty a bloom as ever blossomed, and though that was more than sixty years ago, I do not believe that age can wither, nor custom stale genuine beauty.

In his road map of Centre street, Greene recalls one name which I shall always remember, the late Daniel T. Dunham. Thereby hangs a tale. One summer vacation it was the almost daily habit of Arthur Barrett, his elder brother Oliver, and this scribe to go up to the Cliff, either to play baseball or to swim at the Rock. Each day as we passed Daniel T's store we found a bunch of bananas and baskets of fruit dangerously near the front of the stoop, and boy nature being what it was we usually snatched samples. We thought we were clever, but Daniel T. was more so, for the school bell had not stopped ringing early in September before the old gentleman had ambled over to see Sheriff Barrett with an itemized bill: 2 peaches, 8c; 3 bananas, 15c.....

Every item was there, and the good-hearted Sheriff had no recourse save to draw a check for the whole amount, thus by a stroke of the pen he metamorphosed three "thieves" into three "customers"—a dignity entirely unexpected by us boys. If Alliston has mentioned one item disconnected with some deviltry of the North Shore gang and its allies, that fact has escaped my memories, which are flagrant if not fragrant. But not one of the devils ever became aught than a good citizen, nor was ever what we now cover by the term juvenile delinquency. "Them was the happy days".

Arthur C. Wyer.

Delhi, N. Y.

A Correction and a Few Memories.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

In your issue of March 1st, Mr. Farnham not only welcomes corrections of any errors of fact that he may make in his communications, but asks for them. In the same article he tells where he lived in Union street. Now if it was in the Elisha Starbuck house it was in the second house from the south corner of Coffin street; if it was on the corner it was in what is now the Palmer House; it could not have been both.

Up to about 1830 that corner lot was a grassy field beautiful with buttercups in their season, but at that time William Coffin, who lived on the north corner, built a house there for his daughter, Mrs. S. H. Jenks, her husband then editor of the Nantucket Inquirer. The family lived there till the year after the great fire, when they moved to Boston, and the house has since had several occupants and owners, one of them Augustus Morse, principal of the High School.

The Inquirer printing office was then a small building on the south side of Coffin street, on the east corner of the house-lot, which was a large one with an ample yard and garden behind the house. Mr. Jenks was fond of plants and he filled up the back of the lot with shrubs and trees of various kinds, many of them new to the island. There was one thing left of his planting, when I last walked down that way—a large Kentucky coffee tree, a rare tree even now in Massachusetts.

At the time of the great fire in 1846 Mrs. Jenks wrote a short report of it to send to papers on the mainland, went to the office, set it up and "run it off" on the hand press—all without help, for every able-bodied man and boy in town found enough to do in the burning streets.

So my correction of Mr. Farnham's error has led me on to contribute some of my memories of old times.

Maria L. Owen.

March 15, 1913

Apr. 27, 1946

By-gone Days Fraught With Halcyon Memories.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

The Christmas-souvenir Inquirer and Mirror is an entertaining and interesting paper. It has an attractive and pleasing appearance and is replete with incident and narrative of days a-gone. Word story, interestingly presented, always has an alluring charm, and when interspersed and illustrated by picture, is doubly effective in riveting the mind upon the subject treated.

Intensely personal to me is this special issue of your weekly publication. I do not feel that I have entered upon the personal reminiscent period of my life, yet I fully realize that many years have passed since I was a boy traversing the streets and "patronizing" the shops in my native town of Nantucket. It is fifty years and more ago back to those days—it is forty-eight years since I came to this city to make my home—yet the far-away events of that period in my career are still keen and bright in my mental vision.

The illustration in your souvenir sheet, showing a section of South Water street forty years ago, brought to me a flood of memories. Occupants of the buildings, as stated under that picture, long since gone to the great beyond, are yet vividly recalled.

You speak of the harness shop of William C. L'Hommiedieu, which I remember as that of his predecessor, and I think, his father-in-law, Edward B. Coffin. Next to it the meat market of John Winn. Mentally, I can now see its interior as of yore; can see the old case of drawers where the money, representing daily cash sales, was trustfully, if not carefully, deposited. With his son, Suel C. Winn, I believe, still a resident with you, I have in former days spent many social hours.

Next door, John Olin's—but of him more anon. Adjoining the Olin store on the corner, the shop of Eben R. Folger. Many times have I been a caller there. I remember him best, however, as a deacon in the First Congregational Church on Centre street, and as superintendent of the Sunday school held in the old church building in the rear of the present main church edifice. I was then a "scholar" of tender years and "active" habits.

George K. Long, the painter on the opposite corner from the Folger shop, was then one of the popular business men of the town—and is not the same shop now occupied by Milliard F. Freeborn in the same business? Next to this latter building, on the street leading to the Old North wharf, was the meat market of Charles (we used to say "Charlie") Dunham, in the rear of which structure was the slaughter house. There I have seen Peter ("Pete") Cushman many times "maul" the poor creatures which furnished us our beef, or "stick" the pigs from when the pork in its varied kinds found its way to various homes in the town.

But let us return to the shop of John Olin. Shades of Ambrosial Nectar—what vital memories! Why, I know not, but we boys used to call him "Cork" Olin. Surely then we were not old enough to regard this cognomen as disrespectful, and now as I speak of it I am sure that I have only respect and reverence for the man who ran that store with its sweets and its delights.

A penny—a cent—in those days mostly one of the large old-fashioned copper kind—how hard it was to secure one! Possessed of one, however, each of us, as a boy, was a Croesus, and we were not content until we had separated ourself from it by a "transfer" of commodity at "Olin's." His half barrel of tamarinds—men now, but boys of my day, will in the mind's eye, recall it—how tempting those tamarinds were!

With the cent transferred to Mr. Olin, he would tear off a section of the old-fashioned, rough yellow-brown straw paper, size about five inches across, lay it over the palm of his left hand; with his right he would then remove the cover from that barrel of sweets, push the little flat paddle down into the tamarinds, "done-up" in molasses, remove it and wipe it across the piece of paper, hand it to the boy purchaser, who would immediately carry it to his mouth and proceed to enjoy his feast of brief delight. Across the years since then, with all their delicacies and luxuries, has there ever been anything equal to this penny purchase of those luscious tamarinds? And then his "mead." Oh! nectar of the Gods! was there ever anything like a glass of John Olin's mead? But for this we had to have two cents—what a fortune! Occasionally I had the price and then I had the mead.

I can now mentally see that old earthen jar or "crook," which contained the cold water. From a bottle Mr. Olin shook a little soda, or other similar material, into a glass, filled it to within a third of the top with the cold water, then a round-turned stick, six or eight inches long, John inserted into the liquid and began to stir. The soda got busy, commenced to "rise," John would say "Here she comes!" quickly hand the foaming beverage to the boy eagerly waiting, who would ardently drink it while it was still effervescing.

Ah! what memories! That little shed-like structure, so well shown in your picture, which was in front of and a part of the main building in the rear, how clear it is now to my mental vision. The front, taken down in sections, made a full open expose in the warmer seasons, of the delectable goods, as we boys regarded them, that were there for sale.

How many such shops there were in Nantucket then. On Main street, just above the Pacific Bank, were two stores kept by brothers—first the one of Edward Mitchell and next to it that of Peleg. Two upright, respected, inoffensive and innocent Quaker gentlemen. Yet how the boys did them frequent mischief, especially tormenting the life of the quiet and good Peleg.

On Orange street, near the "town clock," the store of "Pa and Ma" Davis (I do not now recall the Christian name of either of them) in the front part of their dwelling. The store of George Clark, a little further down on the same street, presided over by the gentle and affable man, whom we boys, I know not why, called Sam Shaw.

Then, too, on Orange street, a little below, opposite the end of Rose Jenkins Lane, was the basement shop of Mrs. Pinkham, widow of Reuben, if memory serves me rightly. Here were varied delicacies for the pupils of the old South School. Particularly

attractive was "Miss Pinkham's macaronies." These were made nearly oblong, about three or four inches across, about a half inch thick, of boiled molasses, with quite a liberal sprinkling of peanuts. This mixture was run into and cooled in greased papers, flanged up all around on the edge and pinched in at the corners.

How good these were, notwithstanding the fact that the papers, all too frequently, were cut from the leaves of the writing or copy books which had been used by the school children. Ink on these leaves? Yes, sometimes a large quantity of it. What did we care? That was a small matter. The sweetness in lusciousness of the product was what chiefly concerned us. Microbes and germs were then to us unknown.

Again, still further down Orange street, near York street, was the home-store of Roland Coleman, who, together with his estimable wife, lived in the lower half of the house wherein was the store. They were among the genial and respected citizen small shop-keepers of the town at that time.

The store of Isaac and Annie Austin, on Union street, just below the residence of Capt. Thomas S. Sayer—what boy can ever forget it! "Annie's pickled beans!" Boys of fifty years ago, weren't they lovely? This couple of far-away days, in connection with their store, kept cows and sold milk. Did you ever cut grass, wherever you could find it, for Annie's cows? I have many times, and some of those pickled beans was the "pay" I received each time for the service performed.

With a "big" basket, how diligently I have labored "all-the-afternoon" on Wednesday or Saturday—one-school days (in the forenoon, instead of two sessions on all other days of the week)—pulling and cutting grass and placing it in that basket. Full? Of course it was full! I would take it into the store to Annie, who would open her hand out flat, place it on the grass, press it down, and say, "why, your basket isn't a third full," and she would send me forth to further labor. Two or three times such happened before the basket was passed as full and I got those pickled beans. But then I did get them finally, and, my! how good they were! Annie Austin's original and only pickled string beans.

We boys delighted in fishing for wharf-fish, as we used to call them. Did you ever sit on the cap-log of the wharf, with your feet and legs hanging over in space above the water, and fish? My, what a paradise of pleasure! Never miner searched more intently in the hills and earth for hidden ore than we boys diligently scanned the streets about the carpenter, boat and other shops, or, in fact, wherever we could find old nails or iron junk to take to John Hosier's shop to trade in for line and fish-hooks, to go fishing. A small can of angle worms, "dugged" from the ground, was our bait. Felicitous experiences! All the boys found their way to Hosier's to sell old junk, not always for lines and fish-hooks, but that we might have "capital" for other, to us then, important investments.

I have written enough. I must

forbear. I could go on almost indefinitely in similar strain.

Those shops of old Nantucket! How vivid in my memory. These recollections cover the years of the late 50's and early 60's. A few years ago the late Hon. Charles C. Van Zandt, of Newport, a former governor of Rhode Island, published a volume of local verse. One of these, entitled "Polly Tilley's Shop," had for me a peculiar enchantment, not that I knew the shop or she who kept it, but rather because it so amply typified several shops of Nantucket in my boyhood.

The poem or "jingle," which is also published in your souvenir paper, on the "Noted Men of Our Town," written by my former play-fellow and schoolmate, the late Edgar Lovell Allen, awakened and keenly sharpened slumbering memory. I have had a copy of that poem for several years. The characters there portrayed—what an array of them? What innocent (?) amusement they furnished in their day to us then boys? Few places on this planet, in my humble opinion, have a more illustrated history, both serious and grotesque, than has been manifested and is manifest in the lives of native Nantucketers. Proud, indeed, may the town be of many of its former and present citizens.

J. E. C. Farnham.
Providence, Dec. 19, 1912.

Boyhood Experiences of Fifty Years Ago.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Living, as I did, the first eleven years of my life, near the foot of Pine street, in the house where I was born, I was classed as a "Newtowners." In fact, all who resided north of Main street were reckoned as "North-Shorers," and those south of that thoroughfare as "New-Towners." A spirit well nigh akin to international warfare seemed to be belligerent between the boys of these two sections of the town, and with a loyalty and fealty to that part where he lived each was personally zealous to defend the dignity of his locality, even unto strife.

Thus in my young boyhood, we used to quite frequently hear that "North-Shorers are coming down this evening to fight the New-Towners," or the converse that the latter are going up to fight the former. In retrospect how weird this now appears when we consider that we were a community so small that almost, forsooth, all knew one another fairly intimately; each was fond of his native heath and mutually we all loved the island town where we were born. Suffice it to say, however, that I never knew of a very severe battle.

We boys of my neighborhood—what a company we were! Some of the neighbors, pestered by our mischief and diabolical pranks, called us, oh, how profanely! that "gang of boys." But who were these boys? Often in later years have I tried to recall their names, but have failed in a number of instances. I can enumerate some of them. There were Augustus (Gus) and Clarence Coffin, sons of Captain Thomas; Charles Albert Swain, "Gilp," as we called him, son of Franklin; William (Bill) Horn, son of Captain William; William and Charles Perry, sons of Captain William; Henry J. Robinson, son of Henry D; Samuel C., Charles M. and Albert C. Crocker, sons of Calvin; Benjamin Cleveland (he of "Bennie Cleveland's Job") son of Captain Henry; William and Samuel Reynolds, their mother a widow, grandsons of him whom we then knew as Uncle Fish; the Hinkley boys on Union street (their Christian names fail me, except if I remember aright, the youngest was Allen P; Charles Ray Allen and Edgar Lovell Allen, sons of Captain George; Lauriston Bunker (your present town clerk), son of Captain David; Edward ("Ned") Baker, son of Arvin; Alfred Ray, son of Captain Benjamin, Charles Rexford, Jr., my brother Daniel and myself.

Allen Bacon was another of the boys frequently with us, but of his parentage and family I never knew. He lived, as a sort of general utility boy, with Isaac and Annie Austin. He was a soldier of the Civil War, I am quite sure, and lost his life in that service. It was not that the boys whom I have enumerated were always associated as a company, but they comprised the boys of a local section of our home town, and we were frequently together. We surely were schoolmates and playfellows at the old

South school. Clarence Coffin, whom I have mentioned, in later life lived for a number of years in Newport. He was agent there for the steamer General, plying between that city and Wickford and connecting with the New York trains. Some two or three years ago he fell from a small boat going down the Providence river and was drowned.

The boys whom I have named were of a class as to age, or within a year or two of each other. There were older ones whom I pleasantly remember, our town in my day having a large number of children of both sexes, constituting a more than average school population for a small community. In adult life many of these have achieved positions of note and honor.

The last three or four years of my residence on Nantucket we lived on Union street. Of my boys in that section I well recall Thomas S. Sayer, Jr., now a Baptist minister, and Kirk Geary. The latter was the son of William H. Geary, one of the principal business men on Main street fifty years and more ago. Many times since manhood have I spoken of Kirk Geary and have wondered if he is now living.

What an irrepressible crowd we boys were. Often have I thought of them. I wonder if many are yet alive. Several I know have died. As playfellows and associates we never committed any overt act, but we did make things lively after school, on one-school days, and in the early evening. We used to scale fences, encroach upon private yards, descend upon growing fruits, visit gardens for ripe tomatoes and melons, (and sometimes before they were ripe), and in a variety of ways I am sure, upon reflection, we were a terror to peaceful neighbors.

We used to meet "under the hill," as we then called it. This was an open way (afterwards closed) which lay at the right of Fair street where that street ends and through to Orange street. Right there, fronting on Orange street, was the cobbler shop of Johnnie Gray. We boys all liked him—he was good to us—and I have naught but pleasant memories of him. He was a genial Scotchman—an exotic transplanted to Nantucket.

On the south side of Eagle lane, next to the corner of Fair street, lived the family of George Ray on the lower floor, and Mrs. Hall, the mother of Mrs. Ray, lived in the "chambers."

"Aunt Hall," as we called this elderly lady, was certainly disturbed by us boys; at any rate she thought she was surely "put upon" by us, and many scraps with us resulted. Because this was so, we were the more delighted to tantalize her, and did so to the full. On all such occasions she would appear at the front door of her home, give us a scathing call-down, the while we kept at safe distance.

Eagle lane, a narrow thoroughfare, with hardly space for two teams to pass abreast, yet boasted a brick pavement in front of "Aunt Hall's." Of this the old lady was justly proud, and woe betide he who misused it. If such happened from one of us boys she would immediately appear at her

door and give us a dressing down. She was especially opposed to the trundling of a wheelbarrow over this pavement. Now to push a wheelbarrow was the delight of a Crocker boy as soon as he was big enough to do so. Once on the pavement with one the old lady was on hand, and she used to say, while she scolded: "I beleeve every divil a' one of those Crocker boys was born with a wheelbarrow in his hand." Poor old Mrs. Hall, it was indeed wicked for us boys to so upset her tranquility by our perverse conduct—but then it was rare fun for us.

There were other acts of boyish deviltry which I shall never forget, and I am of the opinion that there are former associates of mine yet living who will also remember them. On Silver street, diagonally back of my then home, was the house and home of "Dan" Dunham, in the basement of which he kept a grog-shop. Primitive, in comparison with the modern so-called saloon—and I opine less harmful—yet it was, nevertheless, a place where spirituous liquors were on tap, and it was a haunt of debauchery to many patrons.

Among these was Dan Coffin, a dweller at Madaket, or in that vicinity, where he had a small farm and home. He frequently drove to town, and his cart and the small black horse which he drove were familiar objects in the days of my boyhood. His errands done, his business attended to, he would start for home, not, however, without first stopping in at Dan Dunham's. He would usually strike there late in the afternoon and make a protracted stay, we boys being on the lookout for his coming.

Taking advantage of our opportunity while he was in the groggery we boys usually had a joke to put up on him. One was to unsnap the end of the reins from the bit ring at the bridle and snap them into the rings of the hames. Then, at a safe distance, we would await results. After a while "Old Dan Coffin"—that was the laconic which we gave him—would come from the (shall I call it?) saloon, being pretty well "mulled," get into his cart and attempt to start his horse.

"Fishing" with steady pulls on those reins it would be some time, because of his condition, before he realized what was the trouble. Then he would stagger down and out of the cart to investigate, and finally get on to what he was up against. While readjusting matters he would heap profane anathemas on us boys, to our very great delight. Other ways we had of "tangling up" the harness, or otherwise causing him more or less (usually more than less) annoyance, all of which was to us great sport. It mattered not how often we practiced these tricks on him, he was never, because of his condition, up to them until after repeated effort, he had discovered that his little black horse failed to start when urged to do so.

One of the picturesque characters of Nantucket in my boyhood was Isaiah Nickerson—and what a character he was. He represented a type distinctive and all his own. His home was on the west side of Pleasant street, nearly opposite the end of Silver street, at the foot of the mill hills and under the shadow of the old mill. His place was well known and was often frequented by the boys of the town. He was an agriculturist, at least to a limited degree, and cultivated lands about his home and across the way, a number of the lots being hired and occupied by him for raising

garden truck. On one of these fields he grew musk-melons, on which we boys had designs.

Of this I have lasting and enduring cause to remember. On a beautiful fall afternoon (how well I recall it) in company with Alfred Ray, I visited this melon patch. Of course it could not be surmised why we were there—but there we were. Isaiah discovered us and slyly stole down upon us, and shielded by a house, around which he slunk, he was there before we knew it. We boys were barefooted, and Alfred, who either saw him first or was fleet of foot than I, made a sprint and gained his freedom; but Isaiah overtook me, or at least the long whip lash attached to the stock which he carried in his hand, overtook me, and the result was that with it he nearly severed my little toe from my foot. We said at the time, and stoutly maintained, that we were just crossing lots, but Isaiah held that we were there to steal his melons. Did I think I was telling the truth as to my presence there that day? Perhaps I did then, or tried to think so; but I rather guess, upon reflection, that Isaiah was right in his conclusion.

This erratic man, severe on occasion, was sometimes kindly of heart, and we boys had many favors with him, and he gave me many rides in his old "spring-cart." He kept quite a number of cows, and we boys were often about his premises and his barns. If we became too familiar in his affairs he would remind us of it in his own peculiar expressions. Often when he regarded us as nearer his cows than we should have been, albeit we would be up to some mischief, premeditated or otherwise, he was apt to shout to us "Git out a' there yew woosted head and let the keows alone!"

And then his flying-horses. As I mention this subject I am sure that many men and women, boys and girls fifty years ago, will remember "Isaiah Nickerson's Flying-Horses" down on Pleasant street. I can mentally see the make-up now—that central pole on the top of which revolved that frame of extended arms, from the end of which was suspended a "flying-horse." They were legless animals—in fact they were objects made in the shape of the body of a horse, sawed flat across the bottom, and an iron rod reached down from the arm above, to which it was attached, passed through the body of the horse just back of the neck and was fastened with a nut beneath. This affair, all in the open, was exposed to the elements, but under proper weather conditions was a rare treat to us children if we could obtain the price to ride one of those horses.

The "Carousels" and "Merry-Go-Rounds" of the present day, with their exquisitely made and adorned imitations of many animals, in strong contrast to the crude flying horses which I have described, never afforded greater sport to children than we obtained from riding on the homely outfit which Isaiah Nickerson set up for us. The old mill beneath whose shadow Isaiah lived, the mill hills, portions of which he tilled, are still there; but his home and his flying-horses, as also the men and women of his day, alas! are gone, and I fear that there are comparatively few who were children of the days of which I write who are yet left to read this story.

J. E. C. Farnham.
Providence, Jan. 21, 1913.

A Correction—and Some Additions.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

This "Vicar of Wakefield" can hardly refrain from correcting a capital letter in my letter printed in your issue of January 25, which I presume that "imp" of the printing office with un-euphonious name got in by mistake, thus turning my metaphorical ship "Zion" into the ship "Lion," doubtless puzzling some folks as to how a real ship could be embarked upon at "Hepsy Hussey's school-house" away down on Fair street.

There now! After having made the correction all in one sentence, I'll venture to add a few more recollections which have occurred to me since penning the previous batch. Some of the boys of by-gone days have mentioned "Clay pits" and "John Allen's," just over the hill to the west; also the "Lily pond" and "Mitchell's ditch," as various skating places, but I think the "Goose pond" was overlooked. I learned to skate there the very day Charlie Fisher broke through the ice to no great depth, and then imprudently kept on skating in his wet clothes, which resulted in many years of limb suffering. It caused a peculiar sensation when, some years later, I rode across the middle of that same pond on the bouncing train of the Nantucket R. R., right where I learned to skate by falling down and getting up again, thus learning the valuable lesson of perseverance from that great teacher, Mr. Experience.

One of the fancy skaters of that day whom I remember was John R. Raymond, who flew backward or forward with equal speed, and who cut all sorts of figures or went sideways like a crab, with great facility. I wonder how many of the above-named ponds are still used for skating purposes.

One or two of my recollections have to do with Hon. Charles O'Connor, living at that period in his new house on the cliff, with the fire-proof brick library adjacent containing his immense stock of law books. One summer in the early eighties, when at home during the college vacation, I took a notion to canvass for a volume just issued, entitled, "The Museum of Antiquity." My perambulations took me cliff-ward one day, and I resolved 'to beard the lion in his den.' It was with some trepidation that I ascended the steps of the mansion, for I had heard that sometimes the old gentleman was a bit irascible. I was ushered into one of the fine rooms, and presently the spare, somewhat stooping figure of Mr. O'Connor approached. He told me I was a student at Boston University, was keeping busy during the vacation, explained the nature of the book from the prospectus and awaited results.

Mr. O'Connor took the prospectus, and, fixing his keen eyes upon me, said laconically, in his somewhat rasping voice: "If I am to subscribe, where am I to put my name?" I was pleased to point out the exact line, where there were places for name, residence, binding and occupation. Mr. O'Connor at once wrote thus: "Chas. O'Connor, Nantucket, Mass. Full Morocco. Lawyer." The last word, "lawyer," instead of the circumlocution "attorney-at-law," always seemed to me significant of the direct, simple, plain way he must have elucidated the cases which made him so celebrated.

The playmates of those days have become wonderfully scattered. There's Charlie Frank Smith, now for many years in the Waltham Watch Factory; George Gardner Russell, whose father was for a number of years warden in the Charlestown state prison; Walter Sprague, who, together with "Si" Nevins, is in the employ of the Boston Globe; and Minor Davis. I was naturally much interested in "The Success of Minor Davis," which appeared in your columns some months since.

Among other schoolmates of Mr. Fox's day, were John and Mitchell Barrett, Upton Hallett, William Peabody Defriez and his cousin, Frank. Will Defriez's velocipede in those days was the marvel and envy of many a lad, who now from their superior safety bicycles would look askance at their humble forerunner.

One of the studies in which I became greatly interested in my last year or two at the Coffin School was "Rhetoric." This study was also under the skillful direction of Miss Folger. That "Hart's Composition and Rhetoric" lies before me now, and bears on the fly-leaf the date of purchase—September 28, 1877.

Mr. Fox gave us a fine course in bookkeeping. His rule for telling whether to place an item on the debit or credit side of an account I still remember. It is simple but very serviceable. It was this: "Make the receiver or the thing received debtor to the giver or the thing given."

But I must quit my rambling. I could go on and tell of the pleasant hours in the reading and spelling classes of Miss Riddell, whose voice I can seem to hear reading with excellent inflexion.

"Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day
When the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array."

Or follow the patient skill in scanning and parsing with which she took us through a portion of Milton's "Paradise Lost."

I can seem to see again in retrospect Mr. Fox making electricity with the aid of that old glass wheel and filling Leyden jars with it. Then he'd have perhaps the whole school stand about the walls of the big room and take hold of hands. The end-man (this is not a minstrel show) on one side would firmly clasp the tin-foiled outer surface of a jar, and the other end-man would touch the brass knob at the top. Presto! Every boy and girl felt an instantaneous pound on each wrist by the mysterious force which is today so wonderfully harnessed by man.

At other times a boy would stand on the insulating stool and after being filled with the electric fluid through a chain attached to the apparatus would proceed to emit sparks if one touched him, or would set fire to a spoonful of alcohol by pointing to it. Some of the girls would stand upon the stool, and the electricity would make their long hair stream out in all directions till they looked like fury (I mean one of the ancient Furies as pictured to us in mythology).

This recalls a quite different interview with the famous jurist. During one of those summer vacations, a college classmate came to the island to spend a few days with me. His name was George Howard Fall, who has recently been mayor of his native city of Malden. Fall was always a bit eccentric and harum-scarum, but never in any very offensive way. We walked up to the cliff one day when the fog had settled down pretty thickly. On arriving at the gate, at a little distance from the house, we paused. Presently Fall said: "If I thought Mr. O'Connor was on the piazza I'd go up and speak with him." "Well," said I, "I wouldn't wonder if he was, for I think I hear footsteps, as if someone were pacing up and down on the piazza."

Impetuously he strode through the gate and I followed. Fortunately, the veteran member of the New York bar was in a pleasant mood in spite of the fog, and received us very cordially. Fall had some thoughts of taking a law course, and finally asked Mr. O'Connor this peculiar question: "What would you advise a young man who thought he might like to study law, but didn't know as he had really any particular leaning toward it?"

I can never forget the aged lawyer's remarkable reply, which really revealed the secret of his success in life. I can give it nearly word for word. Mr. O'Connor said: "When I was young, I had a decided aversion to the law; but my father wanted me to study it, and I studied it—but," he continued significantly, "I believe if I had put the same amount of application to any other occupation, I

would have succeeded equally as well, whether it had been that of a doctor, or a minister, or a butcher."

What a lesson in that tense answer for the boys and girls of this and every age! In business we use the word "industry," in the arts and sciences "application," in religion "consecration." But all mean the same thing—"stick-to-it-iveness."

I once invited a fellow to come up to Mill Hill the next Sunday afternoon to a 4 o'clock meeting some of us were to hold. His reply was quite different from Mr. O'Connor's. "Oh, well," he said, "maybe I'll drift up that way." But, as I recall it, he didn't "drift." Folks don't "drift" up hill, whether it's Mill Hill, or the hill of success in any line, any more than they drift heavenward. "Strive" is the Master's common sense motto for entering any kingdom worth while.

Speaking of Mill Hill, I look back upon it not only as a fine coasting spot in winter, but as a great place for kite-flying in its season. I think it was Nelson Lamb who made my first kite for me in my father's carpenter shop, when I was a small boy. It used to be great fun to get a kite way up in the air, on Mill Hill, and then walk down through the lanes home with it, dexterously avoiding the catching of the string in trees and house-tops, finally anchoring the same to "the walk" on top of father's house.

I recall the Rev. A. B. Whipple, who along about 1879 was both pastor at the Baptist church and principal of the High School, and who seemed able to talk equally well on all subjects. He grounded me (or ground into me) Greek sufficient to enter college, the curriculum of the ever-progressive Coffin School being sufficient in all other required studies. A few winters ago Mr. Whipple was at the reunion of Nantucket's Sons and Daughters, and told us at length of some of his life experiences. I will close with mentioning the great temperance reformation which struck Nantucket in the late seventies. Lots of islanders and off-islanders will recall those strenuous times. Week after week and month after month the crowd would march down Orange street to the town-hall, (where, as I stated in my previous communication, J. Francis Baxter used to teach the grammar school, with Miss Delia Upham, Miss Susie B. Hussey and Miss Martha Macy as able assistants).

I can seem to see our Quaker friend, Matthew Barney, presiding in his quiet impressive way, with Cora Coleman (whose tragic end by accidental burning saddened our hearts) at the piano. How the old Gospel Hymns rang out! Among the speakers were the various pastors, Mr. Whipple and Daniel Round among them; Dr. Arthur Elwell Jenks, our poetical brother; Herbert Coffin, born on Nantucket, and then preaching at Plymouth; the Scotts, husband and wife; "Rising Sun" Morse, of Canton; George W. Penniman, "the boy orator" of Fall River; and many others.

Nantucket became the "banner town" in the state for membership, at one time having over a thousand names on its pledge book. Though many went back, I am inclined to think that the meetings did a vast amount of good, not only in reclaiming the victims of King Alcohol, but especially in fortifying the young against forming the awful habit of "putting an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains."

I have been reminded since being in Wakefield of those times, for at just about the same period this town went through a similar Gospel temperance revival, which yielded similar happy results as then blessed Nantucket. Let me say with a correspondent in your issue of January 25 that I hope the dear old town of my boyhood will have the simple common sense to see that there is no sense in maintaining churches and schools to put brains and morals into people, young or old, and then licensing institutions for pulling them out.

Yours, for Nantucket at its best,

W. D. Woodward.

Wakefield, R. I.

Feb. 15, 1913

A Daughter of a Farmer Reminisces a Bit.

ditor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Is the world upside down, or what as brought about such a wonderful change in affairs? Fifty years ago more or less I was fortunate enough to be the daughter of a farmer and attended the village school, situated about 2½ miles distant. Through the pleasant season we walked to school, but on rainy days the green painted spring cart with the pink lining (now extinct) with ropes on the sides to hold onto e'er we tumbled out, was in use. We were always hungry enough on our way home at night to eat anything that grew—whether it were wild gooseberries, swamp-apples, green cranberries, it mattered not.

The sight of a running stream caused a most unbearable thirst, which compelled us to use our dinner-pail cover for a drink of water, which was about the color of tea, caused by the innumerable roots and herbs growing in and about the stream. "And were you never poisoned?" you ask. Oh, no. It was "know nothing fear nothing" with us then, but not so in this day of progression.

We didn't know or care whether we had an appendix, but had we known of such an organ in our bodies we should have declared that it was born with us, and should die with us, unmolested.

We were a family of rollicking boys and girls, never sick, and always ready for a good hearty meal. Indigestion and nervousness were two words never spoken in our house; they meant nothing to us. What a change has been brought about! Science has worked out startling facts in many ways. The time will come, no doubt, when surgeons will be able to remove our arms and legs and re-adjust them stronger than they were before.

Science has disclosed the fact that the poor innocent cow must submit to a test, and be condemned, because of symptoms of consumption—tuberculosis, now called.

The present generation in many ways, particularly longevity, does not seem to equal that of other days. There comes to my mind one in our family living to the great age of 95 years, and at that age being in possession of all her mental faculties. Her prolonged life was not due to the wearing of lace waists and August stockings in zero weather, going without a hat and sleeping with the window half-way up in a 70-mile gale in the month of January; for, in her day and generation the unbleached cotton flannel for the under garment, and blue yarn stocking, were indispensable for the comforts of cold, cold winter. Certainly we are living in a wonderful age.

The old-time husking parties were looked forward to, in the autumn season, with much pleasure. They are, also, a thing of the past—almost unheard of now.

Many, who are grandfathers and grandmothers today, doubtless recall those famous assemblies, called "Squantums" (picnics now called) held on the farm of the late Jacob and Lucinda Gibbs, now known as "Norwood." Sometimes we attended three of those Squantums in the space of one week. Those happy days have passed and gone, but the pleasure of them will always be cherished in our memories.

The young people of today are enjoying life in a far different way. Skating on ice was once the one and only way. Now, skating on the sidewalk, roadway or in the audience hall, whether it be in freezing weather or at summer heat, it makes no difference. Then there is golf and tennis, considered so healthful for the out-of-door exercise. And so we move on! We must do our part to promote advancement, and live for the best that can be achieved.

Anon.

March 11, 1916

More Reminiscences From A Farmer's Daughter.

Yes, Mr. Editor, that snow-storm of March 3rd was indeed a host in itself, and surely as formidable as we care to encounter. The numerous views in The Inquirer and Mirror were very clever and finely executed. Without doubt, many extras were sold, to travel to all parts of the world, as Nantucketers are so located.

Nature has been good to us in the last 25 or 30 years and possibly changed the Gulf Stream somewhat, but maybe it has decided to change back again and give us a few of the old-fashioned sort. We are surely ungrateful mortals—never satisfied with our lot.

I remember many years ago, when I was a small girl, possibly five or six years of age (small enough to be sleeping in a trundle-bed in my mother's room with a sister two years my senior), of a party of young men and women starting out for a good time to 'Sconset to celebrate "Fast Day" in the month of April. One of the young women had an aunt living in 'Sconset, so she had laid her plans to remain with her over night.

It proved to be a bright sunny day, but, having had a heavy snow storm some time previous, there was still some left on the ground, although the travelling was considered good enough to make the journey. They reached their destination all in good season, but as in all such jollifications, the day passed all too soon, and in consequence they tarried so long that darkness overtook them and they lost their way.

To add to their troubles it started to rain. Among the teams was a horse formerly owned at Polpis, and it so happened that this animal was given the lead, the others following. Evidently, Dobbin had not forgotten his former home and decided to take the Polpis road. The young man holding the lines, not having full confidence in himself as to the course to pursue, gave the horse a free rein, which resulted in a much longer ride home. They found themselves wandering through swamps, up hills and down dales, through pools of water and small banks of snow and slush.

Did they envy Nancy sleeping peacefully under the roof of her dear Aunt Emeline back in 'Sconset? Oh, yes, indeed! many times! but they realized they must keep moving—they could not turn back. In fact, they were certain they were lost somewhere on the moors, but knew not where. They thought of the comfortable homes they had started from, and were anxious from the fact that their parents would feel alarmed because they had not returned.

After riding about for hours they arrived at what is now known as Folger's hill, and, to add to their discomfort, this lane was found to be filled with snow about three or four feet deep on a level. The poor horses were urged to take them through it, although there had been no teams through for weeks. (Right here let me remind you that this was the month of April.)

Strange as it may seem, only one of the teams upset. Suddenly they discerned a light near by, which sent a thrill of joy to their heavy hearts. It was almost as much relief to them as it was to Christopher Columbus when he discovered our dear old America, for it was then about the hour of midnight.

Well, Mr. Editor, you can rest assured they lost no time in making themselves heard at that farm-house which proved to be the farm of the late Joseph M. Folger (and birthplace of the writer). Father responded to the knock at the door. Mother, after listening a moment, and grasping the situation enough to feel certain that someone was in trouble, hastily dressed and did her best to subdue and quiet the shattered nerves of the young ladies. The young men pretended to be very brave, fully realizing the great responsibility resting upon them. (Poor things!)

The girls begged to be taken in until daylight; said they would sit up all night, or sleep in their chairs. Father assured them of his willingness to harness his horse and pilot them to town, but they were too full of cry to listen to anything but to remain in their comfortable quarters. It was finally decided to put up the horses for the remainder of the night.

The old homestead was very roomy and mother, who was a woman of superior judgment, furnished beds by "doubling up" and in some cases there may have been three in one bed. After a few hours of refreshing sleep, all hands were up and dressed, each trying to outdo the other in rehearsing the terrible experiences of the previous night, and while they were discussing their perilous adventures, faithful Polly, the house-maid, (with Mother's help), prepared for them a nice hot breakfast, after which my eldest brother played the accordion and they indulged in a little dance in the big summer kitchen.

We little people regretted very much the thought that they must leave us. Mother told me some years later that after they had bidden us good-bye and departed, I looked up to her, with the broad smile of a happy child, and said, "Oh, ma! Don't you wish they would come again?" She answered me with an emphatic "No!" then softened it a bit by saying, "Not under those circumstances."

Now there is, I think, but one of that party living at the present time, and perhaps my cousin Sue could criticise a bit some of the statements I've made, and we may hear from her later.

In conclusion I will ask all friends to pardon all personalities and remember that "All's well that ends well."

A. N. M.

March 11, 1916.

The Old Great Gate.

Beloved Nantucket! She sits queen of the sea, beckoning all her sons and daughters to come and rest—rest from the dust, the toil and the automobiles of cities—and renew the old associations of childhood. These come to me with renewed force as I wonder in thought among the dear old lanes, for "we leave our home in youth and go, we know not where, and coming back in a few short years see the old home, the old elms, the old flat stone at the gate, and hear the latchet's self-same click—but lift that latchet and all is changed as doom."

But if all is changed as doom, there is a voice of the ones gone lingering at the doorway. The voice that sent me to Solomon Folger's at the end of Plumb lane for milk, where I saw the simple life—no frills about the tea table—no entres.

Again to Miss Stebbins, on Fair street, perhaps to change a slick ninepence, for one with real pillars. Again to Davenport's cellar for "emptins" and to Samuel Meader's to have a hat bleached, and to Betsy Hiller's to have it trimmed with real lute string ribbon.

I remember, also, one call on the Newbegins. When we told them there was a bazaar in town, Mary exclaimed, "Is it coming out here?" G. S. Jr. ventured a low "yes, marm!"—and being much frightened, she called to Phebe, "Go and call the hens into the kitchen and hasp the door, and put Betty (le poulet) into the bureau drawer!" Then I recall Anne Newbegin going around Judy Riel's post, back and forth, until she got pointed north.

As I come to the old great gate at 'Sconset I see again the old people—Betsy Cary with her turban; Sally Mowry, who sold "emptins"; Anne Marcy Gibbs, who wanted to "retaliate kindnesses"; the horse and chaise at Mrs. Elkin's door; Franklin Folger with his genealogical stories; old "Uncle Nat" by the pump; Reuben Ramsdell, whose roof blew off one night and being deaf he never knew it until he awoke and beheld the stars.

The old great gate saved my mother from a perilous ride. She got into the chaise in town, but before she could secure the lines the fleet little pony started on the way. He seemed to know that she wished to go to 'Sconset, so over hill and dale he sped, through deep sand, just as fast as the wind, while she (being light) was bounding up and down like a shell. On and on he sped, faster and faster, until he reached the old great gate. I will preserve it for that, if nothing more, and hope the Coffins now living in Seattle may some day wish to see their great-grandfather Brown's old great gate. 'Sconset will ever be to me a blest abode, for I love the sea-beat shore, and when I get deaf and eighty-four I shall have become so accustomed to the ocean and its roar, I will hire that 'Sconset housekeeper's best friend, Henry Holmes, to pound on the door.

H. M. B.

AUGUST 10, 1912

Some Corrections and Some Additions

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

The reminiscent articles, which, during the past few months, have been printed in your columns, have been very interesting, especially to your older readers, former residents of the island, to whom they pleasantly recall their earlier years and many agreeable experiences.

Quite an interesting book might hereafter be made of selections from these various communications, and possibly some one of your contributors, or you yourself, may think it well to prepare and publish such a book, as you did concerning "The Island Steamers."

As a member of the Nantucket Historical Society, I hope that our Curator will make a scrap-book (and one or more duplicates) containing all the articles already published, and such others as may from time to time appear.

I, like others, have been greatly interested in these reminiscences of bygone days, and I am glad that, in the later articles, we find no references such as characterized the earlier ones, detailing "youthful pranks", so-called, of boyish law-breaking, amusing to the perpetrators, and interesting perhaps to the readers, but which, despite the labored argument of one of the writers to prove their harmlessness, must properly be regarded like the cowboy stories of western life, as very unwholesome reading for the younger members of our families.

Breaking windows, robbing hen roosts and orchards, ringing doorbells, setting fires and similar proceedings, however much they may be glossed over, are acts illegal and morally wrong, and ought to be in every way discountenanced, and the claim that they are evidences that those who are guilty of them are "real boys," suggesting that well-behaved, law-abiding boys are not real, is one that is entirely misleading and should be altogether condemned.

I have particularly enjoyed the articles contributed by Brother Farnham and one or two others, giving descriptions of Nantucket customs and household articles, seldom or never seen or known in other parts of the country. They have been especially accurate, although Brother Farnham makes his gas from "anthracite" coal instead of bituminous, and in his description of the quilting bars forgot to mention the strip of canvas nailed to the side of each roller, to which the cloth of the outside and the lining of the "comforter" was fastened while the quilt was being made. A set of these quilting bars, made by my grandfather, probably nearly 100 years ago, is still in existence and as good as ever, although it is likely that they will never be used again.

In articles like these, as the writers themselves suggest, there are likely to be inaccuracies, which, although in themselves trivial, it is well to correct, so that whatever is hereafter remembered may be remembered just as it was and not even a little out of the way.

In this spirit I offer several corrections which I have jotted down from time to time, as the various articles have appeared. One writer speaks of Mt. Wachusett as the highest land in Massachusetts, leaving out the word "central". Mt. Wachusett is the highest land in central Massachusetts, being 2018 feet high, but Greylock, on the western border of the state, is nearly 1500 feet higher, being 3505 feet high.

The brothers, Isaac and Philip Macy, have been spoken of as living on Main street, but Philip lived on Summer street, near the Baptist church, and Isaac lived on Pleasant street, nearly opposite Summer street.

A certain cemetery has been repeatedly referred to as having been called the "Friends' Burying Ground", but in my boyhood days, I do not recollect hearing it called by that name; I knew it as the "Quaker Burying Ground."

Miss Mitchell, one of the teachers in the Nantucket High School, has been spoken of as Miss Anne Mitchell. My recollection is that Miss Anne Mitchell taught first and only in the Coffin School. The Miss Mitchell in the High School was Miss Martha Mitchell, daughter of Samuel.

James M. Bunker, Esq., who has been referred to as principal of the North Grammar School, had a longer and more agreeable service of seven or eight years, prior to 1856, in the West Grammar, whose many pupils always remembered him as a genial gentleman and excellent teacher.

My favorite High School teacher was Miss Maria L. Tallant, afterward Mrs. Maria L. Owen, who has contributed interestingly to your columns from time to time. I remember her with especial pleasure, genial, well informed, and excellent as a teacher.

Speaking of teachers, no one that I have noticed has referred to the school taught by Miss Sarah Easton, near the foot of Chestnut street, a little private school which many of the children of my day attended.

One writer speaks of "reefs" around Nantucket. "Reefs" are ordinarily supposed to be composed of rocks, and I remember at Nantucket only "shoals", composed chiefly or wholly of sand.

Speaking of the fire engines sixty years or more ago, I well remember the little "Pioneer" and the boys of my day who belonged to her youthful company, who, at an alarm of fire, turned out with all the enthusiasm of their elders, and often did good service by getting into narrow places where the large engines could not enter. I have a vague recollection that one of the engines in the southern part of the town was called the "Volunteer", but I did not notice that anyone who has written concerning the engines has mentioned that name.

When a boy I went to the West Grammar School and well remember the narrow "knife box" house near there, but the name of its occupant then was Timothy Kelley, and not the one mentioned by your correspondent.

Of the stores and shops my memory goes back further than the days mentioned by any of your correspondents. I wonder how many remember Samuel S. Salisbury whose store was in the Lodge building, afterwards occupied by Moses Mitchell, and the store on Centre street after "the fire", not far from Pearl street, occupied by N. A. and A. K. Sprague, of whose store I am frequently reminded, as I have a single plate occasionally upon my dinner table, the last of a set of dishes bought from them by my grandfather. Hooper's store (L. A., not L. H.) originally located, I think, on the opposite side of Centre street, I well remember, and the attractive ice cream at small prices, with one or two spoons, as might be desired, for the accommodation of young folks.

Justin Lawrence, father of Edward Abbott Lawrence, the dry-goods man of today, and Frederick Gardner, had dry goods stores on the north side of Main street, near Centre street, before John M. Bovey was located there, and Bovey's associate, as I remember him, was Charles Edward Coffin and not Charles Frederick Coffin, as stated by one of your contributors. Orison Adams' grocery store was near where Congdon has his pharmacy, perhaps in that very store.

On Centre street, between Hooper's store and Pearl street, was a small store kept by Heman Crocker, who among other things sold "free labor sugar" made from cane raised in plantations (chiefly in the British West Indies probably) where no slaves were employed. This was bought chiefly by anti-slavery people who, in this way, wished to "bear their testimony" against slavery.

No one I think has referred to the store of Nathaniel Tallant on the Cross Wharf, whose sign "N. Tallant" was thus read by a little four-year-old just learning his letters; "There's one n and there's another n, there's one t and there's another t, there's one a and there's another a, and two l's in the middle".

I well remember Captain George Pollard, whose tragic experience in connection with the loss of the ship "Essex," recorded in Macy's History of Nantucket, made a deep impression upon my youthful mind, and who, in his later years was one of the evening watchmen to keep order at the street corners.

Roland B. Hussey's account of the building of the various houses in Sconset in the earlier days, was very interesting, but, as I read it, I wished that he had mentioned how they were moved from the town or from Polpis, whether entire upon wheels, or taken down in sections, or completely taken apart and rebuilt in their new location.

Although but eight years old, I well remember the great fire on July 13, 1846, which swept through the business and mercantile portion of the town, destroying many of the best residences, and nearly all of the stores and shops, oil works and candle houses, several halls and churches, causing a loss estimated at a million dollars, and inflicting a blow upon the town from which it never recovered.

One incident which especially impressed itself upon my youthful memory, as I watched the fire from the window of our house, which fortunately was not burned, was the burning of the halyards wound around the flag-pole on what, I think, was Washington Hall. The flames, following the ropes to the top of the pole, like fiery serpents, climbed to the truck.

How different is the Nantucket of today from the Nantucket of our early years, then the greatest whaling port in the world! In many ways improved, but when we of those earlier times revisit it, we miss the hum of business which characterized our boyhood, when whaleships fitting for sea or just returned from prosperous voyages, lay at the wharves, when all was activity upon and around them, when coopers' shops were alive with busy men and resounded with the music of work upon casks, when riggers' and sail-makers' lofts were scenes of great activity, when spar-makers upon the wharves were earnestly watched by our youthful eyes, and the workmen in the rope-walks, constructing what seemed to us huge cables, were constantly occupied, and all the various trades involved in the business of whaling and the subsequent refining of the oil and the manufacture of candles, gave ample occupation for a population more than three times as large as that now upon the island.

All these scenes of the past are gone, and while we read with pleasure of Nantucket's prosperity of today as a summer resort, a feeling of sadness and regret comes over us as we remember the past.

Probably there is no one business which involves and supports so many allied occupations as the whaling industry. To begin with, there is the building of the vessels, (and several ships of considerable size were built on Brant Point) and also the building of the whaleboats, which were peculiar in model and size. Then followed the making of the masts and spars from the original logs, and the making and setting up of the ropes of which the rigging was made, and the manufacture of the sails which required to be constantly renewed. Carpenters found occupation in the construction of the interior work and painters were required both within and without.

In preparing the ships for sea, for voyages lasting two, three or four years, large quantities of groceries of all kinds were needed, including a good supply of ship-bread, whose making and baking Brother Farnham has so well described, which was shipped in new casks, which, as they were emptied upon the voyage, were filled with oil taken from the whales. The crews had also to be supplied with clothing for the voyage suitable for tropical regions and the colder Arctic seas, the making of which gave occupation to hundreds of men and women in tailoring establishments, and boots

and shoes were needed as a part of the equipment.

When the ships returned home loaded with oil and whalebone, the oil had to be refined and the heavier portion extracted and made into candles, necessitating great oil works and candle-houses, and the shipment of the refined oil and candles to Boston, New York and Philadelphia, to be reshipped to all parts of the world, furnished work for scores of candlebox makers, and the transportation of the oil and candles gave employment to numerous coasting vessels between Nantucket and other ports.

These were the chief industries which the whaling business created and there were still others of minor importance. Hence when Nantucket was in the height of its commercial prosperity, in the early 40's, at which time it was the greatest whaling port in the world, it was indeed prosperous. And when, from the growing scarcity of whales and the increasing dis-use of oil for lighting purposes, and the consequent decline in business, (intensified by the appalling calamity of the great fire of 1846), the whaling business received its death blow, the whole population of the town was involved in the disaster, and many were compelled to leave the island and seek for business elsewhere.

Nantucket continued to decline, the former prosperity never returned, and the island's commercial doom was sealed.

For those who know it only of today as a charming summer resort, with all the attractions therewith connected, it is a delightful place; but to those who knew it 60 or 70 years ago, in the days of its great prosperity, when substantial citizens, descendants of the early settlers, were greatly in evidence and controlled its affairs, it is, alas! how changed.

Boston.

Roxbury, July 7, 1913.

JULY 12, 1913

"Reminiscences" and "Automobiles."

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Naturally I am much interested in the reminiscences you are publishing so freely. By the way, I observed one of your correspondents was claiming to be the champion long distance subscriber. Well, I'm not bragging, for I don't believe I am the oldest, but I have had the Mirror and its successor ever since July, 1859; I do not believe I have missed an issue.

I remember John Olin well—what boy in the fifties does not? With all his native shrewdness, there was always a kindly feeling with him for the boys, and the boys reciprocated. His mead was to our youthful palates really "ambrosial"—a drink for the gods. And he always had some bargain in fruit for the boys. Some of the "old boys" remember, I presume, the impetuous lad who rushed into his store on South Water street one day and sung out, "Mr. Apples! Mr. Apples! Got any specked Olins?"

I often think, for I dwell much in our yesterdays, how many times the golden memories of little kindly deeds cling to one in after life. Many of us remember L. A. Hooper, who had the confectionery store on Centre street—a store retained by his descendants until recent years. In my boyhood Mr. Hooper, whose kindly heart made him a favorite with the children, used to lay in a stock of little story and picture books at Christmas time, and every child who called and wished him a "Merry Christmas" or a "Happy New Year" got one. The memory of the trifling gifts to us boys has ever since been with me and I have frequently bought toys of his successors to bring home to my little relatives, because of that memory.

How many of you remember Alex. Moore, the one-time editor of the Inquirer, and a member of the once quite famous Nantucket Cornet band when William H. Weston, Leander Cobb, ——— Colesworthy, Fred Cobb Russell, Ben Tobey, my brother and a score more were members? There was much of the joker about Moore. One day he was in Hooper's store and two of his chums stood near by. Reaching his hand into a candy jar, he took out a stick, saying to the others, "Do as I do," and they did. Putting his stick to his mouth he bit off a generous piece and repeated, "Do as I do." Thinking it was Moore's treat they did as ordered. After the candy was eaten he put his hand into his pocket, and taking out a cent, passed it to Mr. Hooper, still repeating, "Now do as I do;" and again they did, but they felt quite sure then that the joke was on them.

My friend Lilla Barnard is right in the general features, but not quite in some details regarding the famous trial of "Bardell vs. Pickwick." I was merely one of the "high-minded and intelligent jury," whose chief duty was to sleep during the trial. Fred Cobb Russell was Sergeant Buz-fuzz, and a fine one he made. Fred Cobb was one of our school stars, for he was also a good singer. He and I once had parts in a dialogue (one of those from Fowle's Hundred Dialogues) in which Fred represented an Irishman shipwrecked on the coast of France, and I the would-be polite Frenchman in danger of having my head cracked with the shillalah Pat flourished so carelessly.

I have been trying to recall the names of my classmates, the High School class of 1859, and wondered where they all are. As their names come to me, they are Zenas H. Adams, George G. Barnard, William F. Barnard, Sarah W. Cartwright, Lizzie G. Coggeshall, Mary G. Coleman, Mattie Dunham, Mary Seeman Folger, Judith Coffin Gardner, Carrie Hallett, Mary Macy Hayden, Alfred Kelley, Lydia M. Jenks, Lizzie Lovell, Lydia Macy, Tommy Macy, Walter Macy, Mary Frank Mitchell, Mary G. Murphy, Anna C. Ray, Fred Cobb Russell, Cornelia Robinson, Marianna Sprague, John Smithwick, Clinton Swain, Sid Starbuck, Walter Starbuck, Carrie Starbuck, Mattie Starbuck, Lydia Summerhayes, Sarah Frank Sanford, Mary L. Sheffield, George Easton Smith, Eben W. Tallant, Mary P. Tracy, Amelia Turner, Charley Wood, Mary Abby Westgate, Andrew R. Worth.

Most of them have "passed over." Clint Swain died on the Heights of Fredericksburg, leading his regiment, of which, as I recall, he was adjutant and ranking officer, his superiors being already killed or wounded. Mat-

tie Dunham, as Mrs. Summerhayes, has recently published a charming story of her life in Arizona. Mary Frank Mitchell (Williams) I often meet where Nantucketers gather in Boston. Anna Ray, the widow of the late Governor Ames, is a Bostonian. Fred Cobb Russell is in business in Boston—we sometimes meet. By a singular coincidence his son and mine sustained the same friendly relations to each other in the Institute of Technology that their fathers did in the Nantucket High School. I was exceedingly pleased to receive, not many days ago, a call from the daughter-in-law and granddaughter of George Easton Smith. Eben W. Tallant is a prominent factor in the mercantile world in the salmon packing business at Astoria, Oregon. Judith Coffin Gardner, long ago married, is a resident of Winthrop. And where are the rest of them? I may not have every one of their names, and I may have included one or two that do not belong there, but remember I am writing from the memories of 54 years ago.

I see there is renewed agitation on the automobile question. For one I hope Nantucket will continue to stand out against them. If they once get a foothold there is a safe prediction that you will lose many of your best summer residents and gain some who would be decidedly undesirable from an island standpoint. It is another safe prediction that the expense of your highways will be doubled and then they will be in poorer shape than now. If once the bars are down you have no control and the advent of big touring cars and motor trucks will break down your roads faster than you can afford to build them up.

As to the element of danger, the National Highway Protective Society reported that during the month of November last, in New York city, 56 persons, 30 of them children, were killed in the streets by automobiles, trolley cars and wagons; the principal implement of destruction was automobiles. Take your daily papers and note in any week the appalling list of automobile accidents!

Judge Michael G. Murray of Boston recently said in his court to a score of auto drivers:—"I have sat here now nearly an hour, seeing and hearing respectable citizens come up and plead guilty to a charge of wilfully and wantonly violating the law. They don't seem to have the least respect for the law, coming as they do into this criminal court and frankly admitting their guilt. It is a sad condition of affairs. Why, this spectacle here today is unprecedented in the annals of the municipal court. If this large number of automobile drivers or other men of like appearance was placed in the dock instead of occupying seats in the room waiting for the disposition of their cases, charged with stealing foodstuff to supply a craving stomach, the public would become horrified, and well it might."

That's what one judge said of cases brought before him.

One of the most prominent business men in Boston, himself the owner of several automobiles, presumably a law abiding citizen, told me that not one automobilist in a hundred obeyed the law. He himself has driven his automobile over 40 miles an hour in a public parkway where the law restricts driving to 10. A judge of a Middlesex county court has been arrested, and I believe fined, for over-speeding in Barnstable county.

In a communication inspired by a company having automobile devices for sale, and consequently not prejudiced against them, I am informed on the authority of a statement in "Motor Print" that "For the six months ending July 1, 1912, there were 1135 automobile accidents in Los Angeles, in which 659 persons were injured. Of these 590 were struck or run over by machines. There were 429 accidents at crossings and 124 between crossings."

In the annual report of the Highway Safety League, of which Moorfield Storey is president, we find these figures of Massachusetts accidents: In 1910 there were killed in this state by automobile accidents 77 people; injured 963. In 1911, killed 110; injured 1248. In 1912, killed 142; injured 1962. Isn't that an appalling record? Why, at the battle of Bunker Hill the American loss was only 3 more in killed and less than a sixth as many wounded and missing!

In Worcester for 11 months in 1912 the police records show 93 accidents from automobiles and auto-cycles of which 67 are described as "ambulance cases." Ten resulted in death. The League report says "These numbers probably represent only a portion of the injuries actually inflicted."

In his annual report, just made public, Police Commissioner O'Meara of Boston says that "in four years there has been an increase from six killed and 127 injured in Boston in 1908 by automobiles, to 99 killed and 483 injured in 1912. He continues

"I believe that the principal cause of the growth of the list of killed and injured is the increase in the average speed of motor vehicles. To the same cause may be charged an enormous amount of anxiety, inconvenience and delay suffered by the walking public." * * * "The owner of an automobile, who rushes through the streets and avenues leading to the heart of the city and thereupon finds he must reduce his speed and take his turn with others, is quite likely to become impatient, to forget where he is, to revile in his heart and sometimes by word of mouth the policeman who holds him in check, and to regard all other vehicles, and pedestrians, too, as merely obstacles to his progress." That's what the Police Commissioner of Boston says.

Keep them out while the law allows you to. If the bars are down you not only let in 10 per cent. good men but 90 per cent. determined law breakers.

Nantucket Jr.

MARCH 1, 1913

The Old-time Nantucket "Circle."

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Another never-to-be-forgotten remembrance is the "circle." I do not allude to the family circle, but to a circle embracing the heads of several families. Organized, or perhaps I better say, associated—for it was simply a pleasant "coming together"—the circle used to alternately meet at the home of one of its members. There were a number of such, as I recall, when a boy. I particularly remember the one with which my father and mother were connected. Once a week, usually on Wednesday, they met in the evening, and for two or three hours had an enjoyable time.

The women each brought their individual "sewing," "knitting," or "patch-work," with which they busied themselves as they socially mutually delighted in each other's company. The men, as good "lookers-on," helped in the conversational part of the evening's pleasures.

Upon assembling, as each came, greetings and welcomings were spontaneous and reciprocally gratifying. Then the ladies would get down to their sewing or knitting, all the while interlarding their work with vigorous and constant talking. If they accomplished much with their work, as they most surely did, they certainly did not lag nor lack for topics of neighborly and friendly chat.

It would be reflectively ungrateful for me to now say that to the latter they gave the greater amount of time—certain it is, however, they found much to talk about. I remember, from the "other room"—for children in those days were ostracised from the company of their elders—I have heard much that was pleasing and interesting; but not late into evening, for children were under "special discipline" and had to "go to bed" early.

Gossip, did they? Yes, I know that they did, limitedly at least—for such has been, is and evermore will be, a distinctive social feature of local gatherings everywhere. The "circle" was, nevertheless, a dignified help in neighborhood life, and it was an effective and useful function in our small isolated community. While usually each of the ladies brought her own sewing or other work with her, they on occasion worked mutually, "each for all and all for each," as they co-operated in the final production of an old-fashioned "comforter" or "comfortable." I do not know just which name is right, but either, I guess, is good enough.

Those hand-made bed-quilts of my boyhood—their comfort, warmth and nicety—fastened upon me such a love for them that I have never been a real friend to, but rather have tabooed, the woolen blanket. An old-fashioned town, an old-fashioned life, in the influence upon the susceptible period of young life, may possibly win one to homely doings and productions, but it more certainly does impress one with and leads to a devotion for the quaint and the restful. I would not be understood as not enjoying the new and the progressive, for I most certainly do; nevertheless childhood days, with their loss of luxury and finish in business, commercial and domestic affairs, have for me a veneration and a "never-forget."

And so, with pride, I recall how I once watched the ladies of the "circle" as they skillfully fashioned those "warming bed-covers," under which we slept in cold rooms upstairs or in the attic. I remember how the ladies used to patiently sew together strips and pieces of calico and other similar material, irregular in size, color and pattern, but expertly finished in perfect squares, ultimately sewed together, thus fashioning a "side" of the comforter." For the opposite side a selection of artistically figured calico, chintz, or similar line of goods, was used. Hence one side of the "comforter" was harmonious in its figure or pattern, while the reverse was variegated, irregular and lacking in continuity, yet constituted always an attractive section.

The sides of a "comforter" completed, then came the "co-operative" work by the "circle." Meeting at a home of one of the associated company, it would always be pre-arranged to have the "quilting-bars" ready for service. Those bars in place, one side of the "to be" comforter was stretched smooth and tight across them, then in layers was carefully placed the sheet-wadding—"cotton-batting" we used to call it—deftly laid and in sufficient quantity to produce a warm quilt when finished, and then the other side of the "comforter" was as carefully placed over it.

Then began the associated efforts of the ladies. They all "set to," interweaving their work with their social remarks, the while they were with needle and thread "knotting" here and there, regularly and in order, through from one side of the "comforter" to the other, securely fastening, tying and holding in position the materials which comprised it. As they gained on their work the "comforter" would be now and then rolled around on one of the quilting-bars, the work proceeding as I have tried to narrate, then further "rolling up," until it was concluded.

At that stage of the process the "comforter" would be taken from the quilting-bars, neatly and artistically the ladies would bind with braid the four edges, securely sewed to stay in place, and the finished "comforter" was the result. What a fine piece of work it was—fit for a king or a laborer to sleep beneath.

To me there was a "glory" about such home productions as to imbue them with a charm forever. The "kind mother used to make," often by jocose remark rendered apparently humble, yet many articles so produced in the home forever carry in memory a fascinating delight. Today, at the store, we can buy the "bed puffs," which are similar in appearance as to sides and "knotting," considerably more artistic, too, do these appear; but attractive, useful, and "comfortable," as they are, yet they are "not in it" with those "comforters" which I have so often seen made in my boyhood, and which I have clung to with appreciative esteem throughout the days since. The "comforter" such as mother and her friends made has ever been good enough for me.

Those old-time quilting bars were a set of frames, resting on legs on the floor, with a flat piece at either end in which were drilled many holes. The bars, to which the "comforter" was attached in the making, were round and also had holes drilled in them; on one of those bars, as the work proceeded, the "comforter" was from time to time rolled, thus rendering work upon it easy and accessible for the workers; an iron pin was used for insertion through the holes in the bar, at either end, into the described flat piece, in order to give tension and hold the work in place.

Sufficiently large for the work for which they were designed, it took a considerable space for those old quilting bars in a home when in use. Comparatively few families owned them, and they were loaned around. Generous is a small neighborly community; borrowing and loaning is quite universal. Such was common in Nantucket in my boyhood. In season quilting bars were kept "on the move." I recall a family who owned a pair of quilting bars; they also had a deaf daughter. A call to the front door on a certain occasion was answered by the deaf one. The party at the door had something to sell, although the wares were not visible, and she made known her business by asking a question relative to a sale. Not seeing the wares not hearing, the question, but presuming as to the errand, she with the physical defect, instinctively replied by interrogative and positive remark: "The quilting bars; no, they are lent." Confusion and misunderstanding was the result, but such was the incident.

The "circle," combining the heads of several families as I knew it when a boy, was a distinctive social function of my native town; I shall never forget it; neither will I forget that when it "broke up" in the late evening hours, the query was raised and usually settled, "Where shall we meet next Wednesday evening?"

J. E. C. Farnham.

Providence, R. I., April 29.

Weaving Rag Carpets.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

An industry in Nantucket at the time of my boyhood, the once existence of which, I think, is possibly unknown to the younger people now there, I can never forget. That was weaving carpets by hand loom. The proverbial rag bag was in evidence then, as it is now, and every scrap of cotton, woolen pieces or trimmings—"rags"—were economically saved. There were, however, rags and other rags. There was a distinction with a very decided difference.

I well remember how carefully certain kinds were selected with a definite purpose as to their ultimate use. Old, cast-aside, and well-worn garments, as also fragments of woolen cloth, cotton and wool, and even of all cotton, were most scrupulously preserved. Torn into narrow strips in the home, sewed together at the ends, and strung out yard after yard, these were then rolled into large balls, and immediately were given the dignified title of "carpet rags." They embraced every hue, shade and color, irrespective of continuity.

When a sufficient quantity of these had accumulated—and it required a very considerable quantity for the designed purpose—they were sent, usually "by a member of the household," to be woven into a carpet, and I, as a boy, often carried such to be so utilized.

A man by the name of Hussey, and I think his shop was near the westerly end of Hussey street, was the weaver. I may be wrong both as to the name of this particular man whom I mention and his shop; if I am I ask someone who may know the facts to correct me. But I do remember the business.

Mentally I can look into that little, old shop, and see the work in progress. That old hand loom, which I saw and knew of in my early life, now many years ago, I will try to describe. Set for use, the cotton warp, running lengthwise in front of the man operating the loom, was drawn to a tight tension. The carpet rags, as received in round balls at the loom, were re-wound on the spindle within the shuttle, which the operator threw, right and left, back and forth, as the weaving proceeded. As he sat at the loom each foot rested on a stringer which was alternately pressed down and then released, thus reversing the warp and binding securely the woof—the "carpet rags"—as he slowly wove the carpet.

Directly in front of the weaver, suspended from the top of the loom, was a swinging frame, the lower section of which was a cross-bar—the beam of the loom—which he would grasp and with it "bang" hard, two or three times, the woven fabric, thus compactly binding the woof with the crossed warp, making close and firm the carpet which was in weaving.

I do not now remember whether he "banged" that slowly appearing carpet each time after throwing the shuttle carrying the woof through the warp, but I do remember that such action was frequent and by it the firmness of the work was attained. The warp, drawn tight, was attached to a roller at the end of the loom opposite the weaver, and as the carpet grew in length interwoven with it, he would wind it up tightly thereon, the roll growing slowing but surely in size. And it would attain, too, a very material size, as the many yards of woven carpet were rolled upon it.

It was a crude process, that old hand weaving, but it was appreciatively effective in the thought of the house-wives of my native town. Many times I have watched the work in progress, which I have tried to describe—the first weaving that I ever saw. I have seen in years since much similar work by modern processes in different large mills, but never was any so interesting to me as that of my youthful days—all because, from my present view-point, it was so awkward.

And then such carpets as those were, made fifty years and more ago in Nantucket. To my mind—at least, my boyhood mind—there was never anything like them. Anticipatingly they were to be, and were, prized above all others. A new "body Brussels," in a home of today, fails in satisfying as did one of those old rag carpets, for a brand new "hit or miss" was hailed with universal favor.

"Hit or miss," indeed it was, and it was more miss than hit; all shades and colors were in evidence in the finished product, with an utter lack of harmony, continuity or arrangement. Yet a new carpet of such rude make-up was welcome to the home with a grateful pride, and was used with almost sacred care.

That old-style carpet weaving was "weaving" and nothing less. It was not rags stripped up, sewed together, and braided by hand into long lengths, and as so braided again sewed together on the sides and made into rag mats. One attained a dignity which the other had not nor does it yet have—for I believe rag mats are made in these modern times, but the old "hit-or-miss" carpet is a fragrant memory of days now far ago.

J. E. O. Farnham.

Providence, R. I. Apr. 24/1928

The Passing of the Union Club Ends Checker Game.

The Union Club is now only a memory. The furnishings have been disposed of this week and the door has been closed. Someone ought to remove the sign "Union Club" and present it to the Historical Association as a memento of an organization which flourished for many years and was the rendezvous for many citizens of the town who gathered there daily to swap yarns, inhale tobacco fumes and play checkers.

The Union Club was really the successor of "Asa's", the little room which for years was patronized by the friends of the late Asa C. Jones at the rear of his shoe repairing shop. After the closing of "The Brig", as the little room was also known, the Union Club held forth in the Masonic Block on Main street, occupying the quarters since taken over by the Nautican Realty Company. It then moved further up-street and up to the time if its demise has occupied the little store building next to the Austin store, both of which properties have recently changed ownership.

The Union Club has been the scene of many an argument during its career. It is there that the affairs of town, state and nation have been settled; where many a snappy game of "500" has been fought; where many a close game of checkers has held sway; and where on one or two occasions, there have been "29" hands at cribbage.

The club-room has exerted more or less influence on the conduct of town affairs and it has done its bit for the community in which it has thrived. Seldom, if ever, have skirts invaded its domain, and then only within the outer portals—never within the sanctum at the rear. One by one its habits have departed, and its usefulness has steadily waned during the last four or five years, until only a scant half-dozen of the faithful ones have there found rest and recreation.

The dirty, smoke-soaked arm-chairs, some of them bound together with iron rods; the pictures which adorned the walls; the boxes which have served their purpose for many a year and have been the target for countless quids and many a squirt of tobacco juice; all these relics have been removed and given places of honor elsewhere.

But what is to become of the card-table, the packs of cards, the cribbage board, the checker-board, and the other intimate features of the inner sanctum? To the members of the Union Club who have remained true to the last, it must seem almost sacrilegious to think of these things going to the dump.

We trust that the ashes of such relics will be preserved in a proper receptacle to be given place in the corner-stone of Nantucket's new town office building. What an inspiration it would be to those who come later were they to be assured that the ashes of the Union Club have been preserved and are to become a part of the very foundation of the new town building!

[For the Inquirer and Mirror]
My First Year at the Printing Trade

Late in the winter of 1863 I returned to the farm of Capt. Charles Swain at Polpis, intending to put in another season of service there. I readily "picked up the chores" where I left off but a few months before, but I had been there but a week or two when a radical change in plan was made known to me.

Early one morning as, with Captain Swain, I sat on a three-legged stool milking a cow, while he was similarly occupied, with two or three cows between us, I first learned that it was destined that I should soon quit the scenes and life on that farm, which, though onerous and exacting, had become to me, in a way at least, quite attractive.

He had "been to town" the day before, but had not, upon his return, told me of the special message sent by my father. And so, as we sat there milking, he said to me, in effect: "Your father wants you to go to town, as he has got a place for you in the printing-office to learn the trade."

Gracious as that news was, yet it did, for a while, produce in me a feeling of gloom. But father's will was law, his dictum obdurate, and I knew that I must obey. Breaking the pleasant associations which I had formed in that rural village, in a day or two I was "back in town," and began my career as a printer about the first of March—I think it was the second day—and from that time on I have been connected with that trade as "printer's devil," employee, foreman and employer.

At that time there were two newspapers published in Nantucket, each weekly, one on Wednesday and one on Saturday. The Inquirer, on Wednesday, was issued from an office on the second floor of the brick building at the northeast corner of Main and Federal streets. Alexander P. Moore was its publisher or agent at the time of which I write (1863), and had been for some time previous, but soon relinquished it, by sale or otherwise, and enlisted in the then existing civil war.

Yarmouth, on Cape Cod, however, was as far as that loyal man got. Leaving the train while it was stopped at that station he attempted to board it after it had started, made a misstep and fell beneath the wheels of a car, both of his legs being severed by the accident. As a result of that shock and maiming he died—how long after.

The other newspaper was the Mirror, in the office of which father had secured a situation for me. I worked in that office from that engagement for the succeeding fifteen months. Of that paper, its proprietors, and the office from which it was published I will write somewhat at length.

As a passing historical note it is interesting to speak of "The Inquirer and Mirror." That combination dates from 1865, the year following my removal from Nantucket. The publishers and proprietors of the Mirror bought the Inquirer at that time and merged the two. As the Inquirer was the older paper, and the new proprietors desired to retain the names of the two in combination, they deferred to age and so called the new publication The Inquirer and Mirror.

When I entered the Mirror office as an apprentice it was printed and published from an office in a frame building on the north side of Main street, opposite Union street. That building is still standing and is conspicuous to me because it is so different in appearance than it was when I entered it to work. It was the east of two buildings which stood joining each other, which are now one structure.

The building, as it now stands, is occupied on the lower floor of its western half by the Wannacomet Water Company, and the easterly half by John K. Ayers, plumber. Originally the easterly half was occupied on the second floor as the printing-office of "The Nantucket Weekly Mirror." I cannot tell when its neighbor, the westerly half of the present building, was built. I remember the fact but not the date. When it was built it was placed close to the lower building with no intervening space. There they stood, joining each other in absolutely close touch, but two buildings, standing endways to Main street, each with an apex or pitch roof.

When the new building, the westerly half, was ready for occupancy, it was taken, on the street floor, by George W. Jenks, in the harness, saddlery and allied business. That was the condition of those buildings when I entered the employ of Hussey and Robinson, who were the proprietors and publishers of the Mirror, and who maintained and personally conducted its job printing department.

The Mirror office was on the second floor of the easterly building. After its close neighbor was built adjoining it, Hussey & Robinson enlarged their office by taking the second floor of that building, a doorway being cut through from one building to the other near the front or south as they faced Main street. The first floor of the easterly building, directly under the Mirror office, was occupied by the "reading-room."

An interesting story attaches to that, of which I will speak further on. The entrance to the Mirror office was by a narrow staircase, directly at the foot of which was the doorway, at the extreme southeast corner of the building. For many years those two buildings remained as separate structures, and it is only within a comparatively short time that they have been converted into one with a new roof covering them as a unit, and the old stairway which I have mentioned removed.

I never knew from any personal conference or contract what my wages were to be upon entering the employ of Hussey & Robinson. Father made the bargain, both as to service and pay. I soon learned, however, that I had been placed for a year, and for my services there was to be paid fifty dollars—less than a dollar a week. Whether it was compensation to the amount of fifty dollars or fifty cents, personally I never knew. I never received any direct pay. On occasion, when that income amounted to two, three or possibly five dollars, father used to come to the office and get it. One thing I am certain of, "every dollar was needed at home."

When I went to work on the Mirror it was a four-page paper, practically the size of its successor, The Inquirer and Mirror. On the first page its title appeared in plain black, block

letters, "Nantucket Weekly Mirror." Beneath that title in old English lettering was set forth its character and policy: "A Family Newspaper—Neutral in Politics—Devoted to Sound Morals, Literature, Instruction, Amusement, Foreign, Domestic and Marine News."

Marine news at that time was an important feature, although the whaling industry had severely declined, the civil war was raging and many domestic ships had been driven from the surface of the seas, and some had been unceremoniously sent to the bottom of the great deep by scouting privateers. Yet there was much of that class of news eagerly awaited from the hardy sailors, and marine affairs were of vital local importance.

In the upper left-hand corner of the Mirror, directly beneath its titled heading, appeared the office advertisement, detailing its line of operation, its equipment, and soliciting trade. I give this in full as it appeared:

"The Weekly Mirror, published every Saturday morning, by Hussey & Robinson, Editors and Proprietors. Office in Main street, next below Bates, Cook & Co.'s. Terms \$2 a year, payable half yearly in advance. No paper will be stopped until all arrearages are paid. Single copies 4 cents. Mirror Job Printing Office, Main street, Nantucket. The subscribers having on hand a large variety of Plain and Fancy Type would respectfully invite any and all in want of Plain and Fancy Job Printing, such as Circulars, Cards, Checks, Blanks, Shop-Bills, Bill-Heads, Hand-Bills, Records, Placards, Labels, Notices, Posters, &c., &c., &c., to call and examine our specimens, assuring them that all our work will be executed in a Superior Style, and on the most Reasonable Terms. As the subscribers will attend personally to all orders left with them for Job Work, customers may be sure of having their work done at the time promised. Hussey & Robinson."

That advertisement, which I have copied literally as to punctuation, capitalization, etc., occupied about six inches of space, and was, for that time, effectively displayed. I present it as an echo or salient fact from a now quite distant past to emphasize the character and importance of the old "Weekly Mirror Office." It was a business concern of recognized and appreciated high standing, and it was a factor most material in local mercantile affairs.

The make-up of the paper was severely original, in direct contrast to similar publications of the present day, and it had an excellent advertising patronage. Characteristically dissimilar were the advertisements from those of the present day because of their diminutive size. Mostly they were expressed in a two, three or four-line space, almost invariably beginning with a two-line letter. A six-line space was considered liberal advertising. If a merchant, as was sometimes the case, assumed to occupy a space of five or six inches for an advertisement, he was regarded as especially generous and financially venturesome.

The four pages of the Mirror each contained six columns of printed matter. The first or left hand column of the first page was invariably given to advertising, the office reserving a liberal section at the top of it for its own use. The balance of that page was wholly devoted to reading matter, a single poem, with the word "Poetry" as a standing heading over it, and beneath that a story, with a standing heading "Miscellany" over that. Those were each always selected with great care; occasionally we had an original poem, sometimes such a story.

The whole of the second page was devoted to reading—current and local affairs and correspondence. There was much of the latter, because of the Civil War, continuing during the years 1861 to 1865, inclusive, being letters from "Nantucket soldier boys" in the "field" or at the "front."

The third page had from a column to a column and a half of reading—the balance advertisements—while the first column of the fourth page had a poem and selected reading, carrying, as on the first page, the standing heading of "Poetry" and "Miscellany" singly over each; the remaining five columns was all advertising. It was a progressive, enterprising and up-to-date newspaper for its day, and was eagerly looked for weekly by a large number of readers; its circulation was quite extensive both at home and abroad.

The Mirror when first issued, was owned and published by the Hon. John Morrissey, later of Plymouth, Mass. For many years he was Sergeant-at-Arms of the Massachusetts Legislature. It passed into the hands of Hussey & Robinson, as owners and publishers, in 1849.

Samuel S. Hussey and Henry D. Robinson were the two men thus associated in the publication and conduct of the Mirror and its allied job printing office. Roland B. Hussey, son of Samuel S., learned his trade in The Inquirer and Mirror office, and afterwards worked away from the island for a short time. On the death of his father he entered into the business of conducting the office with Mr. Robinson, under the original firm name, and later, for a considerable period, he carried on the business in his own name.

When I began work in the Mirror office both Mr. Hussey and Mr. Robinson were comparatively young men. They were men of sterling character, universally esteemed in the community, and, due to the nature of their business, were in the fore-front as leaders of thought and in moulding of public opinion. Estimable as these men indeed were, they were emphatically opposite in nature and disposition.

Mr. Hussey was a man jolly, fond of a joke, good-natured, and would turn off in happy vein some of the boyish pranks too often practiced in the office. Mr. Robinson was genial and fond of a joke, often indulged the appreciative, hearty laugh, yet he was nevertheless sedate, was of a nervous tension, and he would often vehemently vent his ire on an occasional or oftener "happening."

Both were practical printers; Mr. Hussey devoted himself quite absolutely to trade lines, while Mr. Robinson more especially looked after the literary features of the office. He always, from the "exchanges," selected the poetry and miscellaneous reading, read the proofs, and did all similar work.

His penmanship was beautiful and striking. In large, clear, round handwriting, on the upper right hand margin of the first page, he addressed all the papers for mailing; he also addressed the wrappers enclosing such as were grouped two or more together.

Mr. Hussey, with his jovial attitude—I never heard him scold—was at the office “always on time,” his apron on, his sleeves rolled up, his clay-pipe filled, lighted and “smoking up,” composing-stick in hand he ardently put in his full day’s work. He set all the advertisements for the newspaper, all the job work, ran the job press, “personally” producing by foot-power all of that output. Both he and Mr. Robinson set some of the reading matter.

The office was a good place for a boy to learn type-setting. So-called “chores” were simply sweeping up the office and stairs and getting the drinking water—he then had the greater part of the day to be gaining on the trade.

Immediately upon commencing in the office we were put to work at the case and shown how to begin in type-setting. Under such favorable conditions we quickly acquired that art, and in a comparatively brief interval were quite expert type-setters. In a short time I was able to set all the poetry and miscellany on that paper. Such was my practical experience in the old Mirror office, and after my fifteen months of apprenticeship there I left to “go abroad,” and was then well versed in the type-setting feature of the printing trade.

I have always remembered the first “copy” given by which to learn to set type. Its title was, “The Angel of the Depot, or What Came of a Kiss.” It was simply a sentimental story of the then existing civil war. An enlisted company of men and boys was at the rural railroad depot about to take a train to leave for dread soldier service. Many were there with them, of family and friends, to bid and kiss them good bye. One soldier boy in the company, apart and alone, had no one to so speed him on. Noticed by a compassionate young lady she stepped forward and up to him and gave him the desired and lacking kiss. He went to war, and the usual love sequel followed. But for its sentiment it might not have made much impression on my mind. Anyhow, I never forgot the first piece of copy given me for type-setting.

J. E. C. Farnham.
(To Be Continued)

The publication day of the Mirror was, as it now is with its successor, The Inquirer and Mirror, on Saturday, the printing of it being done the afternoon or evening before. Printing day was a busy one—the eventful day of the week. The paper was printed on an old-fashioned—a very old-fashioned—“Adams” bed-and-platen press. I will not attempt to describe it, for even those familiar with the printing trade would fail to recognize it in comparison with any modern printing-press. Both Mr. Hussey and Mr. Robinson “fed” that old press, standing diagonally across from each other on a raised platform, throwing and pointing each sheet on a “frisket” which passed in under the platen for printing. While one sheet was being placed the other from the opposite end was receiving its print from the type.

“One side,” the first and fourth pages, was printed on Tuesday; the other side, the second and third pages, containing all the latest news, was printed on Friday. The “motive power” of that old printing-press was Abram Ewer, a superannate, but an important dependency of our office. He was an elderly man, whom I well remember. With both hands firmly circling and grasping a handle set in the rim of a fly-wheel he kept the old press moving, after all was adjusted and ready, without semblance of tiring, for two solid hours.

News-boys and local carriers were numerous on publishing day at the office; dealers were there, and Friday afternoon or evening, as the case might be, was time to be reckoned with. Portions of these arrived soon after dinner, and it not infrequently happened that they would remain, because publication of the paper was delayed, to as late as nine o’clock in the evening, running out at about supper-time for a “bite” of something to eat.

Mr. Robinson did not enjoy the best of health during my days in the Mirror office, and because of that fact he was considerably conscientious in feeling that he was deficient in “keeping up his end” of the work. Personally he hired Herbert M. Dunham, for similar apprenticeship service as myself, and so we were consequently associated as boys together learning a trade. Herbert was of an easy, effeminate disposition, and he and I often failed to agree. I confess that I was wickedly tantalizing, and often drove him into an unmerited corner. I had many a “scrap” with him.

On more than one occasion, Mr. Robinson, whose protegee Herbert was, came unexpectedly upon us, when I had Herbert “under fire,” and it is needless for me to here state what then happened, but sure it was that I “got all that was coming to me.” Herbert was a very fine penman, and quite an expert at lettering. One morning, using ordinary white crayon, he drew my initials in large block letters on one of the “risers” of the stairs leading to our office. There they remained for many years before they were so obliterated as to be unreadable. I am perfectly safe in saying that for twenty years, possibly more, they were legible, fading or being worn off only a very short time before those old stairs were removed at the time the buildings were made over. Year after year, as I visited my native town, I went to see if those initials were still clearly visible.

An incident of vital memory from that old Mirror office. The advertising forms lying on the “stone,” between issues of the paper, a “cut” of a steamboat, used in the steamboat company’s advertisement, got turned around. Soon after going to press with the paper I discovered that fact. The press had to be stopped, the platen rolled off, and the forms unlocked to turn the steamboat about. While doing so Mr. Robinson accused me of being the culprit, and delivered to me one of his vigorous “lectures”. Mr. Hussey, as usual, took the matter as a joke and pleasantly smiled, while Mr. Robinson, in his wrath, declared “They don’t get up steam on that boat.” I rather guess that a troubled conscience aided me in finding that “upside down boat” so soon after the printing of the paper was begun.

Numerous squibs and clippings from newspapers had been, from time to time, cut out and stuck up on the “frames” and other places in that old office. Many of them were clever and humorous; one I never forgot because of its forcefulness. I would not here reproduce it if I regarded it as profane. I certainly do not. To me it is ridiculously nonsensical, yet it is interesting. It purported to be the expression of a tourist awed by a visit to the great natural wonder in Kentucky, famous as the “Mammoth Cave.” Certainly he was impressed. It undeniably is a remarkable curiosity and vitally inspiring. Here is the verse as I read it so many years ago, it never being effaced from my memory:

“Mammoth Cave, oh, what a spot!
In summer’s cold or winter’s hot,
Great God Almighty, what a wonder—
Andrew Jackson, hell and thunder.”

Such is a review—not the above quoted stanza, for that is only an incident—of the first year and a quarter at my trade in the old Mirror printing office in Nantucket. Mischievous to an altogether too large a degree, I got many a “call down” from Mr. Robinson, but for much of the same conduct I received from Mr. Hussey a laugh and a jolly “pass-by,” as the latter fully appreciated a true boy nature and remembered that he himself was once a boy. Those few months were profitable to me. I learned to set type in the old office, left it and my native town for broader fields of endeavor in Providence, where I have ever since continued at the printing industry. A few months and it will be fifty years since I entered upon my new home life in my adopted city.

J. E. C. Farnham.
Providence, R. I.
(To Be Continued)

[For the Inquirer and Mirror] My First Year at the Printing Trade.

[Continued from Last Week.]

Now briefly as to the old-time, once effective and highly prized “Reading Room.” It was established and maintained by subscribers, who made valuable use of it. Located on the floor under the Mirror office, it occupied practically the space now used by John K. Ayers, plumber. The only difference is that then a narrow stair-way, leading to the Mirror office, held a small section of the southeast corner of that room. Those quarters were spacious, and were quite a little longer than wide. Joseph Swain was its custodian and manager. It was an institution in its day which was a potent factor as an educator in local, domestic and foreign affairs, and I doubt if at any time my native town ever maintained or enjoyed a more salient agency for instructive helps to its community.

Private in its ownership and management, yet there was a liberality manifested in its use which afforded its benefits to nearly everybody. Its value as a “news agency” was substantially enhanced because of its existence during the important period covering the civil war. On the two sides of the room and at the far end was built a series of angling racks or rests, apexed from the top near the wall to an extension of eight or ten inches at the bottom, a little deeper than the length of an ordinary newspaper, and built in continuation from thin, plain boards.

Through the centre of the room was built an independent similar structure, two sides lying together as it apexed from the top, which stood on legs or supports secured to the floor. All these were provided with newspaper files, where were to be found the leading dailies, weeklies and other newspapers of the several cities and towns, placed at a convenient height for reading, and far enough apart for each to open out flat. New York, Boston, Providence, Springfield, New Bedford, Fall River and many other prominent papers were there daily renewed on file.

The more important “exchanges” then coming to the Mirror were also filed there. Hussey & Robinson had unlimited use of that valuable adjunct to their office. The Weekly Mirror and the Weekly Inquirer were each placed on file as soon as published. Especially prominent of the weeklies was the “Whalemens’ Shipping List and Merchants Transcript,” printed and published in New Bedford. It was a most valuable “work of reference,” and had been essentially more so in previous years when the whale-fishing industry was at its best. Everybody consulted the “Shipping List.” Hardly a family but that some connection, near or remote, was absent at sea on a whale-ship.

That paper was a tabulated encyclopaedia of whaling interests. On the second, third and fourth pages in tabulated form in parallel columns separated by a single plain line it gave the name of the ship, its master, agent’s name, date of sailing, where bound, latest report, and as to the oils and bone taken on voyage, how much was “aboard ship” and how much had been sent home. If a ship was in port she was listed with the rest, and items given relative to her that were informing and important.

It was an invaluable index and directory of the business which it especially represented. That striking publication was established by Henry Lindsey in 1843. Upon his death he was succeeded in its publication by his brother Benjamin. Associated with him through a number of years, whether as business partner or employee I do not know, was Eben P. Raymond, a Nantucketer. I remember him well on one or two occasions about the Mirror office when visiting his native town. He succeeded Benjamin Lindsey upon his death and continued to publish the Shipping List for many years. Mr. Raymond died January 28, 1892. That paper is still published at New Bedford by George R. Phillips, who bought it from Mr. Raymond in 1889. It is now only a two-page paper—a single leaf—and it is, in the language of Mr. Phillips as he wrote me, “but a shadow of the issues published when we had seven hundred or more whaling vessels belonging to the United States engaged in the business.”

A potent factor of that old-time Nantucket reading-room, graciously affecting the citizens of that community, was the “slate.” There was no single matter in which more interest centered, and there was none which was so universally appreciated, because of its local significance. Directly opposite the entrance and close to the door of the reading-room, it rested on an angled end of the rack or rest running through the centre of

the room on which newspapers were filed. It was a double slate, each half enclosed within an ordinary frame, hinged together, and it was firmly secured in its place. Attached to it by a cord was a soap-stone slate pencil. Practically everybody, without restriction, had access to the "slate."

"What's on the slate this morning?" "Anything new on the slate?" "Have you seen the slate today?" and similar questions were rife and then regarded with all the importance that attaches to telegraphic news items today. Matters of commercial, domestic or other concern, constantly occurring, as known to an individual, were, as soon as could be, transcribed to the "slate," and in that crude, slow way, were soon circulated throughout the town.

Many such items of news, considered of sufficient importance, as soon as recorded on the "slate," were extended to all parts of the town by the Town Crier, as he traversed the streets and in stentorian tones heralded them forth. If I mistake not, Charles Murphy was at one time, and perhaps all the time, of my boy life, a Town Crier. He was followed by William D. Clark, eccentric and illiterate, who nevertheless became exceedingly popular, and as a Town Crier, hawker of news, and vendor of newspapers is better remembered in those lines than any other Nantucketer.

The reading-room, with its many newspapers, was the frequent resort of Mr. Robinson in quest of "poetry," "miscellany" or "story," for use, as I have before stated, on the first or fourth pages of the Mirror. Mr. Hussey, always prompt at the office, with apron donned, his clay-pipe "under-way" in his mouth, would be busy at his work, when Mr. Robinson, quickly and unannounced, would "rush up the stairs," and into the office, and spiritedly say in effect, "Samuel, I have been all through the newspapers down stairs [the reading-room] and I can't find either poetry or story good for anything for our paper."

However, the paper was duly published on Saturday, and the usual poetry, story and miscellany was each in its accustomed place. Two or three times while I was in the Mirror office an original poem appeared in the paper written by a daughter of Watson Burgess, whose name I have forgotten.

My fifteen months service in the Weekly Mirror office, struggling with the rudiments of the printing trade, are never to be eliminated from my memory. Mr. Hussey jocosely condoned, while Mr. Robinson scolded at and furiously protested some of my boyish capers. Those two men live eternally in my thought. For them esteem, love—not effeminate but real—and admiration hold a place in my remembrance which cannot be pre-empted. Those two men and the newspaper which they edited and published meant more to the town of Nantucket than was understood and appreciated while they lived. A memorial of vital regard for them abides not alone in my heart, but with many another who had experiences with them similar to mine. What I acquired of knowledge in the "art preservative" in that old office, and the healthful influence of the men for whom and with whom I then and there worked, made an invaluable foundation for me in after life.

The Nantucket Weekly Mirror office on the second floor, the Nantucket Reading-Room on the floor below it, in the building "next below Bates, Cook & Co.'s," were a literary combination educationally effective to Nantucket citizens for many years, a half century and more ago.

Glad of the fact of obtaining the rudiments of the printing trade in the local newspaper office of my native town, I have always looked back upon my experiences there with keen satisfaction. There I learned to be a compositor—"typesetter"—and in that branch of the service was quite proficient when I left. Gratefully I appreciate that beginning as the well-taught basis of my future business career. It led me up to my present position of president and treasurer of the Snow & Farnham Company, one of the larger Rhode Island printing houses.

With this review of my last few months as a boy resident of my native town I conclude the reminiscent articles which I have been writing for the Inquirer and Mirror. I had no intention of writing more when I wrote and sent my first one. It has been a long story, and I trust not without general interest, of the affairs of my now quite a-far-back boyhood. I bid your readers good-bye, with thanks for the many kind expressions which have been given to my contributions. I have also received many personal letters from Nantucketers in different parts of the country.

J. E. C. Farnham.

Providence, R. I.

More Nantucket Reminiscences.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Interest was certainly aroused by my reminiscent article in your issue of December 28th, and I have read with keen appreciation the communications in subsequent papers which were inspired by my contribution.

Roland Bunker Hussey, so versatile and resourceful as to affairs of our day, certainly started something by his suggestions. Arthur H. Gardner, too, struck it right as he referred to events ago. Younger than I, as he says, he represents an era of boyhood, I should say, about eight or ten years after me.

Your Philadelphia correspondent—how gracefully she corrects another error which I made. Reading between the lines of her communication how easy it is to discover the true qualities of womanhood, and one is at once impressed with the full force of the truth that she is a lady dignified and genial. She says the two brothers whose stores were on Main street just above the Pacific Bank were Moses and Edward Mitchell—and she is right. I had said Edward and Peleg. I spoke of Peleg intending to speak of Edward.

We boys and girls used to patronize his shop for school-books, candies, etc. His wrapping paper lay at hand on the counter; his string for tying packages hung at the ceiling in an enclosure for holding it with the end let down and extending to the counter for convenience in use, and the scissors were close by for snipping the string after the package was tied.

Ideal arrangement? Yes, indeed. Naughty boys, usually two, would go in for a purchase; one would engage the attention of the inoffensive, innocent Edward, while the other would catch the end of the suspended string, start through the open doorway and into the street with the "line a-running," and before Edward would discover the act, and not being mentally quick enough to grasp his scissors and cut the string, the whole ball would be elongated and gone running up Main street, or possibly through Fair street, which was right opposite his store.

Now as to Peleg Mitchell—I am not quite clear. I have put on my thinking cap, and I am trying to bring him back to my mind. Was he not the tin and sheet iron worker, and had he not at one time a shop well up Main street near Gardner street, and was afterwards associated with James Austin, who was of the same trade, under the firm name of Mitchell & Austin, in a store on Main street, with shop in the rear, nearly opposite Federal street? I think I am right.

James Austin was father, I think, of your present Dr. Charles G. S. Austin, and brother of Isaac Austin, of whom I made mention in my first communication.

And now as to Roland Bunker Hussey—"Role" or "Roly" Hussey we called him as a boy. I was with him almost as an infant. In fact, living near each other as neighbors I was with him in skirts, as both little boys and girls of those days used to be dressed, and not in knickerbockers, as children of early years of both sexes are now dressed. I cannot, at present, take up his reminiscent suggestions, but if interest continues in this matter I will, from time to time, give your readers "history" on several subjects which echo back to the days of my boyhood.

Coasting after school or in the evening on the snows, which we sometimes had, on "Sam Meader's hill"—how exhilarating that rafe sport, even now as we hark back to those days! This was on the west of Pleasant street below the "old mill," as I remember. But the "old mill" was then an active affair, doing business daily, grinding into meal the corn of the farmers of those days.

"Dead horse valley"—how many of the old "plugs", after years of steady pull and hard work, found a peaceful resting place there! Peaceful? Yes, indeed, for those poor creatures found little daily peace, especially after a few years of early life, and latterly existed only to work.

Nantucket horses, all plugs? Ah! Far from it! Some of the finest horses I have ever seen were there. What excellent horses Matthew Starbuck used to have. He lived in the middle of the three brick houses on Main street, nearly opposite Pleasant street, his brother George on one side and his brother William on the other—sons of Joseph Starbuck. Boys of my day, did you ever hear of "Matt Starbuck's racer"? Nothing like it, was there? This Starbuck family, forming a part of the elite of the town of that time, father and sons, were commercially interested in the whaling industry. What a beauty was the "clipper" whale-ship, "Three Brothers," named for the three sons. How well I remember that craft!

Skating on "No Bottom Pond," at the "Clay Pits", or on the "Lily Pond"—alas, memories come again in a flood. In later years, when visiting my native heath, I have wondered what has become of the pond at the Clay Pits, located at the south of the town, off from Orange street, at the right going south, and near Bear street, as I recall. A school-house located on that street, known as the "Bear Street School", I have often heard of, but it had ceased to exist as an "institute of learning" at the time my public school days began.

Again, the Lily Pond, on the west of Lily street, at or near where that street intersects with Liberty street, was another resort for skating, sliding and other winter exercises, which furnished an abundance of fun fifty years ago. What has become of that pond? On visits to my island home in these after years I have failed to find either of these ponds as of yore.

Another retreat for skating and kindred winter pastimes was Mitchell's Ditch. How many of the by-gones now remember that resort? This was east of Union street, about midway the length of that street, and was near Mitchell's oil works, or candle factory, or similar business. I remember when a small boy that a whale captured off the south shore was cut up and tried out in the building to which I refer.

But quite enough for this time. If your readers like these reviews of days ago at Nantucket, I will be glad to continue later. If so, I will write of the boys of my neighborhood; of the "Cent School"; the "Creek" where we "went in swimming," and alas, many others—Oh, how many!—boyhood experiences which I remember of my native town, a town that was unique and benedictive. Yes, I use that latter word advisedly, for had I done in Providence, what I did in Nantucket, I would have been "sent to the Reform School during minority."

I began my career as a printer in the employ of Hussey & Robinson, publishers of the "Mirror." Samuel Hussey, the father of Roland B. Hussey, was associated with Henry D. Robinson, and it was under their instruction that I gained my first knowledge of the "art preservative." I could write a chapter on this subject, and maybe I will.

Once more as to the small home shop. How many will remember that of Phebe Fuller on Silver street. Boys and girls of my day certainly will. It will be recalled that she was most cruelly and brutally murdered by Patience Cooper, a negress. She entered the store with a club concealed, with which she struck her victim on the head, killing her almost instantly. The fiend was Patience by name, but evidently for some inexplorable reason was impatient with poor old Phebe Fuller, as her wicked act fully testifies.

Once more and I am done for this time. Lads and lassies of my day, look over the "worthies"—look carefully! Do you discover the form of Andrew Hayden—he who used to sell lozenges for "two cents a roll"? I can see him now, with his tall silk hat, (which had very long before seen its best days), in his lameness and weakness, distorted apparently with rheumatism or similar disease, with his crook-handle cane, shuffling through

the streets, his long, bony fingers extended at length and over which he seemingly had but little control. His wooden box in which his lozenges were carried, with sliding cover, and a leather strap tacked to either side of the box forming a loop to hang over his arm, so that he could conveniently carry it.

Ah! poor Andrew! What a character you were! We thoughtless, wicked boys, made your life the more burdensome. You were more sinned against than sinning.

For many years Hayden was a ward of the town, and lived and died at what you are now pleased to call "Our Island Home."

Shall I continue to write more? I certainly will if acceptable to the readers of The Inquirer and Mirror.

I wish, however, to say that, a resident of Nantucket only up to the age of fifteen years, and away from there since 1864, it is not surprising if I occasionally lapse into error in my recollections. I appreciate every public correction, as I am always glad to be set right.

J. E. C. Farnham.
Providence, January 7, 1913.

[For the Inquirer and Mirror]

Then and Now.

An interesting matter of domestic economy universally practiced by Nantucket householders fifty years ago was the conserving and utilizing of the falling rains. "Rain water" was one thing and "drinking water" was quite another; there was a recognized radical difference between them. No public or semi-public water system had then been established; each home was for itself as to rain water, while several families obtained drinking water from the same supply. Wells, with the old-fashioned wooden log-pump, were generally in mutual use; not every home-estate, however, had such an equipment, but there was a neighborly community of interest with regard to the indispensable so-called drinking water, which was used as its name indicated, and it was also used for all culinary purposes.

A well and pump was in the yard of many a kindly neighbor, and the use of it by other neighbors, for a water supply, was generously permitted, usually at the nominal cost of one dollar per year for the privilege. I speak of this from a practical personal experience, for one of my frequent commissions when a boy, under direct order, was "to take the pail and go and get some water." This was a somewhat, as I then viewed it, onerous task which I was often compelled to perform. That pail was the old-fashioned wooden bucket, known and ordinarily called the "Boston bucket."

"Rain water"—but that is quite another subject. Practically every home had its rain-barrel—usually an old hogshead which once had a commercial value as it was sold filled with sperm or whale oil. Afterwards obtained by the "head of the family," it was cleansed and put into service as the "rain-barrel." Placed at the corner of a house, on the back stoop or other convenient position, a leader from the gutter at the edge of the roof of the house was connected directly into it. And so when the torrents raged, or the softly-falling rain descended from the over-spreading clouds, the water therefrom was corralled and found a lodging in the rain-barrel.

For many domestic uses such water was appreciated. In seasons of sometimes protracted drought, the water, getting lower and still lower in the rain-barrel, it became a matter of serious domestic concern; such conditions, too, also gravely affected the wells and threatened the drinking water supply. Distinctly I recall the old rain-barrels. When about half full, or even less, we children used to like to stand on some elevation which permitted us to slightly bend our bodies over and balance ourselves on the edge of such a barrel and "holler" down into it to catch the peculiar returning echo which always resulted. Men and women now, boys and girls with me, do you remember how you used to "holler down the rain barrel?" Great childish sport, wasn't it? How often we practiced it, over and over again, pleased with the reverberation and the resounding reply to our call. What a place, too, the rain-barrel was for "wrigglers", who all too soon pestered us as full-fledged mosquitoes. I write this not because the rain-barrel is no more, for I recognize that they are now used in places, and the falling rain drops are conserved and therein stored for utilitarian purposes. The use of the barrel, however, is nevertheless limited, and it is very nearly obsolete, although in the rural sections it may yet be found "on duty."

I feel quite sure that a hogshead "returned from sea", emptied of the oil which it "obtained on the voyage", cleansed and put into commission as a rain-barrel, is now nearly or quite unknown in the town of Nantucket. A semi-public water system, of good pure water from the "washing pond"—as I used to know it—led by continuous mains into nearly or quite every home, store and business house, in these later days, and for several decades past, has certainly placed the rain-barrel in the "memory class" in my native town.

Present day lighting systems seem to be well-nigh perfect there, too. Convenient, brilliant and effective, we fail to value these matters because such are so easily obtained. Electricity and gas in the home, store, office, and factory, for illuminating purposes, transform the shades of evening and night almost into daylight. Strong in contrast are such conveniences, as I reflect upon personal knowledge of illumination in my father's home in my boyhood. The day of the "tallow dip", and the cheap made candle had, perhaps, passed, but the "oil lamp" and its dull light was with us.

Those old-fashioned oil lamps, then so universally used, and for many years back of that time, are a "permanent fixture" in my memory. They were various in style, made of tin and of tin and glass. A double tin-tube passed through a cap or cover and was screwed securely in place to a metal finish at the top of the lamp. Through those tubes were passed soft cotton wicks, lying quite full in the lamp, which was filled with sperm or whale oil. Oil was a commodity of which there was a large quantity in Nantucket when I was a boy.

In each of those tubes, just above the lamp, were slots for insertion of a pin or similar article to "pick up the wicks" when the brilliancy of the light diminished, which was a frequent occurrence, due to a burned crust which formed on the top of the wick and which had to be snuffed off prior to the "picking up" process.

The "petticoat lamp," which will find a familiar place in many a memory as it is presented for thought, was to be found in practically every home. It was four or five inches long, was made of tin, the upper part being a bulb-shaped lamp, the lower part being a skirt or "petticoat" on which it rested as it stood in use or ready for use; on the side was soldered a half-circular loop or strip of tin—a "handle," which served as a means of conveying it about.

How vividly I can now look into my father's home and see ranged in a row on the high mantle—in the vernacular of that day I should say "shelf"—the row of lamps prepared ready for evening service. One of the essential household duties every morning was to fill and trim those old oil lamps. The light radiating from one was very limited, and I have often heard the remark made that it needed one lighted lamp to see if another was burning. Restricted illumination, surely, and young people of today know not how blessed they are in this matter in contrast with the experience of their parents and grand-parents.

Following the use of the whale oils for illumination came the burning fluid. That was a pure white liquid, looking much like water, and was highly explosive. Most every householder was afraid of it, and its use was not extensive. It was burned by wicks in a lamp similar to the oil lamp. It was dangerous to extinguish it by "blowing out," as we did the oil lamp, but that was done by placing over the top of each tube containing the wick a metal cap which was attached to the tube by a fine chain. Two tubes were in both the oil and the fluid lamps, being close together on the former, but spread apart and standing on an outward angle from each other on the latter.

The fluid lamp had a comparatively brief career, while the oil lamp was the depended upon "illuminator" through a long term of years. About 1854 or 1855 petroleum or crude oil was discovered in western Pennsylvania. It was some few years later before a well of much depth had been bored, and the practical utility of that product became evident. From it the popular white paraffine candle is made. In 1858, or possibly a year or two later, kerosene oil, an ally or bi-product of petroleum, was discovered and put into use for illuminating purposes.

With the introduction of the kerosene light the universal opinion was that for brilliancy it could hardly be excelled. Well do I remember the first light of that kind in our home. Comment upon its brilliancy was appreciatively pronounced, and one such light was regarded as equal to a half-dozen of the whale-oil lights. That was the day of its inception; lamps were small and held a diminutive contrast to those of present day use. Kerosene—remembered by me when first utilized as an illuminator in the home—by the ever increasing size and improvement of lamps in which to burn it, by the portable stoves used for heating purposes in the home, as also in varied commercial uses, has proven one of the greatest boons to mankind ever discovered.

Nearly, or quite simultaneous with the discovery and introduction of kerosene (perhaps it might have been a little earlier) came illuminating gas, extracted from anthracite coal, and in a comparatively short time the homes of the well-to-do were illuminated with it, the laying of street mains and piping of houses through which to conduct it following quite rapidly upon its discovery. Only the wealthy, however, when I was a boy, could afford to use it. I remember the building of the Nantucket Gas Works, and so through the years have known of the rapid growth, advance and various uses to which "burning gas" has been applied—strongly in contrast with my youthful knowledge of it.

Of the introduction and use of electric lights I refrain from comment, because such are so recent that everybody comparatively knows about them and the wonderful varied uses of that world force.

I mention these several kinds of illuminating lights simply to contrast the brilliancy and beauty of those today used with the whale-oil light of my boyhood. To be sure, I am writing reminiscences, yet I am far from regarding myself as one far advanced in years, believing that there is yet much to be unfolded which is coming as a blessing and a boon to humanity, in the use and appreciation of which I shall participate. I do feel that it is a privilege to present these matters to younger readers, that they may discover to themselves and appreciate the changes which have come and the rich inheritance which they use and enjoy.

J. E. C. Farnham.
Providence, R. I.
(To Be Continued)

Then and Now.

[Continued from Last Week.]

Historically memorable is the spring of 1861. Civil unrest, political hatred, and class opinion was then intensified to the uttermost. The national congress was a hot-bed of bitter discussion, and personal abuse of statesmen by the most vehement language characterized its sessions. The slave question, which had produced a word wrangle unequalled, in history, was uppermost in the minds of all public men, while the common people, less active, perhaps, in its consideration, were equally aroused. Sectionized, the country was well-nigh "rent asunder," as the North viewed and spoke of that question, while the South, equally pronounced, considered and spoke of it from an entirely opposite view point.

For months such had been the fearful state of affairs existing with the people populating the federated states of the Union, which for patriotism, loyalty and devotion to unified interests had a world-wide reputation outside of that one dissenting issue. I was then a boy twelve years old, and it was a period in my life never to be forgotten. If, as was true, my elders best understood and dreaded the possible outcome of that then nation-wide dissension, yet I was not so young but that I understood and realized the terror which was imminent.

over

Those were days when the isolation of Nantucket from the mainland was most seriously felt. There were no people more loyal to home, friends and country than the citizens of my native town at that time. Eager for news of the burning questions universally agitating, they had no opportunity for receiving such except upon arrival of the steamboat, then the Island Home, running to and from Hyannis. There was then no cable connection by which information might be transmitted, and well I remember the suspense due to that cause, and how long and tedious the hours and days then seemed as we all awaited the coming of our relied upon messenger—"the boat"—with the information so much craved.

It was a custom then, which had obtained through many years, that an unusual happening would be indicated by a special signal by the boat as she approached her "island home", which was always given by the setting of a flag in an unusual way on her stern flag staff.

April, 1861—the date which marks history, followed in four years to a successful culmination of a serious and bloody civil war—is the specific time which I have in mind as I write. Whether the boat was then making daily, tri-weekly or semi-weekly trips I cannot now tell. I do know that on a certain April day I happened to be on lower Main street, opposite the Government building. Capt. Joseph Hamblen, who then kept quite a large livery stable right near there, in a building bounded by Washington, Spring, Candle and Salem streets, if I mistake not, was, with upward gaze, talking to a man on top of the Government building. I always remembered that brief colloquy, because of its then essential significance.

I do not know or remember who the man was talking to Captain Hamblen, but I do know that he called from the top of that building, saying that he had sighted the boat coming, and that she had a "special signal" set. After days of anxious expectancy it was easy to divine the cause of that signal. I heard Captain Hamblen call back, as the fact of the "special signal" was made known to him: "I guess they have fired the first shot." Sure enough, when the boat arrived, that was the important item of news.

The firing on the steamer "Star of the East," while carrying supplies to Major Robert Anderson at Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor, on April 12, 1861, was the horror-inspiring message which we that day received. Whether it was a day or more after the happening of that historic event that we were apprised of it I do not know, but I shall never forget where and by whom I first learned of the "opening shot" in the Civil War.

That startling information produced a sensation the country over, but not more so anywhere than in the small, isolated, yet loyal and patriotic community of Nantucket. Alarming events multiplied fast. "A call to duty" was quite unnecessary, for volunteers immediately offered themselves in large numbers to defend the flag and unity of our country. In Nantucket, I recall the fealty, devotion and valor of the men who sacrificed home, loved ones, business—yes, everything—enlisted as soldiers, and "went to war," many never to return. Enlisted men? Yes; but in numerous cases they were mere boys. I could name scores of them; it is not needful that I should.

A single instance, which, in later days, has profoundly impressed me. In the Prospect Hill cemetery is a grave before which, through years since, I have often paused and read on the headstone the name of Arthur W. Rivers. He was but 16 years of age when he enlisted on August 13, 1862. He died a prisoner of war, June 5, 1865—after less than three years of rigorous war service with the Army of the Potomac, and he was only 19 years old at death. Surely he was a hero and a noble boy. I remember him as a school-mate at the North Grammar school. Loyal to the uttermost, Nantucket volunteers numbered hundreds, and in proportion to size of community that famous old town furnished a large number in excess of its quota. Not only the "common soldier," almost invariably a hero, but the town was famous and justly proud of the leaders in efficient official service which it furnished.

Of these, I remember Colonel George Nelson Macy, Capt. John W. Summerhayes, Capt. Albert B. Holmes, Capt. Benjamin B. Pease (my cousin), First Lieut. Leander F. Alley, Sergeant-Major Benjamin H. Whitford, Sergeant-Major Charles H. Baker, Sergeant William P. Kelly, Sergeant Josiah F. Murphey, Corporal George C. Pratt, Corporal Edward P. Green and Corporal Edward W. Randall. Two at least of these honored men are now living in their native town.

George Gideon Worth, son of James T. and Eunice Worth, brother to Herbert G. and Benjamin F., and a cousin of mine, enlisted July 18, 1861, and three months later, October 21, 1861, was shot to his death while swimming across the Potomac river, in the Union retreat which followed the terrible battle of Ball's Bluff.

All of those whom I here name were in Company I of the Twentieth Massachusetts regiment, in which there were many "Nantucket boys," my brother Henry being one of them. There were many in other regiments—especially the Forty-fifth Massachusetts, which did valiant service in North Carolina, but if any such were in official rank I do not now recall their names.

All through the four years of that awful Civil War the residents of my native town awaited news, day after day, from the "front." Peering into the distance across the waters of Nantucket sound were turned many vigilant eyes seeking for the "special signal" set by the boat as she approached the "island in the sea." The city dailies, as they were brought—John Hussey was then the great news agent and distributor of papers in the town—were eagerly awaited, quickly bought, and anxiously scanned for the attractive but awe-inspiring war news. William D. Clark, for many years afterwards famous as a vendor of newspapers and as a town crier, was then employed by Mr. Hussey in the sale of the city daily newspapers.

What a contrast between "then and now." The arrival of the boat to obtain news so eagerly awaited during those exciting war years, was then our dependence; now by cable connection with the mainland items of news of every character are as promptly received at Nantucket as in other sections of the country, despite its isolation from the mainland. Then, as I remember, we gladly appreciated

the limited service which brought us, after due waiting, in touch with other sections of the country and learned of its happenings; blessed now is the privilege of immediate knowledge of such matters flashed over the wires and through the marine cable. I wonder if the younger generation fully appreciate these striking helpful changes. Surely there is a marked progressive advance between "then and now."

J. E. C. Farnham.
Providence, R. I.

Lapse of Memory.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

After forwarding my "reminiscent" article on "By-gone Days," which appeared in your issue of December 28th, it occurred to me that I had made a grave error in confusing the names of two persons which I therein mentioned. I was a boy of but fifteen years when I moved from my native town, and "memory" events with me cover the period of my boyhood after I began to "get out with the boys" from about nine to fifteen years of age. Hence, I presume, because of my "tender years," I may be forgiven the error which I am now glad to correct. I realize, all too frequently, that I have an extremely active "forgettery."

I confused the names of Eben R. Folger and Edward R. Folger—Eben was the carpenter, and Edward, as I said in my article, was the deacon and Sunday school superintendent. At first I wrote the name "Edward," then changed it to "Eben," because I thought I was wrong. Upon later reflection I was sure that I had made a "mix."

I do not now recall the vocation of Edward R. Folger, but I do keenly remember him in church and Sunday school when I was a small boy. As I recall, he lived on Gardner street, next, I think, to the home of David Folger. The mention of the name of David—well, that is another story. In barns back of his home David kept cows, and such cows. They were the sleekest, the cleanest and of the best anywhere to be seen.

Mr. Folger was a past master in care and neatness and his barns were always scrupulously spick and spar. He, too, knew to perfection the art of producing the richest cream and the purest milk. My cousin, Edward G. Swain, who now spends much of his time in his native town of Nantucket, then lived with David Folger. I, too, was in Mr. Folger's employ. I used to drive those choice cows to pasture some distance out beyond and on the right of what we, in those days, called the Quaker cemetery.

This cemetery was and is well up on Main street on the corner of another street (I do not now recall the name) but it is in part across from the home of Elisha Pope Gardner, the present Nantucket peanut merchant.

Driving those cows to pasture I used to stop enroute at the home of William Folger, on Main street, (David's father), and his one cow was added to my herd. At evening, after school, I drove the cows home. For this service I received fifty cents a week. But, my! didn't I think that some salary! Well, I guess yes!

A student then at the Coffin School under the principalship of, to me, the beloved Alfred Macy, I paid my tuition there from this income. At that time Miss Lydia M. Folger, a daughter of David, I remember as a student at that same school, in a class all by herself. This is literally true, and I can see her now, mentally, as she came forward to recite, and took a seat alone on the settee, she being the only student then in "classics."

A letter from my esteemed friend, from boyhood down through all the years since, the Hon. Henry Riddell, received this morning, revives my slumbering memory. He brings to my attention the fact that in the building wherein was the carpenter shop of Eben R. Folger, was once the tin shop of John A. Hussey and the paint shop of Nathan Walker. All this I now vividly recall, and that occupancy antedates your picture in your Christmas souvenir number of that locality forty years ago.

The Hussey tin shop and the Walker paint shop was fifty years ago and more. Nathan Walker, with his family, lived in "our" neighborhood. His son Howard (I think I remember the name rightly) was a companion and playfellow with me. At that time I lived in the house where I was born, corner of Pine street and Eagle lane. It was then called the Richard Worth house. It is still standing, and is now owned and occupied, if I mistake not, by one of the children of Calvin Crocker.

When I was a boy living there, Calvin Crocker, with his family, occupied the next house. After I came to Providence to live, Mr. Crocker bought the house wherein I was born, into which with his family, he moved; his house was torn down, and there they continued to live until the deaths of both Mr. and Mrs. Crocker. In our home were twelve Farnham children; in the next house twelve Crocker children. Not all at home at one time, but nearly so, only three or four of the older boys being "away at sea." Quite a home community.

This article, designed as a correction, has surely expanded reminiscently. One more item, and I will quit for the present. Opposite the house where I was born, on the other corner of Pine street and Eagle Lane, and while I was yet a young boy, there came to live a new bridal couple, immediately after their marriage—I think the same evening. This was John Marvin, whose bride was Miss Lizzie Austin. Mrs. Marvin, who has been a widow for many years, has continued to live there from that time until now. At any rate, she was living there the last I knew, which was not more than two or three years ago.

J. E. C. Farnham.
Providence, December 31, 1912.

In By-Gone Days.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

As one of the "old boys" of today who revel in the recollections of half a century ago so vividly recalled by your Providence correspondent. I want to join in a vote of thanks to J. E. C. Farnham for his reminiscences.

John Olin's tamarinds—I can taste them now! And Edward Mitchell, grave and good, of solemn visage but kindly heart, who sold school books that we hated and licorice stick that we loved! How we eschewed the former and chewed the latter when the teacher's gaze was averted. How it often passed from mouth to mouth in the process of mastication, eventually emerging in the form of pulp, peculiarly adapted for moulding into spit-ball projectiles.

Shall I ever forget the abortive attempt my chum and I once made to palm off upon Edward for a copper cent a brass button from which the eye had been deftly removed? I don't think either of us ever tried to "shove the queer" again, and I can imagine how my old-time friend will smile when he reads this paragraph in his far-off home on the Pacific coast.

"Joe" Farnham was one of the big boys and I one of the small ones in the early 60's—hence his recollections date farther back than mine—but he remembers too much, when he recalls Eben R. Folger as deacon and superintendent respectively of the North Congregational church and Sunday school. He has confounded the names of "Eben R.," the carpenter, and "Edward R.," the deacon. The latter was a light of blessed memory unto my youthful feet from the day they first trudged up the rising floor of the Old North Vestry to the juvenile department above, presided over by "Aunt Hepsy" Edwards, until he "rested from his labors." Aside from his religious duties I remember him only as associated in secular labors with Alexander Coffin, dentist, in the old "Lodge Building," Main street.

Main street, below the "town house," was a sort of "Mason & Dixon's line," across which we "Chicken Hillers" seldom ventured into the south part of the town, unless a fight was "on," and, while I recall many of the persons and localities referred to, they don't appeal to me as they do to an old-time "New-towner," or dweller "under the bank."

"Will" Macy and "Sine" Nevins, too, indulge in reminiscences fraught with interest to their contemporaries. Though covering a succeeding decade, there is a kindred vein which permeates the whole and suggests that human nature is very much alike in every age and generation, though it may be of questionable advantage to posterity to exploit the escapades of their predecessors. Nevertheless, as we pass succeeding milestones in the journey of life the propensity to indulge in the reminiscences of youth grows apace.

Arthur H. Gardner.

Halcyon Memories.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I have just been reading the contribution to your columns by my esteemed friend, Joseph Ellis Coffee Farnham, of Providence, and he just delighted me with some of his reminiscences. Had he given some statements of boyish escapades (I am not trying to start a Macy-Nevins-Wyer diary), it would have given even greater pleasure, for "Joe" was a boy—a real boy—fifty years ago, and his memory is generally good, his pen facile, and doubtless he has some reminiscences up his sleeve that would be entertaining.

I am almost tempted to give him a tip for a "refresher." It would start another generation back, when Allen Bacon, Bill Horn, Sam Reynolds, etc., were on the carpet down Joe's way, when Mr. Rice taught the South Grammar School, and Mr. Bliss; and Mr. John Bridgman held sway at the West Grammar school. But I am not entering into this further—at least for the present.

By the way, "Joe" got a bit mixed on the Eben R. Folger side of the slate. Eben was a carpenter, and I think was not identified with church work especially. He probably meant to refer to the late Edward R. Folger, when he spoke of the connection with the Sunday school.

And didn't "Joe" get his quotation of Mr. Olin's wrong, when he referred to that delicious beverage "mead"? As I recall it, when the concoction began to z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z, the kindly hand passed it to the customer with a "Here ye be!" I may be in error on this point, but there are plenty who will set us right.

And "Joe" omitted a very important feature in his reference to the late Aunt Annie Austin's bazaar. Of course, the pickled beans we of those years remember well. But they surely were good! And there were various ways by which they could be secured, the number received depending upon service performed. I do not recall of having cut grass; but many a half dozen pickled beans, raised from the "Coffin Macy seed," have I received off the hair-pin for "she" horse-feet for Aunt Annie's hens, which I had captured while swimming in "The Pot" or "The Creeks" or "Becky's."

And "Joe" forgot to mention Uncle "Rial" Cathcart's emporium "way down Orange street," with its tempting array of jars of "stick candy," attractively striped. The lucky boy with "a cent to spend" just stepped within the little shop and asked for a "stick of pep'mint" (or other flavor). The courteous proprietor hastened for that "copper," reached within the jar, withdrew a stick, touched the end to his tongue, and passing it, remarked: "Them's pep'mint."

But, Mr. Editor, I did not start to write at length, as before stated, for when I sat it was with the intention of calling attention only to the Eben R. Folger mistake; but, somehow, "Joe's" reminiscent gossip has gotten under my cuticle, and I just couldn't help it. Let us have some more on these lines—the "Cent School," "sliding" nights on "Sam Meader's bill," "Dead Horse valley," "Fisher's hill," evenings on the "Clay Pits," "Lily pond," "No Bottom" skating; swimming at the "Coal Pen," where diving from the Island

Home's bow was an accomplishment—or swimming "across docks." And—But I will cease, and give some with fuller and riper experiences opportunity. Come on, friends; send along your "Halcyon Memories of By-Gone Days" to The Inquirer and Mirror, even though it be but one paragraph.

These memories, if all lend a hand, will make mighty pleasant reading, and help history. I may be able to suggest other subjects, if the above should become exhausted.

Come on, now! Get busy.

Sincerely,

R. B. Hussey.

Rutherford, N. J., Dec. 30, 1912.

A Few More Recollections.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

The season of reminiscences with which The Inquirer and Mirror has been brightening the lives of both present and former residents of the island, both natives and "off-islanders," will doubtless soon give way to the season of summer boarders. Hence one must hasten, if he is to prolong the former season a bit.

Other correspondents have mentioned old Mr. Olin's store on Water street, somewhere near the corner of Old North wharf, where John A. Hussey's tin-shop stood on the corner at one time. I recall his son, Henry P. Olin, who kept a boot and shoe store at the corner of Main and Orange streets. His son, George Olin, was a playmate of mine, and later was in the electrical business in Fall River, but has now left that city, I think. He had an older brother Fred. Henry lived the latter part of his life in Boston.

Another schoolmate was Ed Bronson, whom we called "Deacon," since his father was pastor for a time at the Baptist church. He lived on Fair street, and our back yards joined.

One of the wrecks of the seventies I recall vividly. It was that of the new three-masted schooner, W. F. Marshall, which came ashore on the south side of the island near the "Mioxes." Being "light," and striking an opening between shoals, she came broadside up on the beach, and all the men had to do was to climb over the side onto the shore. It was a favorite drive for islanders and visitors, that summer, to go across the commons and see the big schooner lying helpless at the surf's edge, and to watch Mr. Bardain, of East Boston, and his gang of wreckers, trying to float her by pumping her out and patching her up. As I recollect, the effort was a failure.

A short distance to the eastward, at about the same time, an Italian bark, the Papa Luigi C., came ashore, landing on a shoal about a quarter of a mile from the beach. The boys used to swim out to her. About that time I had charge of "Fannie," the horse of T. H. Soule, Jr., who lived in the house south of father's on Orange street, and I had several opportunities of going to see the wrecks.

One of the pleasant recollections of "Coffin School days" is the literary society Mr. Fox formed one winter, which used to meet up in the library, on certain evenings. Among those taking part were Isaac H. Folger,

Miss Minnie Smith and others. It has been a pleasure to me to receive letters appreciative of previous reminiscences from Minor Davis, Mrs. Susie B. Anthony and Mrs. Florence Easton Conable. I wish they would send to The Inquirer and Mirror articles reminiscential.

I was a little amused at the wonderful way 15 folks petitioned for a special town meeting on April 21, in order to revise recent appropriations downward, then failed to appear, and revision upward followed. It really must be that Nantucket, always rich in ozone and ocean, moorlands and mosses, is also growing wealthy in dollars and cents. Well, if good roads cause more dollars to roll in on them, by all means have more roads and more dollars.

I am much pleased to read occasional articles from my former Sunday School superintendent, Mrs. Mary F. Coffin, now moved from Atlantic to Pacific. I well recall her mother, Mrs. Brown, who I think lived to be a nonagenarian, as I trust her daughter may.

By the way, one of my kind correspondents, in referring to my "Legend of the Old Mill," says "The best part of it is, it's true," referring, of course, to the fact of the cannon-ball striking the old mill.

Can anyone inform us, through your columns, where the historic statement may be found? I recalled the rumor and then spun the yarn.

W. D. Woodward.

RETIREMENT.

On Monday last the business connection of Mr. Henry D. Robinson, senior publisher of THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR, ceased, Roland B. Hussey becoming sole owner. The firm of Hussey & Robinson commenced in July, 1849, and has been continued under that name and style until the present time. Mr. Samuel S. Hussey, of the original firm, retired in 1879, relinquishing his interest to the present proprietor; and now, after thirty-eight years of close attention to business, with strict fidelity to journalistic integrity and courtesy, Mr. Robinson has disposed of his interest to the junior partner, and retires from the firm.

In Mr. Robinson's long and active career as a practical printer and publisher at Nantucket, few men have performed more acceptable service, or executed it in a more perfect manner. And while his retirement will be regretted by the business community, the loss of his ripe experience will be most deeply felt by the continuing proprietor.

It will be the endeavor of the present publisher to maintain the high character THE INQUIRER AND MIRROR has always sustained as a local newspaper. No radical changes are intended in its make-up, but anything that from time to time suggests itself as of particular interest or value will be adopted.

Jan. 4, 1913

Sept. 3, 1887

Recollections of Nantucket Visit of a Half Century Ago.

A few days ago Postmaster Roberts received a letter from a person signing himself "Dr. Walter M. Smith", in which the writer reminisced and recalled events and persons of a half century and more ago incident to a visit which he made to Nantucket. In the main, Dr. Smith's recollections were excellent, but he is somewhat mixed on names in some cases, which is not surprising when it is considered that he is writing from memory and recollections of a trip which he made to the island so long ago.

Postmaster Roberts has handed the letter to us, thinking it may be of interest to our readers, some of whom will doubtless determine without any difficulty in just what cases the writer is in error as to names. Dr. Smith's letter follows:

March 27, 1940.

Postmaster, Nantucket, Mass.

Dear Sir:

Away back in 1891-2 I had the happy privilege of spending my vacations on your healthful island, where its salubrious climate did wonders in restoring myself and members of our family to renewed health.

I had made the acquaintance of a number of your native young men and ladies, enjoying their friendship. In 1892, when I returned for a three months' visit, I was a guest of Mrs. Morris on North Street, where there were four grown children in the family, two young men and two young ladies. Capt. Morris, who by the way wore a wig, had a fine big party boat in which he took out parties sailing. If I remember rightly, he named the boat after his eldest daughter "Priscilla."

Will Morris, the eldest son, kept a livery stable at the rear of the property. I had the pleasure of breaking in a young colt for him, one that had been raised on Tuckernuck Island.

Capt. Justin Thomas was another friendly fellow I often went sailing with, and he afterwards moved to Block Island and raised a fine family. I visited him there a few years ago.

There were a number of young Nantucket ladies whom I had the pleasure of knowing. I also had the pleasure of meeting a man of note and his wife, Senator and Mrs. Spooner, of Wisconsin. I engraved a picture of the "Old Mill" on a coin for Mrs. Spooner and she sent me a dollar in payment, sending it in care of the man who was constable for the town at that time.

Mr. and Mrs. Spooner had a cottage at Siasconset. Being late in the season, Sept. 23rd, they had gone home and the constable wrote me that Mrs. Spooner had sent him the dollar to give to me. I never saw the dollar, so the conclusion drawn is that Nantucket is indebted to me to the sum of one dollar (\$1.00), with interest from Sept. 1st, 1892, to date. If Nantucket has a newspaper this might make an interesting article.

When I saw Capt. Thomas last at Block Island he told me that Will Morris had built himself a home and was married. It's a long time ago—but possibly his younger brother, Charley Morris, might remember me. He was a shy, young lad, and when I went there in '92, some time in June, he was just recovering from an attack of pneumonia which he had contracted while on a cruise on one of the large fishing vessels the winter before.

It was a breezy day when I left the island, and Capt. Gardner didn't stay long at the dock. While my friends were seeing me off one of the young ladies, whose first name was Bovie, was among them. The boat nearly left me at the dock.

Miss Bovie was the one who showed me the clock tower and bell, and I cut my initials on a pane of glass on the lower sash on the south side of the tower.

The town crier was a chap named Fox (Billy Clark) who would ring a bell and in a stuttering voice would cry out the news from the mainland from papers Captain Gardner would bring in.

Miss Bovie wanted me to prolong my stay. There was no reason why I shouldn't, and I have often wished I had, having become so well acquainted with the natives that I felt at home.

The initials on the window pane of the clock tower, if they are still there, are "W. M. S." and in the Old Mill, among hundreds of others, is my visiting card. I also remember seeing that of the famous Dr. Talmadge, preacher in Brooklyn, New York, tacked up there. If I remember rightly the island had 22,000 visitors that season.

I have a mental picture of every detail of the town, the cobble stones, the small Post Office, the place where they sold corned beef nearby, on Friday evenings, and the drug stores where I bought my cigars. I have often wanted to re-visit the island, but the opportunity never seemed to offer. It is a long time ago, 1893, and I presume has seen many changes. They didn't allow autos those days and I guess the old hotel on the south shore has gone, along with the little railroad that ran to Sconset. Every severe storm, I was told, moved it inland, maybe the southeasters; at any rate, I know it would invariably jump the track on the curve going to Sconset. I guess there are still some of the old timers who remember it.

If your island paper thinks this interesting enough to print, I would appreciate a copy. I wonder if any of the old timers I may have mentioned are still living there. Thanking you in advance for any information, I remain, with pleasant memories of my visit.

Sincerely,
Dr. Walter M. Smith.
Blind Brook Lodge,
Rye, New York.

April, 1940

Lilla Barnard Starbuck Dies in Greenwood.

Mrs. Lydia ("Lilla") Barnard Starbuck, who for many years has been a contributor to the columns of The Inquirer and Mirror, died on Tuesday of this week at her home in Greenwood, Mass. She was the widow of David Joy Starbuck and the daughter of the late Charles H. and Eliza Gardner Barnard, and was born on Nantucket, August 10, 1845.

The deceased possessed a remarkable memory and her articles in rem-
iniscent vein, relating her knowledge of the people and incidents of her youthful days, were always of great interest to our readers. There was the personal touch, the genealogical and family references, the recollection of Nantucket's past which was always apparent in her communications regardless of the nature of the subject.

Mrs. Starbuck had a pleasing personality, helpful, hopeful and cheerful even when the trials of increasing years and failing health came upon her. In her early life she was both a school teacher and a music teacher. She taught school in Malden, Medford and Charlestown, and at one time taught music in a girl's college at Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

Possessed of a ready pen, she was a frequent contributor to city newspapers as well as The Inquirer and Mirror, and for quite a long period served as proof-reader on the Boston Transcript. Her literary ability was well-known and in her young womanhood she was popular as an elocutionist.

For many years she was active in church work in Greenwood, and always maintained a keen interest in community work, especially in its relation to the island of her birth.

Her husband died a number of years ago, the couple being childless. Mrs. Starbuck's nearest relatives were four nephews—Arthur and George Pearson, of Somerville, Clarence Barnard of Brookline, and Frank Barnard, of Malden. For a number of years she shared her home with Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Archibald, at 12 Grafton street, Greenwood. She also leaves a cousin, Mrs. Louisa Jagger, of Maplewood, Mass.

Funeral services were held at her late home in Greenwood on Thursday, and the remains were to be brought to Nantucket for interment yesterday (Friday), accompanied by her friend, Mrs. Young.

Sept. 24, 1932

Query Brings Reminiscences From "A Nantucket Girl."

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:
The recent query about Delia M. Folger would have been answered before had not "flu" and pneumonia taken away my strength.

Delia Maria Folger was born on August 2, 1820, daughter of Charles H. Barnard and Lydia Wyer (daughter of Hugh). She lived to be 94 years old; then one night her sleep became the eternal kind. She was a small woman, scarcely 5 feet in height, but a dynamo of energy and accomplishment.

Her husband, Thomas Folger (son of Aaron) was one of the many who went to California in the gold rush, and one of those who died there. When left with her one child—Amanda Louisa, called Louisa since she grew up—she taught school for some time, then carried on dressmaking, and later a store of small notions.

At the time she did hair weaving she lived in a house on Liberty street, between the "Sally Smith house" and Capt. Macy's house (recently sold by his grandson Thomas G. Macy). The house was diagonally opposite to my home, known now for years as the Tice house.

Her hair-weaving was done as bobbin lace is done and I loved to watch her at work. The most of her weaving was done after shutting up her store in the front room, for then she could mount on the counter with her work and get the full benefit of the gas jet.

I have a bracelet she made for Mother, a little acorn of Mother's black hair. This she mounted in gold ready to use as a pendant. A watch chain for my brother was a rope, the strands of Mother's black hair and Aunt Amelia's brown. She also made wreaths of hair flowers, popular then as "memorials".

Next she brought from one of her buying trips to Boston, the fad of painting on glass and everybody was learning from her how to do at least one picture. Later still, she made "shell pictures". Half a nautilus shell, or some other kind, was used as a vase to hold artistically arranged dried sea weeds, and these were very pretty and a consistent souvenir of a seaside resort.

Her interest in things never slackened. When quite along in years I showed her some point lace work I had learned. It was no time before she had learned all I knew and was at work for herself.

At last cataracts stopped her work. She was painting on china then, and then the music records proved a blessing to her. Also songs from the past came back to her, songs she used to hear her mother sing when she was a child. When she was over 90, I would say to her, "Auntie, sing me the rose and lily song", and after the proper, old-time clearing of throat and apologies she'd sing me that one and others.

She bought the house on Center street when Dr. Metcalf, a dentist, moved away, and used what had been his office for her store and let the rooms upstairs.

A word about her daughter, Mrs. Jagger; she had two sons, the younger lived but a few weeks, but the older son, Walter, has always made his home with his mother. Her husband died some years ago.

Lilla Barnard Starbuck.
Greenwood, Mass.

The Light of Other Days.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I see that reminiscence is in the air down on my native isle this winter, and I am tempted to reminisce a bit myself. It is catching, and a good ozone, too, for Nantucket men in middle life to breathe. It is a tonic to friendly feeling, but if the courteous editor chooses to consign these lines to the waste-basket it will hurt no one. If, perchance, they come to print, some of the ever-welcome "Inquirer and Mirror's" readers may find memory brightened by "the light of other days."

I suppose I come in somewhere between the venerable "Farnham-Coon" company and the frisky "Yorick-Nevins" crowd. And right here I want to reiterate the complimentary remarks of preceding writers upon the peculiarly interesting Christmas number, brimful of breeze and banter, battle and boyishness.

I attended the primary, intermediate and grammar schools in the South Grammar school building on Orange street near my home. Among the teachers were Phebe Lizzie Clisby, in the first, Miss Adlington in the second, while J. Francis Baxter was principal of the grammar school, followed by George E. Nichols.

When in Miss Adlington's school, I used to wonder at the toughness of Walter Hewett's hand, which seemed immune to the somewhat frequent attacks of her rather stern ruler. I, too, at that time, used to go down to Annie Autsin's store "under the bank," but not for pickles—for I neither like to get into a pickle nor a pickle into me. "Stick licorice" was my favorite—great big black round cylinders, which would frequently discolor red lips so that one might think mortification had set it.

Among the things standing out in my memory concerning the rather stern regime of Mr. Baxter is the time he chased Marcus Mack all round the schoolroom, the latter howling for fear but finding no way of escape. At another time the school was startled to see the door open, and an irate veteran of the Civil War, from way down Union street, come in with sleeves rolled up, prepared to fight teacher for having punished his daughter abusively, as he alleged. However Mr. Baxter was a pretty good teacher, and we greatly enjoyed his wand exercises, or his having the school repeat together for recreation and memory cultivation these lines:

"Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,
With barest wrists and stoutest boasts,
He thrusts his fists against the posts,
And still insists he sees the ghosts."

Get a whole roomful of boys and girls a-going on those sibilants, and you'd think a whole flock of geese was let loose.

Among the other teachers there were Miss Martha Macy, whom I had the pleasure of meeting some months ago in her office in the big "Tremont Building" near Boston Common, and Mrs. Susie B. (Hussey) Smalley, who I think remains at her old island home. I remember she has a class picture taken in those days, with the Macy twins (Lydia and Lizzie), Florence Easton Conable, John Nevins and others of us in it. As Longfellow says, "The leaves of memory make a mournful rustle" when we think how many, both of teachers and classmates, have passed away.

Just before reaching the "dozen" mile-stone we successfully passed examinations for the High School, and when fall came round hied us to Academy hill. Here there was a tall, frail-looking be-whiskered principal by the name of Baker. One of the assistants was Miss Helen Marshall, now librarian in the magnificent Slater Memorial Hall, Norwich, Conn., where it was my privilege to renew greetings when I was stationed in that place some seven or eight years ago. Inasmuch as the High school building was altered the following winter, and the interior made into eight rooms, thus necessitating a prolonged vacation, my stay in the old schoolroom, where we could from our seats watch the old "Island Home" cross the bar, was limited to about three months.

Then as some of my playmates had already gone over to the Coffin School, I concluded to follow suit, with my parents' consent. There I came under the benign influence of that born pedagogue, E. B. Fox, and his efficient corps of teachers, Miss Lydia Folger, Miss Lizzie Riddell, and Miss Pad-dock. I can seem to see Mr. Fox now, sitting behind his desk, and hear him read from his favorite passage in Job, "Where shall wisdom be found, and where is the place of understanding? The depth saith, it is not in me; and the sea saith, it is not with me."

We found considerable wisdom, however, of one kind and another, while in that same dear old Coffin School. It certainly furnished most excellent instruction in all branches, and its course was sufficient to prepare for entering college, save that it lacked Greek.

Two or three incidents, more or less amusing, occur to my mind. One was a spelling match in which prizes of 50, 25 and 10 cents were offered, to go to the last three who remained up. The whole school was lined up around the room, and one by one went down on the puzzling combinations of "English as she is spelled." Finally three remained up—Florence Easton (at the head, as was frequently the case), Charlie Pitman (son of Dr. B. F. Pitman), and the writer. Mr. Fox gave out the word, "mis-spelled," and it was mis-spelled with a vengeance. First Charlie tackled it, but missed it by one "s." Then Miss Easton, to be sure not to miss, spelled it "miss-spelled." Of course the writer could hardly help putting the proper number of "esses" after that. I have that 50-cent piece now right before me. It bears the date of 1876, which must have been the year of the spelling-match. I think Miss Folger gave that prize.

One afternoon a comical incident occurred which will doubtless be recalled by some of those whose eyes may light upon this paragraph. Quite a number of the scholars had gone into the recitation rooms, and Mr. Fox was hearing a class down in the front of the main room. Comparatively few remained in their regular seats. The writer had arrived at the dignity of a seat in the back row near the door. Down in the centre of the room sat George Barrett (son of Sheriff Josiah Barrett). Immediately behind him was Oliver Cromwell Coffin, who I believe is out in San Francisco on the "Chronicle."

Oliver had a toy pistol with which he proposed to startle George by letting it click close to his ear, feeling sure it would hardly be heard so far away as the principal's desk.

Probably the mere "click" would not have been heard so far. Unfortunately, however, a bit of the fulminating cap remained. The result was a loud report. George jumped, sure enough. Oliver's trick was a big success. But everybody else jumped too. I can never forget Coffin's look of amazed consternation. His tell-tale flush was a sufficient beacon to guide the principal to the right boy. Mr. Fox tiptoed up in his quiet way, marched Coffin out in front, towed his hair all over his head, as was often his custom, and—well, let Coffin continue the reminiscence, if he wants to.

We fellows in the back seats, who had been interested on-lookers during the daring bombardment, kept straight faces, lest unrestrained hilarity, to which we were sufficiently disposed, might result in similar handling by the principal.

Time will fail me to tell of big "Leed" Sharp, who once had some sort of wrestling match with Mr. Fox after school. ("Dr. Ben," your able representative, might reminisce on that, in case his brother doesn't care to). Speaking of "Leed," I recall his Uncle Leedom, for whom he was named, as the genial gentleman who invited us over to his house to look through a fine microscope, through which we saw the wonders of a fly's eye, a flea's leg and the circulation of blood in the web of a frog's foot.

Well, those were happy days, and now I have two boys just about the age of their pa when he was passing through those scenes. I look up to them, too, since they are both about five inches taller than myself. The younger is now in his last year in High school, the older in his second in the Rhode Island State College. The daughter, too, is taller, and is pursuing a commercial course. So the years move on, and we must make ready for a better haven.

Before I close I must not omit a grateful reference to the teacher who gave me good ground work and somewhat advanced lessons in the two languages taught in the Coffin school—Latin and French. I am reminded of her faithful work when reviewing occasionally Caesar, or Cicero, or Virgil with my kids. I just got started in Latin in the High school, but Miss Folger took us through all we needed of those tongues to enter college. It was a pleasure to be in her class (where, by the way, Will Macy's sister Carrie was a "star" pupil).

Miss Folger had a quiet way of discipline which was very effective in keeping order. A look of mild surprise if one attempted to be unruly would be sufficient to make a scholar ashamed to belie the hopes of so kind a teacher. One thing she did was to give us a thorough drill in French pronunciation. I unexpectedly had cause to be thankful for this two years ago last April, when it was my fortune to take the census of some 2,000 persons up in the northwest town of "Little Rhody." There are many French-Canadians in that neighborhood. After a little practice, I found myself able, thanks to Miss Folger, to ask all the questions, even when they could speak no English.

So much for boyhood days. Were I to write recollections of my young manhood, I should call up at once "Hepsy" Hussey's schoolhouse on Fair street, where I first embarked aboard "the good ship Lion". This building was later bought by John W. Hallett, and moved up on Hussey or Quince street for a linen coat manufactory.

Then there's "the chapel" on Centre street, with its noble columns—my first "church home." How, when a child I, used to wonder at its majestic organ, high up in the rear gallery, pouring forth its grand music under the skillful manipulation of Mrs. Moore, or Ezra Lewis, Mrs. Robinson, or "Billy" Stevens. Many of those whom I knew and loved have cast anchor on a fairer shore.

Let me mention the name of Capt. Barzillai R. Burdett, so well known to strangers and islanders as master of the large sailboat which took passengers to the cliff bathing beach. I used to like to get his broad-beam little "Daisy," or some other of his smaller cat-rigged boats, and cruise about the harbor, up to Wauwinet, or round Brant Point, often with a company of young people making the harbor ring with the songs then used in social meetings.

It is easy for a Nantucketer to use nautical phrases. Many of the former generation will recall my father, Samuel Woodward, who for many years was one of the selectmen of the town and agent of the Poor Department. Some years before his death, he had occasion to part with about 18 stumps and molars, Dr. C. D. Marsh coming to the house to effect the separation. Taking nothing but courage, father sat in his chair quietly, and one by one his old friends were torn from him. Finally the doctor told him the last tooth was out.

He looked up surprised and said, "What, are they all out, clear fore and aft?" This nautical phrase seemed to amuse Dr. Marsh very much.

I suppose I might ramble on in this way indefinitely, but its time to weigh anchor after unloading all this cargo, and give somebody else a chance to heave ahead up to The Inquirer and Mirror landing.

It has been my lot to roam considerably over Rhode Island, Eastern Connecticut and the southeastern part of my native state. But the love for "the scenes of my childhood" does not lessen, and it is a pleasure with others to recall the by-gone days of the isle of the sea.

Yours, in Nantucket bonds,
W. D. Woodward.
Wakefield, R. I.

Jan. 25, 1913

Past and Present.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

It was a happy thought that caused you to insert that list of scholars "for the term ending January 17, 1868." I presume all of us wish such data could be had of all the years. I have often wished it possible to have a list of my classmates, and Nantucket Jr., in his letter for March 1st issue, gives evidence of the same desire. Some of those names he mentions as of his class I am sure belong there, because I remember hearing my brother speak of them in a certain connection.

One girl always used to transpose one word of the routine ending of the problems in geometry and say "quently" instead of "consequently," and she would say it in such a quiet manner that no one could tell whether it were mispronounced by inadvertence or in frolic. Another used to pronounce "vehicle" with a strong emphasis on "hic." Another once chalked "old" on the sole of her right shoe and "maid" on the other, then sat with her feet pushed out and tipped up so Miss Mitchell would see the words, and after a while Miss Mitchell quietly said, "I have seen it; now you may put your feet down." Still another listened to the list of names Miss Mitchell was reading as those who might be advanced in some study; she heard the list finished without her name and burst out crying. Miss Mitchell said, soothingly, "Don't cry; it isn't decided yet," and this girl responded, between her sobs, "No use to cry, then." Logic irrefutable.

But Mattie Dunham went in with the class of two years later and even then she was but eleven. The usual age for entering was thirteen; some at twelve were called young. I happened to know of two girls who entered at eleven, one at ten, and two boys at nine.

When Mr. Whipple took the school, succeeding Mr. Morse, he found it unclassified, the scholars entering twice a year and going as long as they cared to. He started a 5-year course, gathering those already in the school into the best possible four grades, and the entering class was the fifth and the first to take the course as arranged by him. Six months later there were but nine to pass the test and they were joined with our class, Sidney Starbuck and Alfred Gardner being the only names I can remember. That was the last entrance in the fall and thenceforth classes entered and graduated once each year, in January. Walter Starbuck was in the class to graduate in 1862 and I should say Lizzie Lovell was also.

That examination for entering the High school was an intense ordeal for the average child. Up to the age of twelve or thirteen, there was a routine for memory alone, studying the lessons to recite by rote to teachers and in surroundings both well known. Then take the child to a strange room, with strange faces all about, given a written test for the first time in his life, with all the anxiety that comes with knowing he must succeed or fail, for all the world—all his world at least—to know it; what an ordeal!

To this day I remember the excitement and the awe that filled me when the committeemen, whom I had seen only at a distance, and the new teacher, whom I had never before seen, unlocked the door and we crowded up the stairs into that strange room. The new teacher made some remark and one of the girls made a light-voiced answer. Oh, how could she dare even to speak—and she sounded just as if she were talking to one of the girls, some one of no more account than herself! I spelled "college" with a "d" that day, I know, and I also remember that there was one sum I did not know how to do, but that is all I can recall about it, except that I ran home at about 1 o'clock to a late dinner. My grandmother, with anxious face, asked "Did you get in?" "Yes," I said. How her face beamed! "How do you know?" "I don't know," I answered. Puzzled looks and the plate of dinner held back in her bewilderment. "But, did you get in?" "Yes," plate advancing and beaming face. "How do you know?" "I don't know"—plate held and bewilderment till I began to think I'd never get my salt fish dinner. As for not passing—it never entered my mind, but as I had not been told by the examiners I couldn't tell how I knew.

There was quite a story about that trial. There was a large class at the West Grammar when Mr. Bunker had to leave. Three of the mothers talked over how it would put us back to have a change of teachers during that last term, and asked him to teach us for the time. He gladly did, but the word spread that he was teaching and so many rushed to him that he had to take the hall over Edward Mitchell's store. At the end of the term all of our class went for the trial, but so many were rattled that only three of us passed. They were all qualified to pass, but were confused by anxiety or dread. One question was, "How will you go by water from Chicago to New York?" As Chicago was printed with "Chi-" on one line and "cago" on the next, one boy said to himself, "Chi cago!" (giving long "i" and "a" sounds.) "Where is Chi-cago? I never heard of that place," and that was one question he failed on; but he passed the next examination.

As soon as that spring examination was over, the old High school building was torn down and the new one built, the school being sheltered in the Town House, on Main street, corner of Milk, meanwhile. I would like to know just when the new building was used; I think it must have been before that winter, as I recall no place for stoves in the room upstairs where the desks were. The classes went downstairs to recite in the town hall. An alcove in the upper room was used for small classes, and the space before the teacher's desk.

One name in Nantucket Jr.'s list calls up an incident to be related. I have forgotten why I went to the West Grammar seeking to enter after the rest had passed up from the Intermediate, but I went from a private school on Winter street, kept by Miss Judith Folger, and I went alone. I was shaky on my "seven times" and the next two tables, the middle parts,

and "7 times 9" was so hard to remember. As I sat on the settee before school began, my head came to the top of the back and what made me seem smaller than I was really, was, that a girl from off-island was wishing to enter and join the highest class, so she was head and shoulders above me. As I sat there, the scholars kept coming to see me and laugh at "such a little one" till my courage was well-nigh gone. Poor little thing, I was only seven years old, just past my birthday.

At last one of these boys brought along another and, giggling, said, "Look at her. The idea of her trying. She'll never get in." This last boy, with a quick, whispered "Hush!" said out nice and loud, "Yes, she will get in, too. Of course she'll get in," and drew away those scholars and, more than that, he kept them away. In due time I had a seat assigned me and then I listened for that voice and the second I heard it I looked around and saw where he sat. At noon I asked my brother who sat in such a row and such a seat. He said "Zenie Adams." Is it strange that he always seemed a little different from the rest? A ten-year-old boy with such kindness of heart and tact, what a man he would have made had he lived!

Making a flying leap from the long-ago past to the present and its problems, I want to range myself on the paving question beside Mr. Carlisle. Most emphatically I agree with him when he says, "The historic old houses which so long have lined the street require the old cobble roadway." Why, the roadway is an integral part of the picture and speaks of Nantucket's place in the treasured past as eloquently as the houses themselves. Who that ever lived in Nantucket could forget that stretch of Main street, wide and dignified, stately and beautiful, with the Bank building and cashier's home, John Barrett's, Frederick Mitchell's, Henry Coffin's, Charles G. Coffin's and John Shaws—all admirable buildings.

Through the years even down to today one can say to the world, "Would you see Nantucket? Look at this Main street of ours with its houses built so long ago—where will you find better? Look at the roadway. This is the way our ancestors built, something permanent, not like present-day experiments, always trying something new, something to stand wear. This has stood wear. Over these cobblestones rolled the chaises of by-gone times, the trucks with their casks of oil that made Nantucket prominent in the world. Go along this ancient highway as you go along the Appian Way, while the ghosts of former busy multitudes pass and repass." And that other cluster of beautiful houses calling from the past—the homes of the three Starbuck brothers and of Thomas Macy, and opposite, the Benjamin Coffin house and those two set on the rise, that I knew as the Hadwen and Barney houses, what a group! Take away the cobble-stone roadway, would you? Next you'll take down that picture of Evangeline and repaint her dress a hobble, take "Priscilla, the Puritan maiden" and instead of

the Puritan hood let her sport a hat with a straight feather shooting skyward from the back; it's up-to-date for this moment. Incongruous? Surely, but if the proper setting be best for one, why not for the other?

Boston is thronged with strangers beyond any conception of the usual person; only one connected in some way with travellers can have an idea of the number who crowd to see—what? Simply her historic spots. The guide points with pride to the Public Library building, the Museum of Fine Arts, the wondrous group of educational buildings in The Fens. The tourists don't deign a look; they say, "Oh, we have left fine buildings in plenty where we came from; we want the historic places, the old places." Even a bust of Paul Revere on a building holds every eye and mind.

Another word of Mr. Carlisle's is worth copying: "Do what you please with Brant Point and the Cliff—they belong to the present—but preserve so far as possible the characteristics and distinction of what remains of neighborhoods remindful of the good old whaling days." Places abroad that make a bid for tourists do just that—they keep the characteristic part of their town or village, and the new part they may make modern. But look at what Mr. Underhill did for 'Sconset—he not only kept unchanged what he found, but he made the new part a growth of the old, keeping its distinctive flavor, its individuality; and that is why 'Sconset is now so widely known and treasured.

They say some of the Western towns are built by the mile and cut up in lengths to suit localities. To see one is to know all. Then what is the use in going to see more than one? "Give us something different," is the universal cry. Who would succeed must answer that desire. Nantucket has something different and it is also beautiful as it stands and is a living page of honorable history. May her future be as illustrious as her past!

Lilla Barnard.

Greenwood, Mass.

March, 29, 1913

That Greased Pig and Other Reminiscences.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

It was Monday morning and Darby and Joan were on their usual lookout for the letter carrier to see if he had the "old reliable," the Nantucket Mirror. Yes; and stripping off its rosy covering they turned to happy reading of old-time days. The account of the greased pig brought back to Darby the events of that day and he began to talk.

"Yes, Bill Dunham was to grease it and a lot of us were going to run for it. Maria ——— was to cook it and we were all to have a jolly time eating that roast pig. We dressed in our oldest clothes, for we expected anything we wore would be so full of grease it would be used up. There were a lot of mates and second mates and some No. 8 boys, and we got down to the grounds and Bill did the greasing all right. But then the dum [Perhaps he meant that word to be "dumb" but I hardly think it.] thing wouldn't run—it was too tame. So there we were and the laugh was on us. [Then a moment of thought with a far-away look, as if seeing it all again, and with a little shake of the head.] We were all fools that some one didn't just pick that pig up and go home with it."

Ah, well, many of us are like Pat, who said his forethought always came afterwards.

Some of the other names bring back incidents—Watson Burgess with his sailboat that took parties up the harbor on squantums. I went once, and there being no landing place, we had to wade or be carried ashore for the little distance. I well remember how I preferred to wait for Watson with his assuring size and strength to carry me, rather than fear a possible drop into the water, from too much fun or too little power. Now that my memory of that squantum up-harbor is set down I believe it was Alec Dunham instead of Watson Burgess, but they were both big and strong and had sailboats.

I had but little knowledge of boating, for I was allowed to go on the water only when my grandfather was skipper; but I did have that one sail with a squantum party and I had a blue-fish cruise during my last summer while living there. Strange as it may seem, my towing was learned not at home, but on Winchester Pond, and my swimming was learned after my girlhood and when revisiting Nantucket. In my grandmother's day there was a legend of a quicksand somewhere and though no one else ever seemed to know of it, Mother would never let my sister and me go with the rest of the girls. She said: "When I can go with you and tie one end of the clothes-line around you and hold the other end in my hand you may go;" but that time never came. With boys it was different and my brother learner early, first at "the clean shore," later diving from the wharves and vessels. The time set for swimming to begin was "sheep-shearing time," although in my day there was no sheep-shearing, but it had been the date for generations and the name still clung to the latter part of June.

There is one building I am curious about, or shall I say "interested"? What is now used for the Catholic church I remember as a gloomy place, looking so shut-up, with shade trees in the fenced enclosure before it and the grain store of Capt. Thomas Potter in the lower story, with teams at the side street busily loading and unloading.

The upper part was a hall—Harmony Hall, I think was the name—and I went there when Mr. Franklin, who taught singing at the High School and piano music in town, had a singing class. I remember going through the gate, up the walk under the shade of the trees, up the stairs to the hall. I never knew of other use for it than just that singing class. I wonder if any one else ever did. Our entertainments of all kinds were held in the Atheneum Hall, dances in the Pantheon, Atlantic and, later, for small parties, in Wendell's Hall.

Also, I wish some one could tell me whose candle-house was in the enclosure where Maria Mitchell's observatory was built. I have seen a list of candle-houses, but no mention of this one. A cart road led from Liberty street to it and my earliest Nantucket memory is of watching the trucks pass and repass along and hearing the clinking of the iron chains as the casks were released or loaded. The flat-roofed shed where the stock was stored was at the back of Neighbor Wilson's garden.

In these many years between, the garden has been Neighbor Mitchell's, and Wilbur's and now Freeborn's. There were buildings for the refining and making of candles—I imagine the refining of oil was carried on there. The open space, the "yard," was a busy place. Then all was still. Next the buildings were gone. Then Miss Mitchell found it the best place in all the town to place her observatory, as the surrounding houses faced on Main, Gardner, Winter and Liberty streets, leaving a good patch of the heavens for her telescope to sweep. But by this time the grass had filled the untrodden path and the weeds grew so tall they peeked over the fences into garden and yard.

In this cart-road, in a jog in Neighbor Wilson's garden fence, near to the street, was a well of beautiful water and a pump that everyone could use.

I wonder if any of the men of today remember that pump. When the West Grammar bell began its call the boys would stop their play and hurry to the pump, wash their hands and faces in the gushing stream and run off, using pocket handkerchiefs for a towel—yes, and running fingers through their hair in lieu of a comb. I wonder if the pump or its successor is there now. That was a never-failing spring of delightful water. And I wonder, too, if the double house where Captain Baker and Captain Calder lived is still used, and if there are still the delightful gardens in front, "pressed down and running over" with beautiful flowers. I wish someone would tell me.

Lilla Barnard.

Greenwood, Mass.

Apr. 13, 1913

"Modern Nantucket" as Seen by A Visitor in 1885.

In a letter from Edward J. Joy, of Portland, Ore., a subscriber of many years' standing, is an interesting page from a "Nantucket Scrapbook," which was kept a half-century ago by Mr. Joy's mother, Harriett A. Joy. Mr. Joy writes:

"A schoolmate once said to me, 'Looking backward is a sure sign you are getting old.' But I think that it is no so. I am 85, and while I am sure that I get a lot of pleasure in 'looking back' I do not feel that it is strictly because I am an old man—no, indeed. My daughter, Mildred, lives next door to me, and my son Edward F. Joy lives at 132 Chilton St., Belmont, Mass., being in the U. S. Forestry work."

The clipping from the old scrapbook of Mr. Joy's mother reads as follows:

"*Modern Nantucket* (1885:) The time was when, in point of wealth, Nantucket stood third in the State of Massachusetts. In those days many a whaler left the port, and its wharves were burdened with hundreds and thousands of barrels of sperm oil, the result of prosperous voyages. The earth has since opened its secrets in oil. The whaling business became a thing of the past. Nantucket's wealth failed. Her glory departed. Her sons departed with it. But the memory of affluence was left to cheer the faithful who remained, from which could come only consolation. Not a very sustaining reward.

"Many of the old skippers lived out their remaining years despondent over the prospect, happy only in reflecting over the bright days that were. Some now remain to tell of those days, and the children are taught to sing of them.

"They keep in good temper now and the future looks brighter. The modern element is coming in. The place becomes a summer resort. Hotels are being built, old homes painted, lots advance in price, building going on.

"Cheerfulness is lighting up the place of gloom. Summer brings to it not hundreds but thousands of visitors, to enjoy the benefits of pure ocean air upon the easternmost land on our coast. And the popularity of the island grows with each year.

"It is now called *Woman's Paradise*, there being four hundred per cent. more there than men. Can it be paradise to those Eves without the indispensable Adams? However, they seem to enjoy it, and delight in boasting of a place where, if the ballot were permitted, they could say: 'Ah, we've got 'em at last!'

At the Congregational church, the pastor, or pastoreess, is a woman, the Rev. Miss Baker, an annual appointment, not a summer charge. And unless guilty of some 'offensive partisanship' in the church she is likely to remain.

"Some of the venerable sisters of abolition still live. 'Twas under their influence that our Frederick Douglass made his first speech forty years ago, and under the patronage was given a reception two weeks ago, a company in which his color was conspicuous by its absence.

"The primitiveness of 'Sconset is broken. The ocean cliffs that have known naught of habitations for nearly two hundred years but tiny fishers' huts are now spreading out with hotels and modern cottages and summer homes. Here, in an antique little box named 'Bonnie Castle,' William Ballantyne spent the past four summers. And in a dear little home called

'Heart's Ease' (over the door of which on an oar is a bunch of that flower painted as a coat-of-arms) for a number of seasons has resided J. Ormond Wilson and family. He can forget his cares and recuperate from the years of toil devoted to the school interests in Washington.

"Like the rest of humanity here, Mr. Wilson is as free as the air that blows, and in flannel shirt, canvas shoes, pants and straw hat, enjoys every moment of the spot without conventionality. So devoted to it is Mr. Ballantyne that, far up on the cliff, looking across the water to the town of Oporto, Portugal, he is erecting a spacious cottage.

"A narrow-gauge railroad skirts the shore from Nantucket to 'Sconset. The run of ten miles is made in an hour. It could be made in better time but for stops, the engineer often having to go back to see if the sleepers or the track are disturbed by the passage of the train over it. They make it a point to examine the track behind the train and not in front.

"The old mill, built in 1746, still stands, and grinds as well to-day, so says the Portuguese who owns it. He knows, of course. A nickle is the 'open sesame,' and one is allowed to see works within, and the 'wheels go round.' About twenty-five hundred visitors this season shows the delight of the old foreigner as his bonanza. He bought it for a song some years ago, when wind mills were down and 'sound of the grinding was low'."

DECEMBER 25, 1948.

[For the Inquirer and Mirror]

The Nantucket of My Girlhood.

My former pupil—and a mighty nice boy he was, too—has been writing of the bakeries of his boyhood and the merchants of his manhood. Why may I not try my hand at the geniuses of my girlhood?

"Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight, Make me a child again, just for tonight."

Let me sit once more, an eager listener, at Mendon, and hear the words of wisdom as they fell from the lips of my elders in those days. What was Mendon, do you ask? It was a gathering of some of the bright spirits of the Nantucket of my girlhood, on Sunday evenings, to discuss the issues of the day. Phrenology, Mesmerism, the New Hygiene, are some of the subjects I remember; but most warmly—I might say most heatedly—discussed, was the question of "Anti-slavery," which cause had no more earnest adherents anywhere than in Nantucket.

Nathaniel Barney and his wife Eliza; Lydia Barney, the fine, sensitive, brilliant woman; Mary Earle, wife of a true reformer and herself intellectually quick, active, with a wealth of literary attainments ready at hand for comparison or illustration; William R. Easton, with his stores of memory and his command of language. It scarcely becomes me to speak of my father, whose words, the fruit of deep thought, were listened to with close attention. One I recall, a woman outspoken, fearless, but with her peculiarities, of whom it might be said, as Whittier is reported to have said of Lydia Maria Child, "I've a great respect for Lyddy, but I don't like her bunnits."

Incidentally the sermons delivered that day in the Unitarian Church were brought under discussion. A visiting minister, invited to one of these symposiums, remarked that he should scarcely have expatiated so calmly on his topics if he had been aware what a critical audience was his and how they were preparing to "haul him over the coals" that very evening.

Another gathering of that time, at which, when it met at our house, I was permitted to be present, was the Lydians. I believe Mrs. Earle had a hand in naming it, with a thought in the background, of the "soft Lydian airs" of the ancients. But it was held to have taken its name from the founders—Lydia Barney, whom I have before mentioned; Lydia Barrett, wife of John Barrett; and others bearing that cognomen. This was of a more social nature, the ladies arriving in the afternoon, the gentlemen later, in time for the supper of Nantucket dainties—delicious corn puddings, pound cake, preserved beach plums, etc.

The company included most of those prominent among the older people of the town: Mr. and Mrs. Nathaniel Barney, Mr. and Mrs. William Hadwen, Capt. and Mrs. Eben Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. John Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. John Barrett, Mrs. Macy, mother of Alfred Macy, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Easton, Mr. and Mrs. George Cobb, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. David Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Crosby and scores of others. I love to set down the good old names, but must not tax the patience of my readers. There was plenty of life and jollity at these meetings. One evening at our house, when the fun waxed fast and furious, Mr. Crosby, a quiet spectator, called out: "Read the Riot Act!"

I recall the generation next younger, with its "Dramatic Club," and the dramatization by Emily Shaw of Dickens' "Cricket on the Hearth." It was performed in Atheneum Hall to the delight of a large audience. Frank Mitchell as "John Peerybingle"; Caroline Tallant, bewitching as "Dot"; Harriet Pinkham overwhelmingly funny as "Tilly Slowboy"; Andrew Whitney as "Caleb Plummer"; Emily Shaw, his blind daughter "Bertha"; Dr. Metcalf, the son of Caleb, who returns unexpectedly after a long absence and creates quite innocently a "family jar" at the Peerybingles; Ellen Mitchell his lady love; and the others. How perfectly they took their parts and how bright they were!

Miss Shaw was constantly contributing to the culture of the younger folk of her day. How many of my age will recall the Shakespeare Club, which she conducted with inestimable profit to us all, her classes in elocution, in German and in Italian. We remember also her fine readings from the poets, illustrated by tableaux, delightful to all who heard and saw. Surely it would be a pity for such forces in the uplift of the Nantucket of the past to be forgotten!

As for the teachers who played so important a part in making our native town the home of intelligence and culture that it certainly was, and as we believe will always be, the list is a long one. Miss Emily Weeks, in her excellent address at the annual meeting of the Historical Society, spoke well-nigh exhaustively on this point. But I would go back even further than she, and call up the memory of one of the early teachers who deserves a high place as a pioneer in advanced education—Mrs. Phebe Fish, mother of the late George Fish. As Phebe Gardner, she did a fine work in moulding the literary taste of her pupils, of whom my mother was one. I am glad to have the memory of the serene, dignified old lady as I knew her and also my mother's testimony to her worth as a teacher. The best of literature was presented, a love for the best in poetry and prose was implanted, and her influence reached far down through the years.

A similar influence in my own young life was that of Maria Tallant—the Mrs. Owen so well known to all our readers, old and young—the staunch lover of her native isle, the unwearied student of all lore, historical, botanical, pertaining to it. A teacher in the old High School, she stood with us, boys and girls alike, as the embodiment of all that is beautiful in spirit and in temperament, of knowledge and of genius in imparting it. If this should fall under her eye, I trust she will pardon the personal allusion. A wider field opened later to her intellectual power and social influence, and when she left Springfield after a long residence, a writer in the "Republican" testified to the value of her life there, and the loss the community sustained in her removal.

As I go back over the old High School days, one comes before me who was certainly a genius in her way. Mr. Morse had called out the history class for a review exercise. Beginning at the head of the class, he asked this girl "What is history?" "History is a narrative of future events." "Sit down! you stupid, blundering girl!" And she subsided—"faded" as the slang of today has it.

Of the family of William Mitchell it is scarcely necessary for me to speak. Maria Mitchell, large of brain and large also of heart—some of us remember her interest in the young people and her ready response to our desire for knowledge. I sometimes think the sympathetic, winning side of her nature is not often enough dwelt upon. A friend writes me that her one visit to Nantucket was inspired by the desire to see the birthplace of her beloved teacher at Vassar. Miss Mitchell once asked me how I felt as I faced my first class, and then told me her sensations as she sat for the first time before the company of eager, waiting students.

Sally, the oldest daughter of the family, sweet, calm, responsive; Anne the linguist; Phebe the artist, and Kate, inimitable in true wit and humor. Among them the brothers, each to make his mark in after life. As the different members of the family married and to each came a single child, the saying grew: "One, but a Mitchell." Kate, Mrs. Dame, was the only one to break the record.

Of Miss Mitchell's successor in the Atheneum library, Miss Sarah Barnard, mention should be made. Entering on her duties as chief librarian when of barely more than schoolgirl age, she held the position until her death, rendering more and more valuable service as the years went on and seeing the library grow from a comparatively small, though valuable and well-selected collection, to its present status as one of the free public libraries of the state, valued by the citizens and highly esteemed by the summer residents of the island.

And lastly, Louise Southard Baker. As I write the name I see a black-eyed girl—a pupil of mine in my first essay at teaching; with a dignity all her own and showing thus early the promise of her womanhood. In later years I was proud to call her friend.

Many are they who need no word of mine to call up before them the true and steadfast friend, the earnest woman, the eloquent preacher.

These are but a few of the many who have contributed to the growth of our native town in all that stands for the best in life. Has not Nantucket a right to be proud of her sons and daughters? I gladly sign myself one who is proud to be

A Nantucketer.

June 7, 1913

[For the Inquirer and Mirror.]

What an Old Man Knows About the Grandmother of Edwin M. Stanton.

The grandmother of Edwin M. Stanton, secretary of war during the early years of the Rebellion, was a native of Nantucket. She was the daughter of David and Dinah Macy, and when 19 years old, in 1772, went with her parents to New Garden, Guilford county, North Carolina. Two years later Abigail Macy was married to Benjamin Stanton of that state. Mrs. Stanton was a birthright member of the Religious Society of Friends, and through life was an esteemed and consistent member of that association. Benjamin Stanton, husband of Abigail, was a ship-builder and wealthy, but much of his property consisted in land, that later depreciated in value. He inherited some slaves from his father, that he held only for a short time and then emancipated them. Mr. Stanton and his family, influenced by the Nantucket wife and mother, were among the first at the South who conscientiously declined to hold or deal in slaves.

Soon after marriage, Abigail commenced house-keeping in the dwelling where her husband was born, and continued to reside there for twenty-five years, and until his death, in the year 1798.

The life, character and actions of Mrs. Stanton were as remarkable and distinguished as those of her grandson Edwin, the cool and determined war secretary of Abraham Lincoln's administration. While living with her husband, Abigail Stanton became the mother of ten children, all of whom lived to grow up, marry, and be present at the death of their mother. Not long after the death of Mr. Stanton, his widow concluded that she would emigrate to Ohio, and no longer listen to the cries of the suffering oppressed, or hear the clanking chains of domestic slavery. In the spring of 1800, Mrs. Stanton left her home of years and pleasures, and in company with Aaron Brown, her son-in-law and his wife and her six minor children, the eldest boy 16 years old, crossed the Allegheny mountains and remained three months in Pennsylvania, waiting for the land that she wished to purchase to be put in the market. Late in the fall the widow and her family continued their journey to Ohio and purchased of the U. S. Government wild land, a little west of where Mt. Pleasant was later located. At that time the whole country around them was a wilderness, but Mrs. Stanton had with her some of the people that had been slaves and were emancipated by her husband. She aided them in securing a home of freedom, and they assisted her in clearing and working the farm. For nearly two years the family occupied a squatter's log-cabin and then a comfortable dwelling was erected. By energy and perseverance Mrs. Stanton kept pace with her neighbors in general farming and in some matters outstripped them all. The first fruit-bearing orchard in that section was on her farm. Mrs. Stanton left in North Carolina three married daughters, but they and their families soon followed the mother, and all were again together. The three youngest sons that went with their mother to Ohio, studied medicine and became eminent physicians; one of them, Dr. David Stanton, was father of the war secretary. Mrs. Stanton died in June, 1825, aged 73 years. At her death, her ten children and their companions were living. The family circle of twenty had never been broken by death. She left sixty grandchildren to remember her goodness and mourn her departure. A woman with such a record is an honor to her birthplace and was a rich gift to the land in which she lived.

CHARLES F. SWAIN.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 1, 1892.

NOTE.

A letter written many years ago by one of the Stanton family, was published in the *Friends' Journal* at Philadelphia, in May, 1882, and recently republished in the *Friends' Intelligencer and Journal*, also at Philadelphia. To that publication the writer is indebted for some of the statements contained in the above letter.

C. F. S.

From the New York Tribune.
John Paul at Nantucket.

OLD WHALING DAYS—THE SKIPPER OF TO-DAY—
MODERN YACHTS.

NANTUCKET, Aug. 20.—"How's the wind this morning, Captain Jernegean?"

"East by east, all east, a little to the east'ard of that, and be blamed to it!"

That's about the answer that Captain Jernegean or Captain Winslow, Captain Swain or Captain Bunker, Captain Luce or Captain Adams, or any other of the old skippers would have given to a question about the weather for a month back.

It has been fog or drizzle, and not infrequently both, about all the while. In the abounding dampness it has been impossible to get anything to dry up—not excepting William Clark, the town crier—and getting into your garments of a morning was like taking a bath. It is some consolation to know that they have had pretty nearly the same weather everywhere else, on and even off, the coast, but this doesn't dry a fellow's underclothing, exactly.

Now I'm not going to lead off by telling you anything about Nantucket—in the present writing, at least. You perhaps know that it is suspected of having been connected with whaling interests in times past. That is all changed now. The streets and most of the houses are lit by gas, and the sinners who leave in this day and generation seldom come back. They go into the Treasury Department or become eminent clergymen, and their place is filled by summer visitors. The old skippers—no small share of them, at least—who formerly sailed bluff-bowed ships around the world in quest of "sparum an' sparmacetti, thank ye," now congregate about Captain Adam's rancho on the steamboat wharf, and tell sad stories of the death of whales or of gales off the Horn and in China seas—tell them over so often, in fact, that, as Captain Jernegean says, they almost begin to believe them themselves—what time they are not taking parties down to Great Point or into the Muskeget Rip a-bluefishing and sharking. Oh, these wily, wily old skippers, mindful of the palmy days of whaling service, when the green hands got nothing—the two-hundredth-and-tenth "lay" was about the figure—and owners and captains got all they yet model their voyages on the same good old plan. If you catch nothing you pay for it, and if it so happens that you catch a boat full of fish, they're the captain's and you pay him all the same. Oh, the wily, wily mariner. 'Twas very much so in the whaling days. I fancy. Haply home came the ship, her fat sides bursting with oil, and down in the fore-castle sat the youths who went out with hayseed in their hair now weather-worn and grizzled, ciphering up on their chest-lids, in the light of old quotations, what would be the money value of their share of the voyage. And when they got ashore and the reckoning was made in the owner's office, alas! they were owing the ship. Ah, well, if the boys from the green fields of the far West, as well as from the stony meadows of the Eastern coast, got little wages for their whaling in those days, they had at least "constant employment," and this is popularly supposed to count for something. "Lay me on, boys, lay me on, only three seas off and a hundred-barreller!" was the cry with which young Peleg was encouraged to pull himself backward into the whistling jaws of a whale as big as the Methodist meeting house of his native village. And of that whale he got just as much as he could eat, if he chose to cut steaks from it. And so now does my good Jernegean or Bunker, as he skillfully wrinkles his boat through the tumbling rip, amid the snapping bluefish, encourage you to "Yank 'em in," and chuckles deep under the shadow of his sou'wester as the tub fills up. For it may be on the evening of that day Mr. McCleave will take the catch for 2 1-2 cents a pound.

But, good old souls, who would demand the fish at their hands, even if he could get them? And there's one thing about it, such a body of boats you'll find nowhere else in the world. The "cat" is the favorite rig, and the boats vary in size from twenty to thirty-five feet in length. Keel boats? Not much; a nice time you'd have in and about a harbor where the shoals are thicker and more crooked than the bones of a shad and the flat fish get aground at half tide. Call them skimming dishes or dinner plates, if you like; but after exhausting the crockery list, come down for a week and bring anything better—a boat with which you can work up and down harbor or run round the island in a stiff nor'easter if need be, with any chance of getting back. And such a body of men as run these boats! As already said, they have sailed great ships round the far Southern capes and sculled among the coral reefs of uncharted islands; two score of men have been under their thumb (which occasionally, if report be true, took

the size and shape of a belaying pin), and boys like you and me would have been shinning aloft to furl a topgallant sail or slush down a royal mast at a hint to that effect from the "old man." Now they take you blue-fishing through the wild-maned "rips," and you may be sure that they'll bring you back. Never a fatal accident has happened in all their boating. Will you grumble then when they take your take? Well, help it if you can.

Is there not a noble magnanimity in my paying this tribute to the seamanship of the old skippers when I am unaware that any one of them has ever spoken enthusiastically of mine?

Something was accidentally said of the comparative merits of keel and centre-board boats. I think I can give you an argument for the latter that even the rank cutter man of *The Forest and Stream* can hardly gainsay. Some friends of mine who the other day came into harbor with a sloop yacht invited a few ladies on board. When the "library" door was swung open for the benefit of the gentlemen, I signified by signs that among the party was a charming young Quakeress, who would not like the proceeding—if she understood it. Thereupon, of those who were athirst one and all crawled on their knees behind the centre-board and the libations were not omitted. Now, what could have been done, under similar circumstances, aboard a cutter?

Apropos of yachts, their white wings often gladden the harbor. As a permanent visitor we have a white Herreshoff boat, owned by Mr. Richard White, of Philadelphia, a beautiful little craft, some fifty feet over all, and possessed of rare weatherly qualities; but little of brass work about her. Galvanized iron and a cruising rig keep her always in shape for getting up anchor, and with an improvised sailing party slipping out in a storm for Cape Cod or Cape Horn, just as inclination serves. She is called the "Nepenthe"—perhaps because one is apt to forget an engagement on shore after setting foot on her decks. And as well as a horizontal wheel she is fitted with an orthographic steward, whose hand on the sweetening-box has written "Shuger."

A visit—all too short—we had from that bright and burnished beauty, the Hildegard, owned by Mr. Hermann Oelrichs, of New York. With her racing spars aloft and her long clean lines, she somehow reminded me of the beauty of a ball-room; there was an air about her that suggested the *deux temps* (which is French, I believe, for a double quick), and altogether I wouldn't mind being considerably less than forty years of age, good-looking, her owner, and possessed of enough money to run her. When a good deal of slovenliness is creeping into the fleet—which comes, perhaps, along of coal-bunkers and ash-barrels and smoke-stacks—it is a pleasure to see a properly-appointed and well-kept-up yacht with a nattily-uniformed and well-drilled crew. "Oars a-peak, let fall, give way!" That is better than to leave a wharf with your after oarsman ramming the butt of his oar into your mouth while the bowman is wildly endeavoring to get his oar into the water. Mr. Oelrichs brought with him, as guest, Mr. Thomas Foote, of New York. From a few remarks apropos of cutters, dropped by the former gentleman, and the following lines supposed to be written by the latter, I should judge that Mr. Oelrichs rather favors centre-board boats, and would about as lieve

walk the plank, literally, as set foot aboard a "plank on edge." Let me say in advance that the suggestion that anything more potent than light wines is concealed about the Hildegard's person should be treated with the contempt it deserves, and that that man is more credulous than I who believes that the following is really

A HAPPENING TO THE HILDEGARD.

The Hildegard she had sprung a knee,
Or a rib, perhaps—
The nomenclature doesn't much matter
Aboard of a yacht when they spring—who knows what?
And the thingumbob stay has been carried away
(And never brought back) by the what's its name tack;
And, with implied hitches at ideal breeches,
The tar late so jolly grows gruffly, "By golly!"
Or, "Shiver my timbers, there's a leak in the limbers!"
Starting fresh from, "perhaps,"
Something that laps and stops up gaps,
Rib, knuckle or knee,
Gave way and no longer d—d out the sea,
(That's not the word quite that we dash out of sight,
But I blundered it, you see, lest the editor might.)
Which now with a din came rushing in—
Drowning the gin,
Metamorphosing chateau into singularly flat eau,
Dampening sheets, ruining meats,
And cheeses and chinzles fit for Kron Printzes;
Filling with water everything fillable,
(Till even "Schiedam" wasn't worth its last syllable).
Very little the wonder that our skipper said "Thunder!"
(Though perhaps something harder as he looked at the ladder)
And a number of hands (and Tom Foote) deployed
To see if they could see a North German Lloyd.
(With that hole in the bow it seemed "Neckar" nothing now).

But never a sign of that North German Line
Hove up on our view—though we heaved all we knew—
Nothing showed up in fine but abundance of brine,
Which now came in thicker
Spoiling more liquor,
Till it certainly looked that our goose was cooked,
And that crew and passengers all were booked.
But just at this juncture, when the horrible puncture
In our starboard knee (which admitted the sea)
Gaped wider and wider, showing all inside her,
And 'twas just on our lips that we'd pass in our chips,
From aloft fell the hail of "A sail, ho, a sail."
(Why they always say "ho," I really don't know,
But it seems to be a way of the sea).
And of course to the stranger we at once signalled
danger—
To hint of a leak set an onion at the peak,
And that more they might guess at the deep of our
distress,
From a porthole we showed her a case once filled with
"Roderer."
She was sailing close-hauled, but, aghast and appalled,
When they made out our case there was changing of
base—
"At the sheets are you ready? Now keep her off—
steady!"
And with the wind free down she ran on our lee.
"Ahoy!" said he, and "ahoy!" said we,
(They always begin in this fashion at sea),
And then with insistence he offered assistance.
"You must be fed—and I'll board you," he said,
"Or if that doesn't gee, why you shall board me—"
"All my windows are bay and they look on the sea."
"The only thing you'll miss to quite complete your
bliss,
"And make it all supreme is, perhaps, a little beam."
But when our stout skipper, with a glass in his slipper,
From a sort of trestle took in that strange vessel,
"Great Scott!" we heard him mutter, "it's just a blam-
ed cutter!"
"Go aboard that thing, me and my crew?"
"It's a cold day when—blamed if I do,
"Though never a man of us leaves this spot—
"If we drown at all we'll drown in a YACHT!"
That's how we came to come home in a dory,
And I'd feel rather hurt if you doubted my story.

Nantucket, you see, is in the very nature of things a boating place. To get to it you must take to the water. Indeed this is one of the pleasantest features of the island. The sail from New York along the Sound is a most enjoyable one.

From Fall River to New Bedford is but a short half-hour by rail, and the car on which you step from the boat at Fall River lands you at the wharf in New Bedford where you take the steamboat for Nantucket. Now begins a bit of water travel than which nothing can be more pleasant. Out of Buzzard's Bay and among rocky little islets, through Wood's Hole, a gap not much wider than a barn door, through which the tide runs like a mill race, cruising along Martha's Vineyard with its "Baptist Landings" and Methodist Waterings; and then the long stretch across to this "fast-anchored isle," with the puzzle when you near the jetty as to where and how you are going to get in. This, too, on the most comfortable boats, commanded by skippers familiar with every inch of water along the coast, gentlemanly pursers, and the whole thing—I mean the line and not the coast—under the skilful and experienced superintendence of my friend, Edward T. Pierce, Esq. Is it any wonder that one who loves the water and is given to boating is proud of Nantucket, and generally, like myself, finds his way here another season?

JOHN PAUL.

AUGUST 30, 1884.

OLD RECOLLECTIONS.

Without laying any claim to the spirit of foresight or prophecy, we find ourselves sometimes indulging in dreams of Nantucket's future. We share in and encourage the general feeling that prevails at this time, that the clouds of business depression have rolled by, leaving a clear sky ahead. We have touched bottom, it is said, and are coming up again, slowly at first, but surely and with gradually increasing velocity. To carry out the metaphor, it might be added that our voyage under water has been erratic like that of Jules Verne, and we appear to be coming up at a long distance from the spot where we went down. In the literal sense, the tight little island still holds fast to her moorings, but—*O tempora! O mores!* Speculate as we may upon the question of what may be the future of Nantucket, it is quite certain that she has a past, the history of which is well worthy of being remembered and preserved, and we are glad to observe that we still have some garrulous old Nantucketers left who love to dwell upon it, and talk about it, and who can use the pen so effectively that they will leave much more than oral tradition for the use of the future historian and antiquarian. We may well afford to give much space and time to the printing and reading of controversial articles, if they bring out so many interesting facts. We know very well that memories of the past will give none of us a living now, but to elderly men and women they are quite as fascinating as dreams of the future can be to younger people, and even some of the latter should feel an interest in the stories of the old Cliff Telegraph and the Camels and the Friends' meeting houses and Liberty Hall and Big Shop, as well as in the Sub-marine Cable, the Skating Rink and the Hotel Nantucket. While we take care to advertise our own names well, let us by no means forget those of our sires and grandsires; and shall we say, also, especially because we find that in our present circumstances, the history of our past forms a considerable part of our stock in trade? It was pleasant to hear one of our correspondents last week call the roll of names of those sturdy sachems who met in council half a century ago, and whose sons and grandsons many of us are. In the main we can all feel proud of those men who made the Nantucket of that period, and none of us ought to be too thin-skinned on the score of the little characteristic peculiarities or the political religious views of an ancestor whose opinions and prejudices were formed in the light of a past period and not of the present time. We must go on bravely working out our destiny, whatever that may be, and taking a cheerful view of the prospect. The history of our past, when we can brush away the mist from it, is a matter of hard fact, but the future can only be a matter of dream and speculation. There is a grim humor in trying to imagine one of those sachems, in the old Shearing days, telling the rest in council that his prophetic eye has looked into futurity, and that their children, nay, even some of themselves, would live to see the day when Nantucket would entertain visitors as a means of livelihood, counting not a single ship on the ocean, nor a sheep on the common and undivided lands!

Feb. 20, 1886

"Nantucket Gleanings."

By Harriet Deacon, Class of 1922,
Nantucket High School.

The aim of the Historical Society has always been to keep safe for our own and future generations whatever is representative of our island. In this it has been untiring. The result is that the crowded building on Fair street holds implements of the early whaling days and of the spinning period, and even houses the historic fire-engine "Cataract," which is now eighty years old. A visit to this island treasure-house is like living the old days over. With its usual foresight, the Society has even preserved in the "Scrap Basket," to the delight of all, such tales as "Ma'am Hackett's Garden" and "Mr. W. Comes Prepared."

We students, coming as we do from all quarters of the town, hear many tales which may never yet have appeared in print. They are surely new to most of us. It has been our aim, both last year and this, as younger islanders who are proud of our history, to aid, if we may, by preserving some more of these old stories.

Somebody reports that a few years ago P. T. Barnum, the famous circus man, visited our island. After spending a beautiful spring afternoon driving about the flowered commons, he directed his driver toward what is now Cherry Grove Farm, Mr. S, the owner, drove out of his gate ahead of the famous man. He recognized Mr. Barnum, but jogged on, in independent island fashion, leaving the rear team in a choking cloud of dust. Reaching Monument Square at last, Mr. S. turned out a little, saying with an air of complete satisfaction, "Now, Mr. Barnum, you may go by." Then each went on his way.

We hear from another source that the meat in Nantucket used to be auctioned off on the Square. Every piece bore a stick, which specified its number and weight. One day, the auctioneer stood up before the crowd and cried, throwing out his hands, "Come! Come! Everybody bid high, today! My son has a sharp corner to turn! Just look at all this meat! Look! Look at the array of it, all of you! Multum in parvo: Much meat for little money."

Another tale is about Uncle Hezekiah and his friend Eben. Uncle "Hez" was known to be in sympathy with the spiritualists. Indeed, he was called one himself by some folks. He liked to talk things over with Eben pretty well, and Eben himself was far from being tongue-tied.

One day, in a serious mood, Uncle "Hez" called Eben to him and said, "Eben, after I am gone, if you're still here, I wish you would make it your practice to come over to the south grave-yard and talk to me once a year. I shall be very lonely, and shall want to hear about what is going on."

Eben listened reflectively, and promised faithfully. Soon after, Uncle Hezekiah died and was buried in the old South cemetery. A tall marble tombstone was erected, for he had been a well-to-do man, though rather "close."

True to his promise, Eben visited his friend in the family lot once a year, to tell the news.

On one of these errands of mercy, he was overheard to say, "Well, Hezekiah, here I am, just as I promised. There ain't much goin' on around this island. I can't think of any news to tell you except that cucumbers are now fifteen cents apiece. Yes, fifteen cents apiece! I really believe, Hezekiah, that you'd be better off to stay right where you are."

One of the several Nantucket girls named Love was wooed and won by a gentleman named Captain Pepper. Her small sister Azula was quite excited over it. She went to school the next morning and boasted to her small friends, "My sister Love's got a man. His name is Captain Ginger, and they're goin' to be married!"

Another tale of the "Square" is this: Uncle Charles was looking over his son's property up on Main street. The land was covered with ragweed. "Well," he remarked, "if ragweed seed sells at any price at all on the Square this year, my son Albert will make a fortune!"

A certain house in town was known to be kept by a lady "as neat as wax." In fact, she spent most of her time dusting and polishing, to make her rooms look "spick and span." Her neighbors often wondered why she was always peering under her furniture.

One day, one of them inquired, "Why is it, Mary, that you are always gazing on the floor, and under the chairs and tables?"

"That's easy enough to answer," replied the extremely neat housewife. "I am just looking for 'stray kittens' of dust."

Another custom of hers was to keep the very shiny door-knob and knocker always covered with cloth over Saturday night in order to have them bright on Sunday. The North Shore boys used to tease her by removing the rags over Saturday night. But she tied them up again, and soon the boys, growing tired of this frolic, found some new mischievous enterprise for their nightly "raids."

The quick wit of the early Nantucketers is well known. Capt. B., a jolly old Nantucket seafarer, used to drive the "Sconset mail and passenger team, called "Swift-Sure." One day, while passing "Our Island Home," which bore no sign then, a passenger in Capt. B's "Swift-Sure" asked, "What is this large building on the left, Captain?"

"Oh, that's the home of the Italian opera," he replied.

A person "on-from-off" wondered what the conspicuous building was on Brant Point. This was the hotel "Nantucket," which was noticeable as the boat rounded the Point. "What is this place, Captain?" inquired the stranger.

"Why, that's a brewery," he answered.

An old "Sconset resident, a little, bent-over woman, was entertaining a

caller one day. We may call her Auntie Swain. Everyone in the small village of Siasconset liked to visit Auntie, for she was noted for her witty, old-fashioned remarks, and original, too. On this day, Cous. Hannah, a relative, had come "step-ping-in" to have a "gam." Auntie said many things to relatives that she would hardly think of mentioning to "outsiders." Sitting by the window, peering out at the passers by, nothing escaped her scrutinizing gaze.

"Well," she remarked, "I wonder where that male-bein' is rantum-scootin'! He's walkin' mighty fast. Yes, mighty fast. Looks sort o' suspicious. And my sakes alive, Hannah, just come here! If there isn't Linda Bean, goin' down town to have her 'likeness taken!'"

Another resident of this quaint little village, Mrs. S., sold pies. In fact, she was considered one of the best pastry-makers for miles around. No advertising was needed, for they even sold ahead. One morning, towards dinner-time, one of the airy summer visitors tapped lightly on her outside kitchen door.

"Come in!" called out Mrs. S. "Well, what's wanted? A pie, I s'pose."

"How did you surmise?" asked the eager customer. "I should like a lemon pie." Then, looking toward the pantry, to which Mrs. S. was turning, the visitor spied two fluffy lemon pies there. "I'll take both, if you don't mind," she added.

"Oh, no, no!" answered Mrs. S. immediately. "I couldn't possibly sell you both, for somebody else might want one!"

Among the old amusements of the island young folk were candy frolics, squantums, or shore clam-bakes, and beach-plumming. Coskata and Great Point were said to be purple with beach plums, once upon a time. All the young folk about Podpis would get an ox-team and go for the day. One fall somebody got up a party; but, by some error, a young lady named Patience was forgotten. Her heart was broken, but mother came to the rescue.

"Now, Patience," she said, "you get ready quickly. We'll have old Charley harnessed, and you shall go. You will find them eatin' dinner over by Great Point Light."

Patience was soon on her way, with her lunch and plum pails in the stout box-wagon. The ride through the beach sand was hard pulling. At length, however, she passed Coskata, and at last the lighthouse, on the end of the point, was in view. The gay, laughing, young people were there, with hands pink with plums.

The omitted lady got out of the wagon, a little confused. "I was drivin' by," she said, "so I thought I'd just drop in."

A familiar old character was Mr. G. He was once offered a fine position, and was asked what college he had attended.

"Brown's sail-loft," was the quick answer.

One of the Podpis school-teachers,

One of the Podpis school-teachers, very new and very young, was once visited by the school committee. After dismissal, they asked her what she needed most.

The blushing new teacher, a little confused, answered, modestly, "I should like very much to have a mouse-trap and a piece of cheese."

A Nantucket girl was late to school one day. Hastening in, she left the door open.

The teacher, feeling the draft, asked, sarcastically, "Abisha, don't they have any doors at your house?"

"Yes," replied Abisha, "nine in the kitchen, sir."

A certain weaver, who had his shop on Gardner street, was believed to be able to read thoughts, especially children's. After school, and on their way home, the children would always "step in" for a visit with Uncle. Everybody always asked, "Uncle, did I fail in school today?"

"No, you didn't, Tom, but I am certain that this girl, Nabby, did."

Strange to tell, Uncle never guessed wrong. The amazed children were sure that Uncle was a wizard.

Not all of the older islanders were perfect when they were young. They were human, just as we are. Ann, who attended the staid and proper Coffin School, had a painful toothache. It ached very badly, so she gained permission to slip home for some oil of clove. Looking out between the tall white pillars of the porch, she noticed young John Starbuck come dashing by in his new sleigh, behind one of those famous, swift Starbuck horses.

"Come on, Ann," he called out eagerly. "Have a ride."

Ann could not resist this urgent invitation. Quickly seizing the first hat and coat on the hooks, she put them on and hastened out.

"Tell me when ten minutes are up, John, for I must return at that time."

What a swift, gay ride they did have, way over Orange street and back by the Quaker meeting-house on Fair! Then the gallant youth lifted Ann down and bade her good-bye. She thanked him for the ride, sped up between the tall pillars and through the door, and sat down in her seat, with extremely rosy cheeks. That toothache, wonderful to relate, had vanished!

At dinner time, Father said, "Ann, I did not realize that you owned a hat bearing a red feather."

"Why, father, I haven't," she began.

"Of course Ann hasn't," Mother added, not knowing that she was shielding her daughter.

"Oh," said her father, "I just thought I caught a glimpse of her, Thankful, about eleven o'clock, rounding Orange street corner like lightning, with young John Starbuck."

"Nonsense," said Mother, again unconsciously helping Ann out. "She has been at school all the forenoon. Besides, her winter bonnet is blue. Are your eyes troubling you, Obed?"

Ann's face was very red, but she kept Quaker silence. Luckily for her, she was not obliged to say anything. Years after, she told her mother, who said, "Why, Ann!" This is a true story, with different names.

This Quaker story is told as it might have happened. The main facts are all true.

Aunt Deborah Cartwright, a spinster and Quaker, used to live alone at the foot of Orange Street, where the railroad crossed. Her nephew, Simeon, who had just brought her some new turnips from his mother, stood in rather deep thought.

"Aunt Deb," he said, after gazing admiringly about the large kitchen, "wouldn't this be a jolly place for a dance? That is, if we danced," he added, wistfully.

"Thee would do well to remember that 'if,' was the severe reply. 'Fifth Day meetin' comes in two days. Tell thy mother that I thank her for the gift, and that I will come before sunset, with my knittin', and spend the night. As for thee, 'Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.'"

Just at nightfall, arrived Aunt Deborah at Sister Ann's house on Pearl street. After she had been duly welcomed, and was settled in the straight-backed chair by the fireplace, she took out her knitting and her silver-rimmed spectacles, and hung the prim black bag, containing the long iron key to the kitchen door, on the back of the chair.

"Dost see? It is her handkerchief, by the chair!" exclaimed quick-witted Hannah to Simeon, her brother, who stood in the shadow, watching. "Haste to get thy sweet Mary, and tell Samuel and Micajah that all is well for our dance," she went on. Then, stepping quickly forward, she said, modestly, "Aunt Deborah, thee hast dropped thy handkerchief. I will pick it up and put it safely into thy bag." At the same time, she slipped the big key out. Then she sped away to the back door-step, where several eager pairs were waiting, and Samuel, with his fiddle, ready for crafty Hannah.

An hour or so they spent joyfully, dancing in Aunt Deb's wonderful large kitchen. There was nothing slow about Samuel's fiddling or those nimble Quaker feet, for they all kept moving every minute. Then, someone spied the clock on the kitchen shelf. It was half-past eight, and time to be starting, in order to reach home before the curfew, after which young folks, especially Friends, were expected to be safe at home. Each couple hastened away; and after arranging to meet her brother by the back door, Hannah and her Samuel locked Aunt Deb's door, secured the big key, and started for home in his smart new box-wagon. Orange street was far too short for the happy pair. How they had enjoyed that dance! Presently they were there, and Simeon was waiting.

"But how wilt thee return the key?" asked brother Simeon, a little anxiously.

"Trust me," replied Hannah. "Thy arm is stronger, Simeon, but thy thought is slower."

So saying, she stepped demurely into the room and presented her aunt with two large white peppermints to take home in the morning.

"Shall I wrap them and put them into thy bag, on the chair? Yes, I will put in your knitting, too," for the old Unitarian clock was striking nine, and it was bed time.

Another apparently new tale of the purple isle" was told lately by one of the members of the Laymen's League, formed here during the last winter. Some of the serious, gray clad Quakers were known to be "near," as well as thrifty, but they had honest intentions. A sober farmer of these folk owned a peat-bog. Needing help, he hired a town lad to come out and tread.

After working hard during the forenoon, the boy thought, "How hungry I am for that good dinner!"

As he was thinking, the distant town clock tolled out the noon hour; and, very soon after, the call came for dinner. The lad's employer met him by the steps.

"Thet has worked well, my boy," said the Quaker, reaching to him a dish filled with tomatoes. "Eat, 'a, and help yourself."

"Alas!" thought the youngster. "I hate tomatoes and cannot get these down." So he slipped shyly away by himself. After a slight rest, he went back to treading. The afternoon seemed so long and weary; but he thought of the silver that was in prospect. Then for a good hot supper at home! So he plodded on.

At nightfall nothing was said about pay. The lad dragged himself back to town and had supper. After he had finished his farm chores, who should appear but the honest old Quaker.

"Here are your wages, my lad," he said, and passed out to him a pailful of—tomatoes!

This Quaker story many will remember: As the result of a good harvest, the cellar of a Nantucket Quaker was filled with big yellow pumpkins. Late one night, he heard a noise below.

"My pumpkins!" he thought; so he went out the front door, and crept stealthily around the house to investigate. There stood a shadowy wagon. The big cellar window was open, and a dusky figure was taking dark objects from somebody below. The Quaker was in his stockings, but the outside thief saw him, and shot off. The quick-witted owner stepped up quietly and took the runaway's place.

As he took up each heavy, round pumpkin, he remarked, "Only a few more, brother. We'll soon have a good load." Finally the last had been placed in the wagon. Then, reaching down, he gave his hand to the man below. Up the culprit bounced, face to face with the owner.

It was not too dark to feel who it was. If the ground could only have opened up and swallowed him at that moment! But it didn't.

The Quaker said, "Now thee has passed them all out, thee will do well to get into the cellar again and I will pass them back to thee." This was done. The wagon was unloaded, and the Quaker went back to bed.

It is delightful to us to hear the older folk tell these quaint tales. It may seem to some that there are no more stories characteristic of Nantucket which have not been in print already. Let them get somebody who remembers the old days, started. We younger folk have been learning how to gather material of those who know; and it is for our generation to gather these stories now, write them down, and keep them in the annals of our Historical Society. It makes the past real again. We often wonder whether we shall have such worthwhile tales of our times to tell our children and grandchildren. We shall have these of the past. Moreover, the old Nantucket will surely never die out entirely, if we, the young descendants, do our part in preserving the quaintness, the simplicity, and the uprightness of this our dear old town.

Aug. 26, 1922

The Philomathean Society. A Reminiscence.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:
"Backward, turn backward, O Time in
thy flight—"
Make me a member of the old Philo-
mathean Society again—
"Just for tonight."

That program of an entertainment
given by the Philomathean Society
in Athenaeum Hall, April 26, 1883, has
certainly tapped the spring of mem-
ory in the case of one, at least, of
those names mentioned as capable of
"reminiscing."

My old "secretary"—how old I am
not sure—which stood on the "deck"
of my chamber on North Shore Hill
for a good many years, between the
big chimney and the little window
which gave that wonderful view of
"the bar," the bell buoy, and Great
Point Light—that old "secretary" is
the home of many "relics" of Nan-
tucket. I would as soon part with my
right hand as to part with that. When
life palls, old friends become tire-
some, business drags, and indigestion
sets in, I go to the old "secretary" for
inspiration and relief—it never fails.
For there are the living, tangible
evidences of a happy past and the
undying memory of days well spent.

Your reference in the "Mirror" to
that program sends me again to the
"secretary" and there, in the original
hand of the secretary, who happened
to be my own sister Elizabeth, are
the official records of the meetings
from November 11, 1884 to April 27,
1886.

The Society had been organized, of
course, some time before—in the fall
of 1882; and what happened after
1885 I do not know for I sailed from
Nantucket that fall, with Capt.
Henry Snow in the old *Island City*
(succeeding the *W. O. Nettleton*) to
seek my fortune. I find also two
original copies of the Constitution of
the Society. My impression is that
these are the only copies of the Con-
stitution in existence.

Inscribed, or subscribed, on the
same "foolscap" folio with the Con-
stitution are the names of these
members; there may have been more
later, but this list includes all on
these copies:

Arthur J. Clough	Louise S. Baker
Lizzie A. Hussey	Carrie Long
Lillian A. Barnard	Emily Winslow
Mamie Macy	Hattie A. Orpin
Annie S. Brock	Mary F. Coffin
Mary Lizzie Snow	Emma Coffin
Clara M. Ramsdell	Mabel Eastman
Ella M. Brock	Ida Swain
Ida S. Russell	George Hildebrand
Ella L. King	Marion Chase
Medeleine Fish	Annie Chinery
Florence H. Hodge	Clara Pitman
Annie W. Dunham	Cora S. Burgess
Alliston Greene	Lillie M. Allen
Alvin E. Paddock	J. Butler Folger
Peter Hussey	Harry Gardner
Charles T. Hall	Harry Hildebrand
Arthur C. Wyer	Pauline Smalley
Marianna Hussey	Ida Cathcart
Belle A. Kelley	Lillie Smalley
Sarah Frank Ray	Walter Coggeshall
Gertie Mathison	Jesse B. Snow
Walter Barney	Emily R. Coffin
Ida M. Lovell	James H. Bunker
Herbert Worrton	Fred V. Fuller
Marietta Coffin	Lincoln Allen
Lizzie R. Greene	Henry B. Worth
Emma Cook	Sadie L. Macy
Lizzie A. Nash	Emma F. Chinery
Anna Barrett	W. F. Manning
Annie Cartwright	Sarah B. Winslow
Albert G. Brock	

The Constitution, adopted Novem-
ber 7, 1882, provided that: "Any
person connected with the North Con-
gregational Society may become a
member by signing the Constitution;"
"Each member shall be requested to
pay into the treasury two cents at
each regular meeting;" "the Society
shall meet fortnightly from 7:30 to
9:30 o'clock in the evening;" and the
officers shall be chosen "whenever
expedient."

My notes also tell me that in No-
vember, 1883, the officers of the
Society were:

President: Arthur J. Clough.
Vice Presidents: Annie Chinery,
Alliston Greene.
Secretary: Lizzie R. Greene.
Executive Committee: Etta Coffin,
Ida Lovell, Ida Russell, Emma Cook.

You old members of the Philoma-
thean Society would enjoy reading the
minutes of some of those meet-
ings.

The meeting of December 9, 1884,
was rich! Hall and Wyer will enjoy
this, because it shows their political
turn of mind, even as kids. I'm going
to give you the complete record of
that meeting, if the editor will allow
the space.

Nantucket, Mass., Dec. 9, 1884.
The thirty-fourth meeting of the
Philomathean Society was held with
Miss Annie Cartwright with twenty-
two members present.

The secretary's report was read
and accepted and was followed by the
report of the committee chosen to
show the regard and appreciation of
the Society to Mr. Clough and the
reading of a note of thanks from Mr.
and Mrs. Clough.

It was voted that any business to
come before the Society might be
postponed until after the programme
for the evening, which was as follows:

Piano Solo (Waltz) Miss Mary Coffin
Reading: "Mr. Perkins" Arthur Wyer
at the Dentist's"
Song, "Home Rule" Misses Cook
of Old Ireland" Lizzie Hussey, Annie Brock
Solo by Miss Cook
Reading: "The Showman's"
Courtship" Walter Coggeshall
Solo, "The Brook" Miss Cook
Solo, "Take Back the"
Heart Thou Gavest" Emily Coffin
Reading: "Up and Down" Miss Annie Cartwright
Piano Solo Miss Florence Hodge
Reading: "Mark Twain's"
Story of the Bad Boy Who
Didn't Come to Grief" Charlie Hall

Owing to a difference of opinion,
the Executive Committee had two re-
ports to give relating to the work of
the Society this season. The majority
report was as follows:

That we think it will be for the
benefit of this Society to consider
at their regular meetings questions
so arranged as to treat the subject
under discussion in its relation to
one or more of the sciences, and
that these meetings shall be inter-
spersed with those whose programs
shall be of a miscellaneous charac-
ter.

Albert G. Brock.
Marietta Coffin,
Emma Cook,

The minority report was that the
Society should take miscellaneous
subjects which by explanation was
found to mean that we should take
up ordinary events which are occur-
ring every day. This report was pre-
sented by Mr. Wyer and Mr. Hall.
After considerable discussion it was
voted to accept both reports.

After more discussion it was voted
to ballot for a report, and the result
was that the majority had three votes
and the minority had fourteen, owing
perhaps in a great measure to the
neatly printed ballots brought in by
the latter!

Lizzie R. Greene, Secretary."

So the printers won another fight,
and they are still at it!

What memories! As I recall, Mr.
Arthur J. Clough, principal of the
high school, inaugurated the idea of
the Society for the purpose of keep-
ing some of us young bloods out of
mischief and for those a little older
an incentive for worth while recrea-
tional study and directed entertain-
ment.

The Society did accomplish just
what the promoters desired, and I am
sure all who took an active part will
recall the meetings with sincere
pleasure. In those days there were
no Boy and Girl Scouts, no organized
work of any kind for young people.
It was "Everybody for himself and
the Devil take the hindmost." And
believe me, the old fellow had his
hands full! Mrs. Clough, too (better
known to high school pupils of that
day as "Sarah Catherine"), was an
active promoter with her husband.

Another founder, whose memory all
now living will reverently hold dear,
was our good friend Rev. Louise S.
Baker, pastor of the North Congre-
gational Church at that time. I recall
an incident in which Miss Baker
figured. To her had been assigned the
subject of the latest mechanical
device—the wonderful "typewriter,"
which had just appeared—a great
invention! The meeting that night
was with Clara Pitman, at Dr. Pit-
man's house, corner Gay and Centre
streets.

For some reason Miss Baker was
a little late in coming to the meeting.
Everybody was eagerly waiting to
see and hear about this wonderful
contraption. Finally my sister, Lizzie,
who seemed to be doing the honors on
that particular occasion, appeared at
the "sitting room" door and an-
nounced in a loud and excited voice,
"The machine has arrived!"

And in walked Miss Baker—with
her usual smile and ministerial garb
—the typewriter under her arm—or
I should say with both arms under
the typewriter! Thus, to Rev. Louise
Baker and the Philomathean Society
of Nantucket is due much of the
credit for so successful an intro-
duction of this indispensable business
attribute.

So many recollections cry for ex-
pression, it is difficult for us old
folks to come to a period. Terminal
facilities are poor. But if you will
bear with me a little longer, I would
like to recall one more incident con-
nected with the Society.

The final meeting of the Society in
May, 1883, it must have been, was
a "banquet" in the dining room of
Mrs. Fish, and I presume that both
Medeleine and Anna were there. Any-
way, a certain young man who hap-
pened to be one of the vice-presidents
was on the committee, and he was
delegated to run up—or sail up—to
New Bedford to purchase some of the
supplies for that banquet. I recall
very vividly that one item was a
bunch—a whole bunch!—of bananas,
a real luxury, which cost about 25
cents less in New Bedford than in
Nantucket. We must save that 25
cents!

Here's the humorous side of that
eventful day's trip. Naturally the
young committee-man became hungry
after parading Purchase Street and
negotiating with several hard-boiled
storekeepers. So he sought out an
eating house which happened to be a
hotel. This was his first experience in
a hotel. Every eye was on him as he
was ushered to a table by the court-
eous waiter. With swelling chest and
fishy eye he scanned the closely-
printed "Bill of Fare."

Item and item, in six-point type
(nonpareil then) of unheard of
viands confused his unsophisticated
brain. Finally toward the end of the
"entrees" he came upon a familiar
dish—baked beans! And, by George,
that's what he ordered. His sister
nearly died laughing when he owned
up to her insistent question, "What
did you have to eat?" And in some
quarters the story still lives.

Now, Mr. Editor, the ball is started.

Perhaps other members of the
Philomathean Society can keep it
rolling. I would like to see the records
from the first meeting in the fall of
1882 until November, 1884. Where
are they?

Alliston Greene.

Worcester, Mass.,
August 17, 1936.

One More Correction.

Editor of *The Inquirer and Mirror*:

As my friend Farnham not only
accepts correction with good grace,
but solicits it, I'm going to respond
to his invitation once more and set
him right again on his dates regard-
ing some of which his memory has
evidently slipped a cog or two.

The epidemic of incendiary fires
(including David Folger's cooper
shop) wasn't in 1863, but three years
previous, and followed in rotation the
burning of the "Planter" on Brant
Point ways, in the fall of 1859.
Furthermore it was the attempt to
fire the Joseph Starbuck oil shed
which led to the discovery and con-
viction of the incendiaries, some
weeks after the David Folger fire.
Here are the dates—all but one in-
cendiaries or false alarms: February
13th and 17th, March 5th, 9th, 12th
(David Folger's cooper shop) and
16th, and April 3d, 1860.

Arthur H. Gardner.

March 8, 1913

When We Were Boys.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I have read the reminiscent articles recently published and have received a great deal of pleasure from them, and as Farnham has unconsciously given me an approximate idea of the date of a stormy interview that some of the boys had that used to associate with John E. Macy, I will tell the story for what it may be worth.

Macy and another boy (whose name I do not remember) and myself used to go out in the back yard and see who could throw stones and hit the back of Mr. Farnham's carpenter shop. One day one of those stones came in contact with one of the windows. Of course we boys thought we had hidden and should hear nothing further from it. But in a short time Mr. Farnham was around to Mr. Macy's store and caught us and proceeded to read the riot act, and we boys promised faithfully to repair damages.

After he had gone, we talked it over as to where we should get the money and we started up the dock. When up near the Captain's room we fell in with Eben W. Tallant and the thought struck me to tell our troubles to him, as he was a special friend of the family. He heard us through, put his hand in his pocket, took out a quarter and reached it to us. We then went over to John A. Hussey's shop to find Smith. We found him and made a trade with him to set the glass for 17 cents; that left us 8 cents.

The next procedure was to go to "Specked" Olins' and get three gaubs of tamarinds on three pieces of brown paper for three cents, which we proceeded to lick with due relish. As Farnham says "that he left the island in 1864" and the writer was born in 1853, he was between ten and eleven years old.

Several of the boys have spoken of the pickled beans that they used to get at Annie Austin's store. Whereas I never heard of the pickled beans before, yet I used to visit the Austin family whenever my uncle and aunt were at the island, and when the final dissolution of the shop was in progress I was there assisting my aunt and she told me that I might have anything that I wanted in the shop. Of course the first thing that the boy mind went to was the reel of string to be used for fish lines and other things which will be described later.

After using all the string from the reel the said reel was carefully stored away among the treasures in my father's garret, and a few years ago, when we sold the house, I discovered the reel and those who desire to see it can now find it on permanent exhibition, duly marked, in the Nantucket Historical Association's rooms. Some of the other relics will be found among the writer's treasures in the garret of the brick house near your office.

Besides the use of string for fish lines, the Center Street gang used to have what they called "tick-tack," which consisted of taking a tack and tying it on to a piece of string and a few inches from that putting on a nail. We then went on a dark night to some window, two boys boosted the third boy up, and he pressed the tack into the window munting. Then we went across the street, hid behind the fence and proceeded to "tick tack" on the window, until we saw persons coming out of some door looking for us and making side remarks, when we all proceeded in different directions at the fastest speed possible.

Another use that we had for the string: One night we went to the Friends' Meeting House in Centre street, and some of you will remember that there was a gate-way between the meeting house and what is now the Roberts House. The bottom of the gate did not come quite down to the ground, so we boys got an old pocket book, tied a string to it and put it out under this gate-way on the sidewalk.

Presently along came Joseph B. Swain, who gave the pocket book a kick and then picked it up and attempted to put it in his pocket. As it approached the pocket there was a vigorous pull on the string and an astonished Joseph. But in a moment he comprehended the situation, came to the slat fence, looked around behind the gate and said: "Boys, thee did that well," and proceeded on his way home.

Some of you may remember that next north of my father's house was a gateway that went in to the Gardner house. At the curb line of this gateway stood two hexagonal cedar posts, about six feet high. We used to drive a nail into the top of each of these posts and then one into the top of the saw-tooth board fence, and then tied a string from the top of the post to the top of the fence.

Any man coming along with a high hat on, the first string would take it off. He would pick it up, think a few things, look around, replace his hat, walk a few steps, when the second string would take it off the second time. By this time the remarks began to be audible and decidedly sulphurous, and we boys, who had been watching from down Ash Lane, usually tried to see how far we could get away from those remarks.

Another use that we had for the string was kite flying. My next door neighbor, George B. Paddock, whom you will all remember, was a mechanical genius, and a little older than I, used to make the very best of kites for me. We used to go down on the north beach near my father's candle-house to fly them and during the flying we used to send up messengers to the kites.

In the soft sand of the north beach we used to have plowing matches with our kites. As some of you may not know what a kite plowing match is I will describe it. It consisted of taking a shingle and pointing it, tying the string of our kite to the shingle, and then at a given signal see whose kite would drag a furrow the quickest to a given point.

Someone has spoken of Captain George Ray's store. You will all remember that Captain Ray's first venture in his store was in the little store (which has now been removed), opposite the writer's house, and I can seem to see the High school girls coming out of the store in recess, each with the largest pickled cucumber that they could buy. Several years after that Captain Ray kept a store on the corner of Pearl and Centre streets, and the story is told that one day this building was being sold by Andrew M. Myrick at auction and was bought by Mark Salem. After he had bought it Mr. Salem asked who lived there and was told Captain Ray kept a store there. When he came home to dinner he told his family that he had bought the house and in the afternoon went up there to interview Captain Ray,

when he found that Mrs. Ray was Captain Ray and that Captain Ray sold peanuts.

The Centre street gang, which consisted of Stevie Mitchell, Harry Dunham, Fred Morse, the Cartwright boys, the writer and several others, used to go sliding on Academy Lane, which was objected to by Ansel Raymond, who lived at the head of the street and used to come out and sprinkle ashes all over the slide. At night, when the boys started out and found the ashes sprinkled all over their slide, they used to get shovels and brooms and very carefully scrape up the mixture of ashes and snow and proceed to attach the same with as much force as possible to Mr. Raymond's front door and front steps, which of course did further endear Mr. Raymond to the boys.

Another thing that the Center street gang used to do was to turn their coats inside out, turn their hats or caps and smear dirt over their hands and faces, thinking they were thus disguising themselves and making themselves look as disreputable as possible. They would then go around to the house and tell a hungry story and ask for a few cold pieces. Of course the generous people saw through the game and used to bring us out cakes, cookies or apples.

But one night Fred Morse, Harry Dunham, Steve Mitchell and myself went to the house of Mrs. Elkins on Broad street, not supposing that there was any man in the house. We told our story to Mrs. Elkins and she went back through the hall-way (as we supposed) to get something for us. In a few moments the door of the parlor close to the front door opened and out came Captain Hayden and made a grab at us boys. We proceeded to make ourselves scarce, but Captain Hayden caught Mitchell, put his hand on his bread basket, looked at him a moment and said "Stevie, I guess you are not very hungry."

We used to have better luck when we went to Mrs. Spencer's on North Water street, as her son Reuben was one of the gang and he used to tell us when his mother had a fresh batch of cookies, crullers or pies, and then he would keep out in the dark and the rest of us would go up and tell our story to Mrs. Spencer, who—good soul that she was—always gave us something, with the remark "that we did look so hungry."

I did not witness this story, but it used to be told of one of our gang, and as I think it may be interesting, I will tell it. One day the High School class went into the recitation room and on the blackboard was a picture of a lady with a fish-pole and on the hook was a heart. A fish was approaching just ready to swallow the heart and on the fish was written "Geo." When Miss Derrick came in and saw the picture she looked around the room, and said "Stevie, did you make that picture?" Stevie promptly replied, "Yes Marm."

One day out in the room Mr. Dame was walking round when he noticed that the scholars were trying to suppress their laughter. He went up to Miss Weeks' desk and asked her what she thought was the matter with the school. She promptly asked him to turn around back to, when she took a

large piece of paper which had been pinned to his back and showed it to him. The paper read "for sale by T. W. Redell, auctioneer." Mr. Dame looked round and said, "Stevie, did you do that?" Prompt reply from Stevie, "Yes sir!"

I see that R. B. H. is afraid some one will steal some of his thunder, so he has copyrighted his articles, but I will ask if anyone remembers "Tommy Day," the colored boy he speaks of, and the song and dance that he used to give, and then ask for contributions. A few words of it come to me. He used to start shuffling his feet and then sing: "juba dis, juba dat, juba in a kettle fat, etc."

Junior.

March 15, 1913

Can You Remember When It Happened?

By John R. Barreau.

Yes, I was born on Nantucket. So was my mother, my great-grandfather on her side and how many of his ancestors before him I do not know. He was a native Indian. My father was the town tailor and for many years his shop was in one of the four stores in the one story brick building on the corner of Main and Union streets. A second story has since been added and for a number of years it housed the Post Office, until the present Post Office building was erected. In the days about which I am writing the Post Office was in a building which stood on the site of the present C. F. Wing Co. building.

I think it was more of a custom in those days than it is now, for the natives to turn out at the Post Office each evening when the mail arrived. Many of them no doubt would have been surprised had there been any mail for them, altho it was a daily diversion and a chance to meet other people. Anyhow, it was a great event for the boys of my age, as it sometimes made it possible to be out as late as nine o'clock when the boat was late arriving and the mail sorted and distributed. It was something like the mad rush down to the boat each evening when she blew her whistle before rounding Brant Point.

My sister and I attended the Coffin School, which was founded by Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin of the British Navy in 1827. It was then a private school presided over by a school master, Mr. Fox, and three assistant teachers. Before each school session it was quite an event to be the boy whom Mr. Fox called in from play to ring the school bell which hung in a small cupola on the roof of the building. The bell rope was at the foot of the stairs leading to the attic at the top of which always stood a grinning skeleton used in the classes in physiology.

Mr. Fox was a school master in fact. I remember some of the big boys once thought to stage a revolt. In some way Mr. Fox got wind of it, as he did of every other thing which took place in the school. That morning he sat on the platform in front of the school, the boys on one side, the girls on the other—some eighty or more in all.

The three assistant women teachers also occupied seats on the platform during devotional exercises, after which they would walk down the center aisle to their class-rooms in the rear. On this particular morning the teachers remained in their seats and everyone sensed that something unusual was going to happen.

Mr. Fox called one of the biggest boys to the front of the school. At that time some of those boys seemed awful big to me. Mr. Fox stepped down from the platform and said something to the great big boy, who seemed to tower way above him, because Mr. Fox was a short somewhat stinky man. He said something to the big boy answered back; I did not hear what was said altho I occupied one of the front seats.

Then Mr. Fox swung with his right and the big boy got up from the floor. I don't remember whether it was with his right or left that Mr. Fox swung. Then the big boy got up from the floor a second time and very dutifully walked to one of the class rooms in the rear, where Mr. Fox must have finished what he started before the pupils.

Was he a sight, the big boy, when he came back to leave the school. school, there was no other way but through the school room. Mr. Fox went out to wash and rearrange his clothing and when he returned school went on as usual.

I afterwards heard that the older boys had arranged for the great big boy to pick a quarrel with Mr. Fox, when all the others were to pile in and help him give the school master a good licking. As it went, however, the words and the first blow no one left their seat to help the big boy.

It would have been hard to find a school master who did any more for his pupils or to find one who could have been thought any more of by them. For many years after leaving the Island I would spend two weeks of my annual summer vacation at my grandmother's home on Pleasant street, and I always made it possible to call on my old school master while there.

One of the great events of school life was the annual school outing given by Mr. Fox. One year I particularly remember it was a trip to Wauwinet on the *Lillian* and another large cat-boat. All had a nice time and after an excellent dinner at the Wauwinet House we returned to the boats and started on the sail home, when it was discovered a girl and boy were missing.

This girl and boy had wandered off by themselves alone, just as boys and girls do today and had not been missed when the boats pulled out. The *Lillian* on which my sister and I were being the last to leave the landing, put back to pick them up when they were seen standing on shore and the smaller boat continued on home.

They were rowed out in a dory and got aboard, but when we started for home again, to our dismay the boat had drifted onto a sand bar and we were aground. Nothing could be done but wait for the tide to rise and release the boat so we settled down to wait for that time. The other boat, realizing what had happened, landed its load of children and teachers and came back where we were stranded. We were transferred in row-boats to the smaller boats and started again on our way home.

In those days boats were only propelled by steam, sail or oars. There were no such things at that time as gasoline engines. This cat-boat had a large sail and I remember there were two large oars. It happened to be our good luck, as the wind died out soon after we started and we encountered a dead calm. Those two oars, manipulated by the two stalwart members of the crew, furnished the power by which we finally arrived home, rather than the small amount of wind the sail was able to pick up.

At four a. m., when we arrived at the wharf, every one on the boat was awake and singing "Home Sweet Home." Not one was any the worse off for the experience, but I remember that about all of the many parents, who had assembled and been waiting there for hours, seemed to have use for their handkerchiefs.

John R. Barreau.

49 Mechanics Lane
New Bedford.

1943

House "Walks" and Incidents of Other Days.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Is there room in your columns for a word about the "widows' walk" I keep hearing about nowadays? During my residence on Nantucket the only name I ever heard used there was "the walk," not the captains' walk or widows' walk, but just "the walk."

Look at the oldest houses—they have no walk or look-out, only a scuttle. From the scuttle stairs one scanned the water for the coming packet, "wind and weather permitting." They knew it was time wasted to look out during a head wind. Later, perhaps, when the lines of packets were numerous and ships many, a little platform was built around the chimney, with a railing for safety to the occupant.

In my childhood there was one of these small look-outs on our house, but when the house was being fixed up my grandmother was advised to have the look-out extended along the whole length of the ridge pole. The reason? Not for a captain to walk, for my grandfather was on one of the lightships, the Cross Rip most of the time; not for a widow to walk, for my grandmother was too busy with housework and knew just when Grandpa's coming was due; but the reason given was, "in case of fire you can carry things up to the walk and throw them into the yard if the fire cuts off the stairways or doors." See? A cogent reason in a town of closely built wooden houses.

A New Yorker one day looked from our window at a neighbor's house with one of the look-outs around the chimney, with the scuttle-door standing open. He laughed heartily as he said "Oh, see the funny little back yard on top of the house and the funny little back door standing open!"

Speaking of ancestors, I hope someone will enlighten me concerning two of my ancestors. My great-grandmother, Polly Gwinn was Polly Murphy, daughter evidently of that sailor shipwrecked on Nantucket before the Revolution. I read of him in the Boston Post when the Post came was given to Frank Murphy, and knew how my grandmother always called Frank Murphy's father "Cousin Charles."

Grandma Gwinn, before her marriage, lived with "Uncle Peter Coffin," but I always heard his wife called "Uncle Peter's wife," so judge the relationship was with the uncle, and also judge that his sister must have become the wife of the sailor. Perhaps she was the reason for his staying on the island while his rescued companion left. This old-time Capt. Peter Coffin was ancestor of Capt. Henry Coffin of Nantucket, with a son Peter. I do hope some one will give me the information I desire.

I have a letter dated 1796 written by my grandfather's grandmother. She was Ruth Gardner. I wish I could be informed what her husband's name was, and any dates, also her parents. She had a large family. I wish I could know their names. Her youngest son was Albert, who, with a brother Gideon, was in business under the firm name of G. & A. Gardner. Their office was "on the wharf," so I suppose it was sending out whalers and not the refining of the oil. They lost ships and had a share in the French claims, which they and their descendants never got. Another blot on the scutcheon of many Congresses.

This Albert was father to my grandfather and one of the "silent Gardners" of the old rhyme. He lived with Grandpa after his wife died. My uncle and mother were children then and he used to reprove them when they laughed aloud. He would say "George Washington never laughed, he only smiled." Perhaps his being a Quaker helped him to quietness. But Quaker though he was, he allowed his children to dance all they wished, and said they should go out the front door and in the front door but never imperil their necks as he used to by climbing down a rope from the window when he went to dances. One of Grandpa's stories was of the evening when his father was drawn to the door of Academy Hall by the sound of the music for dancing. He watched them a few moments and then said to Grandpa: "If I only had a pair of pumps I believe I'd go on the floor!" "Take my pumps, Father, and I'll dance in boots" responded Grandpa, and he always continued "And there was my father and five of his children all dancing on that floor together." Just imagine the sight that middle-aged man in his sober Quaker garb gallantly leading a maiden through the figures of a contra dance, his nimble feet capering through the intricate steps.

Lilla Barnard Starbuck.

MAY 8, 1920

Centennial Number Revives Boyhood Memories.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I want to express my appreciation of your centennial issue "One Hundred Years on Nantucket." Dollars and cents cannot enter into the value of this edition, for it is the best thing yet issued on Nantucket. Many of the articles go back to the days of my boyhood on the good old "island home" and of course many touch upon matters which were long before my time.

Brother Hussey, in his reminiscences of the apprentices of the Nantucket printing office, brings to my mind the good old days when we were boys together. Time carries us along through the journey of life to manhood and old age, but the boyhood days are never forgotten, remaining silent memories of the past. I well recall Jimmie Coffin, Roland Bunker Hussey, Dan and Joe Farnham, Fred Mitchell Coffin and Arthur Gardner. And I found Brother Gardner's "Looking Backward" very interesting indeed.

The picture of Henry P. Olin's boot and shoe store and Henry Burdick's clothing store, together with Crawford's barber-shop, looked familiar.

The Old Mill looks the same today as it did in my boyhood. I always knew it, but, being a North Shore boy, I saw more of the Round-top Mill, with which I can associate many very pleasant memories. We boys used to meet often at this mill, occasionally helping the miller in a small way, without asking any pay for services rendered. I am unable to recall the names of any of the millers except a man named Snow, who I think we used to call "Uncle." He lived near the mill.

One of my boyhood chums, William P. Turner, lived in the old Coffin house on Sunset hill. We called him "Parker" Turner. The boys of my day all had nick-names. I think there are a few of the North Shore boys of my day still living—Ben and Herb Worth, John and George Hamblin.

There seemed to be a fad in my time for the boys to cut their names on fences and old buildings, and the Old House did not escape. When I visited the island a few years ago, late in the fall, after the old house had been closed for the winter, I began looking around to see if I could find any traces of our artistic work of years gone by. To my surprise I found the spot where our names appeared, having stood the test of sixty winters.

The first steamboat pictured in your book was of course long before my time, but I well recall Capt. Thomas Brown, who first commanded the Island Home, and Capt. Nathan Manter who followed him. Many a trip we boys made on this old boat between Nantucket and Hyannis. I well recall the old sea captains whose pictures appear, as well as Capt. John Ray of the sloop Tawtemeo. We boys were as familiar with that old sloop as we were with our homes. We were like spiders crawling from rope to rope about the vessel. Captain Ray had a good true heart and was well liked by us all.

The "great fire" was three years before my time, but I have heard my parents speak of it. I recall that they said families from below the street on which we lived were bringing their goods into the house while my folks were moving out. We lived half way up North Shore hill.

The picture of the Cataract fire-engine looked good to me. I was at one time a member of her crew and I was a proud boy when my name appeared on the roll call of the Cataract company.

It was within the sacred walls of the old North Vestry that I attended Sunday School. As I recall it, there was quite an incline to the floor then and our class was placed at the top of the incline. There were sixteen boys in our class and Mrs. Gardner Coffin was our teacher. She was one of God's mothers and her name will always live fresh in the memory of her Sunday School boys. As one by one we left our island home to embark on life's voyage, she would give us her photograph on the back of which she would put a verse from the Bible. I have always carried mine with me through my travels and I am pleased to say that it is preserved today and I highly prize it.

Although I never attended Hepsy Hussey's school, I can well remember it.

"Billy Clark" I found had a place in the centennial number. We can well remember "Billy." He was three years my senior and when we boys were boating, fishing, swimming or playing, Billy was hustling to get money. I attended the same school with him, taught by Aunt Deborah Brown. I think that in some studies "Billy" excelled us and in these Aunt Deborah seemed to take pride, for she would call him out in front when the school committee visited, and he was always prompt in answering questions.

I shall never forget on my later visits to the island, how we would meet on the street and in parting he would say: "Don't forget my birthday, Charlie, and be sure and send me some calendars."

That page of poetry in the last of the book was interesting. "Noted Men of Our Town" I always appreciated.

I have watched Willie Folger saw many a stick of wood, and I knew Charlie Gardner of the sloop Sea Gull. Many and many a fish have I seen him dress for market and I recall that scup was his favorite kind. The Sea Gull was a very old boat and required much repairing to make her seaworthy. However, this did not make any difference, as Charlie Gardner usually went out to the fishing grounds pumping and returned pumping. He seemed thoroughly happy and contented.

Dan Coffin lived at Madaket and we North Shore boys visited him often, and he always seemed glad to have us call.

Benny Cleveland I knew well, for he was one of my schoolmates, liked and respected by all. There was very little mischief in Benny, so much unlike the rest of the boys of our day.

"One Hundred Years Ago" is brim full of reminiscences and there is much valuable information within its pages. It is the best history of Nantucket yet published and you are to be congratulated. The mechanical work, too, does great credit to the island newspaper.

With best wishes, I am,

Sincerely yours,

Charles H. Barrett.

Wareham, Mass.

JULY 23, 1921

Old-Time Memories.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I guess all the old-time boys and girls of all the decades are enjoying the reminiscences. (Whew! what a long word to write. It reaches away back to my times.)

In the Inquirer and Mirror of January 4th I see that Moses and Edward Mitchell are put into their respective stores. Yes, we all got our school books at Edward Mitchell's and I also went there very often for spearmint for my grandmother. Friend Edward said that if more people knew the virtues of spearmint there would be more sold and he always licked the end of the glass stopper before replacing it.

I wonder if anyone besides me will come to John Hosier's rescue and take him from the junk-heap that belonged to Richard Hosier and afterwards to William Hosier, and put him safely back into his grocery store up on Main street, next to Eunice Paddock's. There's where I used to spend my cents for dates and I'd perch on a pile of boxes and watch him pry a piece off the big lump on the counter, and say, "Now, John, I want thee to give me all thy conscience will allow thee to"—for there was no measuring, only to pry off "some" with the fork kept there. Oh, that great lump of uncovered dates, what a feast it must have been for the flies! But flies were never minded in those days.

About the junk-heap and its proprietors, I am forwarding the word of the old-time boy beside me, for, being a girl, junk was out of my province. Neither did I go to John Olin's, but I can tell that he said "Here you come!" and this is why I can tell:

Once upon a time (to properly begin a story) there was a set of dances in the Pantheon Hall. It was after the stage had been removed to make more room and the musicians provided for by a little balcony up on the wall on the east side of the hall. I'm sure there are many besides me who will remember seeing the three go up a ladder with their violins and bass viol and after they were safely pocketed in the balcony the ladder was carried away into the ante-room near.

Just the name Handy brings happy memories. I've listened to Gilmore, Strauss, Sousa and others, but Handy is not eclipsed. One evening he was to teach us the Lancers' quadrille, as promised the week before. The big book was opened and laid on the balcony railing, the spectacles adjusted, and then with preliminary sweep of the violin bow the directions were read as we danced.

But the first reading of "Bow and courtesy" he pronounced it as he had been taught—"ker-chee." All of us young folks giggled—little impolite cubs that we were. So he tried another way the next time and said "kert-si" giving a long i sound. Again we giggled. The poor perplexed man didn't know what was right, so after that he said, "Bow and m-m-m!" and we cubs laughed harder than ever.

After a time came the word "First couple face out, second couple fall in behind!" and when all were in position it was "March!" and as we all swept towards the prompter it struck one (now hear this old-time boy chuckle and say "Yes, Alf. Coleman") and he said, "Here you come!" and every boy in the hall took it up with a laugh and every time after that when we started the little marching those boys were saying "Here you come!"

Long years went by and one day this same "boy" was telling how he stood by the Pacific Bank with Charlie Chase once, after returning from his first voyage, and Charlie said, "Let's go down to John Olin's for some mead."

"Come on," was the response.

"And I'll bet he'll say 'Here you come' with every glass."

"I don't believe it."

"Bet you the drinks he will."

So off they went to John's and, sure enough, with each glass he said "Here you come!" Like a bit of iron filing leaping to a magnet, flashed into my mind that long-forgotten chorus of the boys in Pantheon Hall that winter evening; and that's why I can tell what John Olin used to say, though I never drank a glass of his mead.

How much space have I taken up? Is there room for a word about those snowballs? Isn't it really sad how we often miss the best of things? The boys were told to "make them right," but didn't know that the central idea of a snowball, that which makes its individuality, is softness and lightness. Iron balls or stones are hard and hurt, but only a ball of snow can hit with a soft splash. If the boys had used such as that there would have been only laughing and fun and Mr. Coggeshall wouldn't have driven them away with a broom; more than likely he'd have watched them till the fun got into his blood and he'd have helped them.

I wish more fathers were like the one who used to plan the fun with his sons so the fun should not turn to mischief. That's why there are boys' clubs now and Boy Scouts, all fine for the boys and their future.

From these old-time memories I'll sign my old-time name.

Lilla Barnard.

Jan. 18, 1913

A Few More Reminiscences.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

During the days of the Civil War, when news was received of a northern victory, the boys would get busy and celebrate it by having a bonfire on the Lower Square. Anything and everything that would burn was used. The merchants about town would donate all their empty barrels and crates, and with a pair of oil-trucks we would go collecting.

As a rule, we did not intend to burn anything of value, but I remember of seeing several very good small buildings burned. The location of the fire was about in front of where the Nantucket fish market is now, and the side-walks on both sides of the street would be thronged with people enjoying the fun. I remember one night in particular, when we were having a big fire, we also had a good deal of excitement. Capt. Joseph Hamlin, who kept a livery stable on Candle and Whale streets, was also night policeman.

The night of which I write, as we swung onto Main street from Union, with a good load of material for the fire, Captain Hamlin came running toward us, waving a heavy cane with which he was armed, shouting "Stop! Stop! Don't put anything more on that fire." As we had not been prevented from having fires previously we could not see why we should stop then, so kept right on with our load. It so happened that there were several young fellows home from the front on furlough, and they were on the Square at the time in uniform and were not slow in helping out with the fun.

There was quite a struggle between Captain Hamlin and the crowd, and finally the Captain lost his head or his temper and struck one of the soldiers, a young fellow by the name of Wood (I think his first name was William), with his cane. Instantly he was surrounded by a crowd of angry men and boys and for a while it looked as though it would go hard with him, but some of the cool-headed ones managed to reach his side and he was escorted by them to his home on Union street, followed by a number of excited citizens. If my memory serves me right it was quite a while before he was seen on the streets again at night as an officer.

Then the Home Guards would have a parade occasionally and that would furnish us with a close view of our soldiers. John Brown was first lieutenant, the only officer I remember. He was son of Capt. Thomas Brown, who lived on Union street.

As in memory I go back to the wharves, I see the excursion steamers docking at the Commercial wharf, as by doing so they would not interfere with any vessels, arriving or departing, as it was customary for them to stop over night, and this seemed the best place for them. There was plenty of water there and they would berth just beyond the present location of Barnes' boat-house, usually coming from New Bedford and Edgartown and always bringing a large crowd of passengers, most of them having friends or relatives in Nantucket, with whom they would pass the night.

Another feature about the Commercial was the fact that it was a pretty good lobster ground. Many a night I have gone down there, and in company with other boys, set our nets all around the wharf, and occasionally would go and pull them. I do not remember of ever going home without a good fare—sometimes it would be most midnight before we would leave, but that was taken as a matter of course.

The nets were made on an ordinary steel hoop, such as the boys trundle along the streets. The hoop was first covered with cloth, to prevent rust from eating away the twine, then the nets were knitted on, deep enough so that after the net left the bottom, a lobster could not get out. Considerable of my "cattle show money" was earned in that way, as I was usually able to dispose of all I caught.

No doubt a great many of your readers remember the Grampus Club, a company of business men of Norwalk, Conn., who came annually in a chartered vessel, and would berth at the Straight wharf. As I remember, they would usually stop about a week, and every evening while there, would give a vocal concert in front of the Pacific Bank, and one that would be highly enjoyed by all, as a large audience would testify. Their vessel was a model of neatness.

Of my school-days I could write a great deal, as many of the incidents are still fresh in my memory. I attended the South Grammar, while Mr. Bliss was principal, with Misses Derrick, Upham and Swain as assistants. I remember one way Mr. Bliss had of dealing out punishment was to walk down the aisle to the boy, run his fingers through his hair, and shake him until he would see several brands of shooting stars, going in as many different directions, after which he would walk back to his desk, apparently satisfied with himself, whether his victim was or not. After leaving the Grammar school, I attended Hepsy Hussey's on Fair street and can join with all the rest of her scholars in testifying to her painstaking efforts in our behalf, and although I fear at times she must have thought us unappreciative and careless, I cannot remember of ever seeing her the least bit disturbed. If she was she showed wonderful control of her feelings, was grave and dignified in manner, but gentle and loving towards her pupils. Of course that school, like all others, had its imps, and I think the boss imp of all still resides among you. I will not mention his name for fear of offending, but if he reads this letter, let him ask himself this question—to whom does he refer?

On stormy days, when the girls could not go home to their lunch, the boys would call at their homes on their way back to school, and carry it to them—a custom unknown at any other school in the town as far as I know. Hepsy always allowed them time to eat their lunch before the afternoon session.

Over the girls' door was a motto reading: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Another over the boys' door read: "What man hath done, can be done by man." On my various trips home I have made inquiries concerning the disposition of these mottoes, but have been unable to learn what has become of them.

Sincerely yours,

Andrew B. Coon.

Dorchester, March 4th. 1913

Louis Morris Recalls Boyhood Scenes on Nantucket.

Editor of the Inquirer and Mirror:

After reading Catherine Ely's article in your paper of May 30th, I am reminded of the whaler that left Nantucket in 1871.

One summer morning of that year, clad in overalls and soup-bowl straw hat, I was sitting on the cap-log of the north end of Straight wharf alone, fishing for wharf-fish. The schooner Eunice H. Adams, fitted out for a whaling voyage, sailed around Brant Point, heeled over to starboard all sails set except top-sails. Not over 10 persons were on the south end of the wharf to bid her bon voyage.

Does anyone remember when the Abby Bradford sailed in with a Kanaka chained in her after-hold? The schooner Onward was at the dock and Captain John Ray's sloop Tawtemeo was in her berth near Perry's coal dock.

I wonder again if anyone remembers the cutting in of a whale along-side of the Abby Bradford. I think it was Freeman who took a picture of her at that time and I was standing on the rail near the starboard shrouds. The schooner W. O. Nettleton, the Boston packet, was in her berth south of Straight Wharf at the time.

Here is another old-time story:

One day Alexander Dunham returned in his pilot boat No. 1 with a party of off-islanders who had been sharking with him off Great Point. In the boat, among the five or six sand-sharks, was a monster never seen around the island before. The crowd helped haul it to Perry's hay scales and Si Folger weighed him—eleven hundred pounds. The tail hung two feet over the edge of the platform and the nose stuck out a foot beyond the edge at the other end. What kind of a shark was it? Then Charlie Gardner spoke up and said:

"It's a blue-nose mackerel shark", and it was.

At the head of the wharf in this same scene was the grain store of E. W. Perry & Co., where I worked. In my mind's eye I can see Si Folger looking at the "bar gauge" in the corner of the slip, and as soon as 9 feet showed on the board he yelled: "Hoist the flag, Louie." It was the signal for the three-masted schooner Sally M. Evans to cross the bar. Nine feet was the limit of the channel depth at that time of the year.

Captain Heman Eldredge was the pilot at the time and Aunt Esther, his wife, at the head of steamboat dock, was shoeing her ducks into the yard.

The Sally M. Evans on that trip brought 15 tons of white ash, 100 tons of Burnside and 60 tons of Franklin coal for E. W. Perry & Co.

Can any old Nantucketer (once always) remember when Barzilla Burdick built the cat-boat Dauntless? I saw that boat go together stick by stick.

And then there was the old derelict schooner towed in and tied up at the north side of Commercial wharf. "Whit" Joy (Captain B. Whitford Joy) and I dove over her stern. He went first and swam under water a hundred feet or more and came up on the far side of a cat-boat anchored in mid-slip. It scared me, for I thought he was a "gonner". But he was just out of sight. When I saw

he was safe I dove in, forgot to put my hands over my head and struck flat-headed, coming up dizzy and goo-goo eyed. It was a 20-ft dive—a run along the cabin housing, 8 feet over space where the wheel ought to be, then over the stern into the water.

Another dare-devil stunt by "Whit" was the time we went blue-fishing at South Shore. Heave and haul, we caught no fish, so we decided to go in swimming. About a four-foot surf was pounding at the time with a pretty good under-tow.

The Italian bark "Papa Luigi C" was wrecked there and I recall that Henry Nickerson, one of the life-saving crew, fell from her maintop-sail yard and was killed. The bark was lying about 150 yards from shore, her stern gone, bow and fore-mast still standing, with the yard arm that Nickerson fell from still hanging.

"Let's swim to the wreck", says "Whit".

"All right", I said. "You go first." (he was always the leader).

He caught a breaker just before it broke, dove through it, swam to the wreck, climbed aboard and was looking it over.

I decided to follow. Just then, I saw gliding along about 25 feet out from the undertow the dorsal fin of a shark. I jumped up from the water's edge where I was sitting in the backwash and saw "Whit" getting ready to dive in to swim ashore. I danced up and down, pointing to the fin, waved my hands and tried to keep him from starting. No use, over he went.

Well, the result of it was the shark was gone and "Whit" came ashore safely. I told him about the shark but he seemed unconcerned and said, "Let's dress and go to Miacomet Rip and fish some more." Dare-devil Whitford. It was follow the leader with him, and he led the way always.

My boyhood days on Nantucket up to 18 years of age are so impressed on my memory that I can recall almost everything that happened to me between the years 1864 to 1878.

In the book "Wrecks Around Nantucket", by Arthur H. Gardner, on page 91 is a picture (upper picture) of the bark W. H. Marshall. "Whit" Joy and myself are in the picture—I on shore, he on board, standing near the after-port shrouds. I joined him later and we looked her over and admired the newness of the fittings, for she was new, spick and span.

Now, I would like to hear some old-timer tell some of the incidents in his experiences about the years I have mentioned.

L. B. Morris.

Tacoma, Wash., July 14. 1931

See First Paper

Recalls Nantucket's Old-Time Dance Halls.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

In one of the recent Nantucket cross word puzzles, Wendall Hall was said to have been named for Lewis H. Wendall. The hall was fitted up and leased for small dances by George Wendall Macy, who kept a hardware store under it. Wendall was evidently a family name, as it was in his name and in his daughter Sarah's name—you of today knew her as Mrs. Kelley).

The only other hall at that time was the Atlantic Hall, then on Main street, later moved several times. (I think it now is Red Men's Hall). In my day we had our summer balls there; before that we had Pantheon Hall.

Wendall Hall was a cozy little hall. In the summer there were two yacht clubs, the Neptune and the Grampus, one from Hartford, the other from Norwalk, Conn., that came each year. They brought their own orchestra and put in at various ports. With us, they would go to Ben Tobey or Leander Cobb. These would engage Wendall Hall and notify the girls. Any expense was borne by the club.

"Ben and Leander" followed "Alley and Gibbs" as dance managers.—E. H. Alley who had a men's clothing store and James Gibbs, a carpenter. These managed the dances in such a quiet way they seemed to need no managing, but let the least little incident occur, and the watchful eye had noticed it and made all right. At intermission there was a general move to Mrs. Hooper's for ice cream and cake.

My earlier dances in the winter were in Pantheon Hall and in these years, when age has cooled my blood and I am glad to sit by the radiator, I look at the snow blowing and remember how we girls used to wind a "cloud" around our head and neck, (the cloud was a yard and a half long), wrap our cloak snugly about us and scud down the street to the hall.

Pantheon Hall was on the north side of Main street, half way between Centre street and Federal. Up the broad stairway, dash into the ante-room on the left, greet the other girls there, roll our wraps in a compact bundle and stow it safely away, every one chattering, eyes like stars, cheeks like roses—oh, how we enjoyed it all, even the cold and the wind!

Those little dances were "six for a dollar, and a fellow could take two girls." Could take, he had to, for there were so many girls and so few of the boys of dancing age at home: We made up "old maid" sets, when the girls taking the men's places in the cotillion tied their handkerchief on one arm so we'd know whom to balance to. Also, these winter dances began at 8 and ended at 11, very good hours, you see.

And the girls planned together to keep down the expense by wearing "just what we'd wear afternoons at home" and no gloves. We kept our ball dresses, of tarlatan and muslin, for the fine summer balls when there were the boys at home on vacations, and the excursion balls from New Bedford. And then some of us danced all night.

For these balls there was a real orchestra. "Handy's band" was our stand-by for winter. He was prompter and first violinist, his son second violinist and there was a bass viol or cello.

Very soon after I began my dancing, the platform in the Pantheon Hall was taken away to make more floor space, and a balcony large enough for the three musicians was hung in the southeast corner, quite like an oriole's nest. The managers would bring a ladder from the men's ante-room, and up the ladder would go the three musicians—the bass viol always looked so large being carried up—then the ladder was carried back into the ante-room till time for closing.

The name "Handy's Huddles" was also somewhere in a recent paper, perhaps in connection with the Nantucket puzzles. I have heard the term applied to one dance that Mr. Handy managed for himself. About all the boys went just to see what it would be like, and to have some fun, according to the ideas of such half-grown youngsters. You know the boys left home when they were sixteen years old, to learn a trade (in my day)—to go round Cape Horn in the old days. According to reports, those youngsters had a "rough house" time, and I thought that Mr. Handy was disgusted by the conduct and tried no more. The dances managed by "Alley and Gibbs", or by "Ben and Leander" were as correct in deportment and etiquette as a social assembly in any of our parlors would be. They hired Handy's orchestra for the music, but he had no other connection with our dances.

This resume stops with the summer of 1868, when our family moved to Charlestown, and covers nearly the ten years previous. What came after that, whether "huddles" or dances, another scribe must set down.

Lilla Barnard Starbuck.
Greenwood, Mass.

March 28, 1925

Revisiting Nantucket.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Since you thought my visit to Nantucket this fall was worthy of notice in The Inquirer and Mirror as a news item—for which I thank you, because it put some of my friends on the lookout for me—I imagine it will be thought worthy of space if I send to you a result of that visit. I wanted to see Nantucket itself—not the strangers who flock there; therefore a visit out of season was to be preferred. By going on September 29 I could take advantage of the noon train from Boston, and by going by way of New Bedford and returning by way of Woods Hole I could get a round trip in reality.

The expanse of acres upon acres of unbroken forest was impressive. I cried aloud: "Why must anyone go away from Massachusetts for farms? Why could not enough cattle be raised right here to supply the state?" And another said, "Yes, and think of the asparagus farms that this sandy soil would support."

It so happened that I was the only passenger for Nantucket from Boston or beyond, so when the conductor telegraphed from Myricks to hold the boat and I had a whole train to convey me

from New Bedford city to the steamer, I might have felt very important had it not been for the way my suit case was "snaked" along the wharf, relayed from one to another while each turned upon his heel to hurry to other work as the suit case left his hand, while I, with my arms full of hand-bag, luncheon bag, umbrella and waterproof, kept somewhere near it by many little runs, and the gang-plank was hauled aboard as soon as my heel left it, while the Gay Head was already drawing away on the return trip.

The difference between the present and the days remembered by me began on the trip across. When I lived on Nantucket our "Island Home" went to Hyannis, and although my last visit to the island was made by this route from Woods Hole, the steamer now went so near to the Cross Rip lightship that I could see the men there. It was especially interesting to me because my grandfather was aboard that vessel for many years as one of the crew and as captain.

The next thing noticed was the shed on the wharf, covering passengers from the rain—a decided improvement. And the carriages, also—easy to get into and easy to ride in—another pleasant change. But how narrow Gay street was! It never occurred to me while running up and down that street, to and from the High school, that it was narrow, but now it shut me in, and because the young driver stopped at the wrong house and I walked back to the right one he had to drive up to Westminster street and into the open space there in order to turn and come back. With houses on both sides, hard asphalt beneath and black night above, it seemed like a tube.

Next day I utilized for Sconset, as it was my last chance or the train, and the day was full of the changes wrought in these thirty-one years. Of course, on that last day of September, the houses were very nearly all closed and the streets were empty. Coming up the steps from railroad level to village level, I looked around, but didn't know where to go. Then I remembered that R. B. Hussey was still there, so inquired of a solitary pedestrian how to find him. At the door I asked properly for "Mrs. Hussey," but as soon as I said—"I'm Lilla Barnard," the heartiness of the welcome swept me back to the times when I used to see both him and his wife as children, and the familiar name came back again.

They both made a memorable day for me, and after dinner he could not only show the village (I almost wrote "town") to me, but he could open the Casino and give me a chance to enjoy its possibilities. How the place has grown! We walked till I was about tuckered out, and as for my guide, I shrewdly suspect that he had to prolong his stay that extra ten days simply to rest up. I'm sorry for that part of it, but all the rest I did enjoy hugely.

Then back to regain acquaintance with the town. Often did I stop and gaze along a street. Orange, that I always used to consider a big street, looked shrunken to half what I thought. Passing along Centre and reaching Lily street I actually laughed aloud. Lucky for me that it was noon and no one in the street or at the windows, or I should have been set down as "a little off," but I looked at the narrowness, the one track of wheels through the middle, and I thought of some wishing to have automobiles there, and it was too funny for anything. Think of a touring car there! That winding street, and have an ordinary auto with the ordinary

driver enter from Centre street and another enter from West Liberty street; they would come together with a bang and there'd only be another of the ordinary news items that can be seen in any city paper.

The roadways, with their smooth surfaces, were easy for travelling, and must be pleasant in the summer. I always think of the horses in icy weather, so many fall in Boston and, of course, elsewhere. But in warm weather it is fine for horseback riders and I noticed quite a few, even as late as October. Again, I thought of autos and was glad the riders could take pleasure unhampered by watching out for a machine rushing past.

At Pearl street the memory came of the old cobblestones actually worn into ruts by the wheels of trucks and carts, and again I paused with wonder to think that those narrow streets were plenty wide for the business of Nantucket in the years when her products of oil and candles went over the world and she stood first in the whaling industry.

One other matter for wonder and pleasure was the growth of the trees. During these last few years the pictures coming from Nantucket have been surprising by the amount of tree-tops as seen from the tower, so it was with keen interest that I looked up and down the street under the branches or gazed at the surprising height of them. The first glance up Liberty street from Centre street was stopped by the sight of tall trees where had been the vegetable garden of Frederick Mitchell of Main street, which now is a fine sweep of lawn and the high board fence has been changed by the fairy god-mother into a green hedge. "Wonders will never cease."

The houses, too, have been beautified by piazzas and vines till I simply had to stop every now and then to take it all in and revel in it. So glad there were no hurrying streams of people to run against me or elbow me out of the way! It was the part of wisdom to go out of season to enjoy the town for one who wished to remember as well as see. I stocked up on picture cards and, besides that, lugged my camera and tripod about the streets to get pictures of special interest to me and mine till my back was most broken. A satisfying picture of the North church I could not get. Seen under the leafy branches as I passed up Gay street, it was both noble and beautiful, but on my 4x5 plate it came out too small. A view from any street nearer was cluttered with insignificant out-buildings, or the church seemed hidden behind a house. A view from squarely in front gives simply the front elevation, like an architect's plan, but gives no idea of the grace and dignity. Next time I try I'll take along a step-ladder and perch my camera above the impediments.

As for my friends in the old home—I found more than I expected, for although all that I had looked up to had passed out of sight, and almost all of my equals were either living away from the island or had also passed on, there were still left a few and their greeting was warm enough, to help me forget the gaps. The younger ones, like Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Hussey, remembered me well, while some of the young set of today made friends with me because "their mother had spoken of me" or because "they had enjoyed my letters." So, taken all ways, revisiting Nantucket was a happy episode.

Lilla Barnard Starbuck.

An Interesting Reminiscence From "A Nantucket Girl".

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Your edition of the Inquirer and Mirror dated August 27 was of more than usual interest to me, for the mention of the paper's being more than one hundred years old and the approaching (now past) meeting of the hundredth anniversary of the establishment of the Coffin School.

A day or so previous to the receipt of the paper a friend had sent me pictures of the Main Street Fete from a Sunday paper I didn't see, with the heading marked "Nantucket's One Hundred Years Marked With Quaint Celebration." Oh, these reporters and writers-up who catch at the hem of the idea!

Nantucket's Hundred Years, forsooth! Why, the place is more than two and a half centuries old. I have a copy of a paper of short life, started there in 1819, and copies of the Inquirer dated 1821. Here's the Coffin School one hundred years old and the High School getting very near that mark.

I wonder how many know that these three institutions all owe their life to Samuel Haynes Jenks. It is common knowledge that he, as editor, made the paper, when started, so alive it became permanent. And what a line of able business men and writers have carried it on for its century!

About the two schools. I was an interested listener to Mr. Jenks' daughter, Eliza (Mrs. Heaton) as she recalled with her cousin and mine, Eliza Jenks (Mrs. Nellis) incidents of their girlhood. In their talk she told of Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin going to Nantucket for the express purpose of erecting there a monument to commemorate the Coffin family, to which he belonged.

She remarked like this: "My father was always greatly interested in educational advantages and when he found what Sir Isaac's plan was he hired a horse and carriage and took Sir Isaac to Sconset and all the way there and back he talked up a free school, and Sir Isaac changed his plan to my father's."

Later in the talk Mrs. Heaton spoke of the High School opened free to the public. She said, "I had to go to it because father had worked so hard for it, but all my girls were going to the Coffin School and I didn't like it one atom that I couldn't go, too."

From words of my mother and grandmother I learned that "the Academy" on Academy hill was taken over with its teacher, "Father Pierce", for the High School, but I never heard any of the business details.

I don't know how many years Mr. Pierce taught in Nantucket. My grandmother was fond of recalling that when her father retired from the sea at the beginning of the War of 1812, he wanted her to have more schooling than the Nantucket schools, all private then, afforded, so she joined her chum who was going to a school in New Bedford. She went only one term, for at the end of that time, Mr. Pierce was brought to Nantucket. She used to tell that in the winter they studied and recited until the daylight failed them, then Mr. Pierce concluded the session with a long prayer.

The girls whose seats were near the windows could look into the lighted rooms of the Lily-street homes and watch the families at supper. One night someone dropped her cup and spilt her tea and one of the girls snickered aloud. Instantly the prayer was stopped for what seemed to the scholars an age, then they heard: "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do", and the prayer was resumed and finished.

Mr. Pierce taught so long in Nantucket that the children of his first pupils became his pupils also, and these he called his grandchildren. My mother was one. After going to open and teach the first Normal School in the State, at Framingham, I think, he always called on my grandmother and mother when visiting Nantucket. I still remember the saintly appearance of "Father Pierce" and when he patted my head, child as I was, I felt it a benediction.

I wish I could get at the "Pollard" genealogy in the Atheneum for a moment to verify my knowledge, but I feel sure that Mr. Pierce married Lucy Coffin, a member of a family noted for its superior intelligence and that attracted mates of superior intelligence. I know Mrs. Pierce's name was Lucy and that she taught before marriage.

Mrs. Maria L. Owen's mother was another member, and we all know how widely was her recognition. Before marriage she carried on a private school whose pupils "tried" for the High, like the Grammar pupils. Her assistant was her sister, Miss Carrie Tallant, who became Secretary to Rev. Edward Everett Hale for years.

Isn't there some one of the Inquirer's readers who can write for us an account of that school before it becomes lost? Mrs. Samuel Haynes Jenks was another, and one other married Henry Clapp, a bookseller. He was a typical "bookworm" and had a vast knowledge of books but in other matters was absent minded to a laughable degree.

One daughter was Harriet Clapp, who married Thomas Hazard, a Nantucket boy, but at that time in business in Mobile, Ala.

A son of Mr. Clapp's was Henry Clapp whose monument stands in the Prospect Hill Cemetery, erected by his literary friends and admirers. I have heard Mrs. Hazard tell several stories of him. One was that he carried on a newspaper—was it in Lynn? I've forgotten that part, but he was so outspoken that some of his editorials got him into prison, where he wrote his editorials for the time, dating them "The Bastile."

Col. Jonas Chickering, of piano fame, was one of his enthusiastic friends and when he died Mr. Clapp wrote an obituary in practically these few words:

"When a man like Col. Chickering dies the world takes notice, but what can we say about him? Only this—he was like his pianos, upright, square and grand."

Naturally every newspaper had an obituary notice of him, for he was so public spirited and patriotic—this was the time of the Civil War—but it was Mr. Clapp's paper that the family chose and bought in quantities to send to friends.

Also at that time, Artemus Ward was an outstanding figure before the public as a humorist, and Henry Clapp was his manager. They were standing together when Artemus received a telegram from persons in San Francisco—"What will you take for 20 lectures in California?"

"Brandy and water", said Mr. Clapp. However, the response wired was for a good sized sum, which was taken though with much anxiety. Artemus went out there and, on the opening night, he and his managers were in a high pitch of anxiety. If he "took" all would be well, but if not there would be a big slump.

Artemus went before his audience with fear and trembling. He began his lecture by saying: "When I received word from the city asking what I would take for 20 lectures here I promptly answered 'Brandy and water'."

The laughter that this called forth was enough to calm all their fears and Artemus and his lectures "took" on the Pacific coast.

So Anna G. Swain has gone—my classmate through the High School from May, 1856, to January, 1861. Mattie and Emmie and Anna, three inseparables through all that time, now all gone! When I was in Nantucket two years ago, I met Anna in church. In the twelve years since last we met she had changed greatly, and since then I've often said, "I could walk better and see better and hear better, but how she surpasses me in her life, such an active, useful life for all these years with no let-up!"

More "Halcyon Memories."

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

While reading my last week's Nantucket paper, I lay back in my chair, closed my eyes, and went down deep into my store-house of memory, bringing forth memories that had lain dormant for years, and they were "halcyon memories", for my face has been one perpetual smile all day.

Long ago I had forgotten that Moses and Edward Mitchell had existed. Yes! they were "exemplary Quakers and gentlemen", and the Philadelphia subscriber "who bought candy sixty years ago" has started a train of thought with me, and I am wondering if Quakers did forget, at times, their placidity of speech and manner. I say did, as Quakers now seem to be extinct.

If Moses lost his temper on the occasion of which I am writing, he was certainly justified—thinking he had customers (one cold winter's night in the "sixties") and confronting two saucy school girls, who had been "dared," by two school boys, to "beard the lion in his den."

As he walked down the store, my schoolmate said, in the blandest manner, "Good evening, Mr. Mitchell, has thee any Quaker hymn-books?" It did not take many seconds for him to get round that counter, and quick as a flash "L" was out of the Main street door, invisible to any one, and I scampering for the Liberty street door, with Moses at my heels.

The boys had locked the door on the outside, and, with their faces pressed against the glass, were grinning. I was caught, and shaking me into his counting room, Moses seated me very forcibly on a low stool, saying "Thee will stay here until the nine o'clock bell rings (it was then half-past five) when I will take thee to thy grandfather's". (He was a Quaker, usurping his authority over me, while my father was round "Cape Horn.")

It seemed to me the "nine o'clock bell" would never ring. I was a prisoner three and one-half hours, in that cold, cheerless "counting room," and although the imprisonment and the "trial" before my grandfather ought to have been a severe lesson to me, the next day I was sent home from Hepsibeth Hussey's school, on Fair street, with a note saying "Sarah, I can do nothing with L. Thine H." The dear soul wasted no superfluous words.

I have no remembrances of Annie Austin's "pickled beans," but on my "six cents a week" spending money was a liberal (?) customer for "Ma Davis'" pickled limes (preserved) which she always took from the jar on one of her hair-pins. Germs and microbes were unknown to us then. Would I were back again, in the sixties, on that dear old Nantucket island, and I pray when the summons from the Great Master comes to me to "come up higher" my last days will be full of Nantucket memories and the loved ones who have gone on before.

L. W. Wood.

Quincy, Jan. 7th, 1913.

Reminiscences of Long Ago.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

We have recently read a most interesting book entitled "The Expansion of New England" by Louis Kendall Mathews. It may be in the Atheneum Library. It surely belongs there, for it is the story of the early settlements along the Ohio river by Quaker colonies from Nantucket in the long ago. The author quotes largely from the "Reminiscences" of Levi Coffin.

A footnote states that the "Reminiscences" was printed in Cincinnati in 1876, and is now in the Howe collection of the Indianapolis Public Library, a much prized volume. It would seem that but one copy was printed and that privately.

This Levi Coffin must have been one of the very first of these old pioneers. The question now arises—what became of the original manuscript?

In Southern California are representatives from every part of the Union. At a ladies' luncheon in Los Angeles various guests were telling where their families originated. When my daughter said "Nantucket," the lady next her was interested at once. "Why, my grandfather was a Nantucket Folger and emigrated to Ohio. My father and I were both born in Ohio. Neither he nor I have visited the island, but we retain a keen interest in it."

Of course she was not unaware of the Benjamin Franklin connection.

There are plenty of Nantucket names to be met with in Los Angeles—Gardner, Coleman, Macy, Mitchell, Bunker, Hussey, Ray, etc. When I said to Andrew Gardner here, "My father's grandfather was Andrew Gardner," he answered "Well, I am nobody's grandfather yet."

When the present big city was but a handful of houses, a certain Obed Macy of Nantucket descent was a prominent resident and for him Macy street was named.

When my daughter came here twelve or thirteen years ago, there was an old man named George Ray who used to entertain his friends with stories of the island of his birth. He died before my arrival. How I wish I might have seen him!

Susan C. Hosmer.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Dec. 25, 1920

Sept. 17, 1927

Happenings of the Long Ago.

Editor of the Inquirer and Mirror:

One of the venders of children's delights I failed to mention in a previous communication to you, was Rachel Austin of North Water street, corner of Step lane, who had a few jars of the old-fashioned variety of stick candy standing on the window sill in the front hall, as business was not brisk enough for her to remain by her goods. The customer would have to go and find her, with penny in hand for one of those lovely cinnamon sticks, or may be peppermint. Rachel was one of those quiet Quakeresses of the long ago.

Then on, a short distance up Cliff road, to the home of Captain Brock, thence to the porch or shed where the cask of pickled limes stood, and thanks to the Captain's daughter, Lydia G., for the pickled limes. She would fish out of that cask for the school girls, and not a cent did we have to pay for them either. Long may she live as a reward for those pickled limes dispensed among her school-mates, pupils of the late Lydia Barney.

I have not much to say of Mr. Calder's store, a few doors up the road, except for the peanuts, but Captain Barret's was my favorite resort for those.

One of the funny things of the past was of a laddie inviting a lassie to take a drive with him, and then wanted her to bear part of the expense, but the fancy for each other seemed to end, at least, they each found another sweetheart and married. The hero, the General, if not generous, has gone to the Great Beyond, and Charlotte remains to vouch for the above.

I wonder if Mary Macy H. M., now T., remembers the shaking I gave her one day on our way home from the Grammar School. What the offence was I do not remember, but evidently something which incurred my displeasure. I guess I didn't do her any serious harm, as she still lives and visits her native place in the good old summer time.

At the age of eleven I went to live in Boston to form new school-mates and associates, but no shaking of the girls there, they were all well behaved.

Some queer things occurred the night of the great fire in 1846. One woman was said to be out with a tin cup to help extinguish the fire. Another woman went on the street with her silver, met a man and wanted him to take it. He asked her who she was, and her reply was "John Shaw's wife"—a slight mistake in her memory, as she was the wife of Peter Coffin. I presume the man was one of the honest ones, but I cannot say all men were honest on that memorable night.

This is a positive fact, though sad to say. This fire originated in one of my father's (the late Hon. William Coffin Starbuck) stores on Main street, under his hall (Washington Hall), and kept by a man by name of Geary, if my memory is right, and I think it is. From Main street the fire swept through Federal street to North Water street as far as my

grandfather's house (the late Aaron Mitchell), where it was stopped. This house was a large brick house and the interior was all burned and the brick work left standing, which had to be taken down later on. In connection with the house the greenhouse for fruit and flowers was destroyed, and also a brick store-house in the rear in the lane. Where this mansion stood, a cottage has been built, and at the present time occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Herbert P. Smith.

My grandfather Mitchell was fond of society and was a great entertainer. In the upper part of the house was a hall for parties and dancing and in the basement was a billiard room.

Grandfather never rebuilt; he occupied the old home of his father, Jethro Mitchell, which was directly opposite his old home, and this house, after grandfather's death, was taken down and the house where Patrick Robinson now lives stands on the spot.

Aaron Mitchell was one of the wealthiest residents of Nantucket, but reverses overtook him and badly crippled his resources. Previous to the loss by the fire, he had one ship cut off by the Fiji Islanders and all of the crew killed but one man named Fish, and one of the native women secreted him until the massacre was over, when he was allowed to live and was held a prisoner for seven years before he could make his escape. He then returned to Nantucket to tell the fate of the ship and crew.

Another dastardly affair was that of a man going to grandfather's oil sheds and boring into the casks of oil and letting it run to waste into the water. The townspeople were so indignant that the bell was rung, a town meeting called and authority given to certain men to go into every house in search of the clothes worn by the perpetrator at the time of the deed, as it was known no one could do the act without getting his clothes oily, but the endeavor to find the clothes was unsuccessful at the time, and not till some time later, after the man Swift had left the island and gone to Texas, was grandfather enlightened. A man came to him one day and wanted him to go with him to a certain house; when there he took him to the garret and showed him where he was hired to make a secret door to conceal the oily clothes, and for it was paid five dollars.

Then another loss came when grandfather sold a lot of oil and the purchaser appeared dissatisfied. A law-suit was the result, and by false witnesses my grandfather lost the case, and, as in a previous affair, some time after, a man told grandfather that he was hired to swear falsely and was paid in brown sugar.

This shows that Nantucketers were not all honest men in those days. Then came the taking of the ships by the French, which reduced his fortune still more, as well as the loss of thirty thousand dollars lent to a person who failed to return it, and so on, until his fortune was all gone and the dear, generous old man was left without a competency to battle with the world.

Grandpa was so pleased at the expected coming of his first grand-child that he said he would give a black satin dress to the one that told him first of the birth of the child, so of course the two friends that were with my mother at the eventful time were anxious—at least one was, for she went out in a snow storm to carry

the news to grandpa of the arrival of the baby. This was Miss Mary Tuck, sister of the late Samuel B. Tuck, a former resident of this town. Of course, she won and got the black satin dress. The first grand-child was my sister Mary, who married Dr. John T. Metcalf, who for some years practiced dentistry in Nantucket, and for many years was a resident of Brooklyn. The dear old man passed away about three years ago at the ripe old age of ninety-one years. He left two children—one son, Dr. William Henry Metcalf, of New Haven, Conn., and Mrs. Charles A. Marvin, of Brooklyn N. Y.

Yours truly,

Lydia W. S. Cate.
Nantucket, January 29, 1913.

Lightships, Cobblestones and "Uncle Gideon".

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

Your paper of January 24 asks for names of men serving on the South Shoals lightship. My grandfather, Benjamin F. Gardner, was one of the first crew and the captain was named Gardner. There were several of my grandfather's name but this one was the only one on the lightship. Later he served on the Cross Rip Lightship under Captain Charles Coleman and became captain there when Captain Coleman left. He was appointed by Alfred Macy and served 'till some time during Isaac H. Folger's tenure of office. What were these two—Collectors of the Port?

Another mention in that issue stirs my memories—the cobble stones under the tar on Pearl street. Those cobbles are the only ones I remember as showing ruts made by the wheels. I am seeing only the upper part of the street as I would see it daily on my way from my home on Liberty street to the High School.

I remember the cobblestones on the slope of Gardner street. They filled the street from side to side, leaving no sidewalk on the west side and but a narrow one on the east. They started, it seemed to me, along the front of Gideon Folger's house. That is the one nearest Liberty street on the east side. Being a Quaker, he was never called "Mr.", but the universal "Uncle" or "Cousin". So, Uncle Gideon was a man of means, and besides his house, his land held a candle factory north of his house, and with side on Gardner street.

I would say the cobbles were put on that slope to help the drays going up and down. I have nothing to make me remember whether the cobbles kept on as far as Pearl street, but I think they did. There was a narrow sidewalk or flagstone before the house, but it was very narrow along by the candle house.

Coming from school one noon I met Uncle Gideon—the dear, benign old man. He was old, white-haired, and bent with age, so I, a child of 8, perhaps, took the cobblestones to leave him the smoother flagging. As I danced (for I walked only on Sundays) off to the left he stopped me and told me "a lady should never give up her rightful place on the road; it was for the man to turn out." And that was how he taught me that old folks don't enjoy having their age made conspicuous. There is a very good likeness of Uncle Gideon in the Historical collection.

He was also a man alert to new ideas and when Professor Fowler, the foremost exponent of phrenology, came to Nantucket, Uncle Gideon had him examine the heads of his children. One, Lydia, was away from the island but would return the next day, which was the date of Professor Fowler's departure. However, Uncle Gideon finally persuaded the professor to remain just one day longer, and when the professor got his hands on Lydia's head he knew she was "the one woman for him."

Many years afterward, when I was in London, I called on them, and she was delighted to meet "Eliza Ann Gardner's daughter."

Uncle Gideon's oil refinery must have been in the space east of his house and west of the Coffin School.

At one time Maria Mitchell had her observatory there. I remember the flat roof of the shed where the oil was stored, as I saw it just beyond "Neighbor Wilson's garden", now the property of Mrs. Freeborn. And the road leading from Liberty street to that land is the "cart road" sold by my great-grandfather, Capt. James Gwinn, for an outlet from the oil works.

I vividly remember how delighted I was to kneel in a chair by the window and watch the horse's head as he plodded up that road with his truck, and hear the click of the iron chains as the barrels were unloaded. Those were busy times, back in '49, and as the road was wide enough for only one truck, there usually was a truck waiting at one end or the other for a clear way. Oh, these memories, how dear they are!

Lilla Barnard Starbuck.
Greenwood, Mass.

Feb. 7, 1931

An Old-fashioned Childhood in Nantucket.

By M. S. H.

Eunice was a little Nantucket girl who lived a long time ago, when children did not have as many toys as at the present day. Her first doll was a rag baby named Louisa. When the mother and grandmother were making Louisa, they borrowed as a pattern a negro doll with bead eyes and red lips. Little Eunice was afraid of this doll and could not be induced to touch it; so she was promised that Louisa should be a white doll with pretty painted features.

Her next doll was a beautiful wax one, with yellow hair and a pink silk dress—far too nice a toy for every day, the mother thought, so the French doll had to be kept carefully in her box. Eunice also had a mandarin which her great-uncle Clark had brought from China in his ship, and which nodded its head when taken up. There was also a paper jackanapes, brought from China, which slid up and down on a stick which also operated the opening and closing of its eyes. Another sea-captain uncle brought the little girl a picture book from England called "London Street Cries," which showed pictures of the London street peddlers of that day with their different calls given below with which they advertised their wares.

Eunice commenced school at the early age of two years, being carried daily in her father's arms to "Cousin Phebe's" school, where she sat on a bench with other babies, some of whom occasionally went to sleep and rolled off under the bench. At this school the children learned their letters and were taught to count, and one child learned to read "Mary had a little lamb," which was printed on her handkerchief.

In vacation Eunice sometimes attended a "cent school," a kind of play-school kept by children not much older than herself. The little ones who attended paid a cent every day. Eunice's mother sometimes gave her little daughter a penny to spend for candy; so, when given a cent as she started for school, the little girl very naturally spent it on the way. When her mother learned of this on her return home, the conscientious parent sent her back with another penny for her little teachers.

Near her home was a Quaker school kept by a staid Quaker dame in gray gown and bonnet and folded white kerchief. On Friday, which was sewing day, Eunice was sent to this school to learn sewing, and was rapped on the head by the teacher's thimble when her stitches were not straight. The little girl never had to work a "sampler," as did the children of an earlier generation, but in vacation time she had to sew "the long seam," a bugbear of so many children of the day. The material for sheets at that date came in breadths which were to be sewed together, and this afforded a convenient way of teaching sewing to the little people, who, it must be said, thoroughly disliked the task.

At one time Eunice attended a private school kept in the old Coffin School building on Fair street. The Coffin School was a funded school, intended originally to provide instruction for the many children of that name living at Nantucket. It was established in 1827 after a visit to the island by Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin of the

British navy. Finding that many of the Nantucketers were of the same stock as himself, the English admiral wished to do something to make himself remembered among them, and it was suggested that he found a school in the town. He therefore left money to establish the Coffin School, with the stipulation that the trustees should always be descendants of the original Tristram Coffin and that the pupils should bear the name of Coffin.

For many years this wish was carried out; in later years, however, the instruction of the school was extended to other Nantucket children. The first Coffin School building stood at the lower end of Fair street. After a time a new structure was erected on Winter street, where the school was carried on for many years. Then, as the population of the town decreased and the high school alone was found to be sufficient, the Coffin School building was used as a manual training school.

Sir Isaac Coffin was born in Boston, his birthplace, which was standing as late as the middle of the last century, having been near what is now Harrison avenue. As he was a Tory, he returned to England at the time of the Revolutionary War. His name was perpetuated on a painted sign placed over the entrance of the old Coffin School building bearing the inscription "Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart." During the time that little Eunice attended the private school kept in this building, this board with its inscription stood upon the floor of the school-room under the windows, and the little girl often pondered the meaning of the mysterious word "Bart."

At the age of ten, the child entered the High school, where she was given a seat beside the one colored girl in the class, because Eunice's father upheld the cause of the negroes, which the teacher opposed.

The selections in the singing books of the day were sentimental and briny. Eunice and the other children sang loudly and unappreciatively at the teacher's command:

"Life let us cherish
While yet the taper grows."

and cheerful and uncomprehending was their rendering of the mournful ditty:

"Under the willow she's laid with care,
Sang a lone mother while weeping;
Under the willow, with golden hair,
My little one's quietly sleeping.
Fair, fair, with golden hair,
Sang a lone mother while weeping;
Fair, fair, with golden hair,
Under the willow she's sleeping."

The same inappropriateness of selection marked the choice of a serenade which the little pupils were taught to sing:

"Tis midnight hour, the moon shines bright,
The dewdrops blaze beneath her ray,
The twinkling stars their tender light
Like beauty's eyes display.
Then sleep no more, though round thy heart
Some tender dream may idly play,
For midnight song with magic art
Shall chase that dream away."

When very young, the children sang at school a little song called "My Mother dear," doubtless intended to instil filial affection in their budding souls:

"There was a place in childhood
That I remember well,
And there a voice of sweetest tone
Bright fairy tales did tell;
And gentle words and fond embrace
Were given with joy to me
When I was in that happy place—
Upon my mother's knee.
My mother dear! My mother dear!
My gentle, gentle mother!"

The moral in this song was less se-

vere, though perhaps none the less effective than the lesson contained in one of the children's reading books in a story where the circumstances led the sick parent to reproach her child with the words, "Will not my little girl bring a glass of water for her poor sick mother?" The child in the story refused to obey, whereupon the mother promptly expired; and the effect of the story upon the distressed soul of little Eunice was such that, for some time afterward, when her mother asked her to do anything, the child obeyed immediately for fear her mother might die.

At a later date the children read in school the story of

"Goody Blake and Harry Gill
His teeth they chatter, chatter still,"

another tale which showed the bad results of misbehavior. Other school songs were "Bright Alfarata," who was, we fear, an impossible charming Indian maiden:

"Wild roved the Indian girl,
Bright Alfarata,
Where sweep the waters
Of the blue Juniata."

"Come to the sunset tree" was another of the school songs, while "Scotland's burning!" was a great favorite on account of the energy that could be put into singing it. A pretty song, and one also which was lively and therefore popular, was

"Flowers, wildwood flowers,
In the gardens gay they blow,
The rose is there with its ruby lips,
Pinks the honey bee loves to sip,
Tulips, tulips, gay as a butterfly's wing!
I've gathered them all for you,
I've gathered them all for you,
All these wildwood flowers,
Sweet wildwood flowers!"

Eunice and her little schoolmates wore calico dresses with pantalets to match, which came down to their low slippers. Purple calico was a favorite with the Quaker families, who considered it less "wordly" than blue, pink and other colors. The first high shoes that were worn were thought very remarkable. For best, white pantalets were worn, tucked and trimmed with edging, and over their dresses the children wore elaborate aprons of white or dainty figured cambric. They were wide-awake little misses, these old-fashioned children of long ago, with their prim costumes and stiff little braids of hair, as they trotted daily to school, sometimes with a big copper cent to spend for candy on the way.

At one time it was the fashion to shingle the hair. In their school recesses the children went to the barber's, where their hair was cut short and the front locks arranged in flat curls above the ears. When Eunice went at recess to have her hair done, she was obliged to wait until some other children, who had come first, had finished. Consequently, she was late in returning to school. She was not, however, the only one who was tardy that day for the same reason, and when she appeared, the last of the late ones, with her head closely shingled and the elaborate curls arranged above her little ears, all the pupils laughed; and the teacher, supposing she had done something to cause the merriment, detained her after school.

On one occasion when she was kept after school for assisting some slower pupil in her recitation, little Eunice was obliged to learn and recite a poem as punishment. But when the solitary and forlorn little girl stood up in the deserted schoolroom and repeated her lines, (all she could remember of the poem),

"It is not grief that makes me mourn,
It is that I am all alone."

the teacher laughed and let her go home.

When the children's hair grew long again after shingling, the younger ones divided it and tied it with ribbons. The older girls did the same, turning up the ends underneath out of sight and placing over them on the back of the neck two rosettes of narrow black velvet ribbon with long ends of wider ribbon, the front hair being brought down around the face and plastered smoothly over the ears.

Fancywork was a favorite occupation of the older girls. They made elaborate covers for cushions by working figures in cross-stitch in bright-colored worsteds upon canvas and filling in the background with green. Silks were bought in skeins, from which they drew out the threads, winding them upon little flat, circular ivory "silk-winders" which they kept in their sewing-boxes, together with bright-colored pincushions and emeries fastened between scallop shells. At one time the girls crocheted purses from colored silks with patterns of steel or white beads worked upon them, and drawn up by gilt or silver rings. Sometimes they made little bags of watermelon seeds lined with red silk.

On the first day of May, the children, wearing low-necked and short-

[Continued on Fourth Page]

JUNE 27, 1914

Inc.

The following lines, handed us by one of our readers, were found among the papers of a deceased friend some years since. They were written fully quarter of a century ago—probably longer, but by whom we have been unable to ascertain. Perhaps someone under whose eye they come may be able to enlighten us as to the authorship. They will be read with especial interest by our older readers who will readily recall many of the characters and personages referred to and appreciate the pith and point of the allusions.

MAIN STREET AS IT WAS.

Do you remember old Main street,
Some forty years ago,
When business men, with hurried feet,
Were passing to and fro?

The girls were then, (is it so now?)
Fond of the beaux, you see,
And every night, blow high or low,
They'd meet in company.

On Main street then they used to walk
For what? Who cares or knows?
They'd talk and laugh, and laugh and talk
And sometimes meet the beaux.

Their isolation made them free;
They weren't unchaste or bold.
I think that all will plainly see
Why so, when facts are told.

That sometimes for a week or more
We could not get our mails.
The vessels then, from shore to shore,
Were borne by wind and sails.

The street was paved about midway,
Quite near the Bank, we think,
The carts, in rumbling, seemed to say,
"We are taking in the chink."

The blacksmith at his anvil stood
The tinman pounded tin,
The wharves were then well filled and good,
With vessels out and in.

Mostly by whaleships were they filled;
Our men then manned the ships;
Whales then were plenty, easy killed,
Which made them shorter trips.

A meeting house, built quite antique,
Near the old cistern stood,
And then the Town House quite unique
Was on the selfsame road.

A kindly group we used to meet
All clad in neat array,
They worshipped then upon Main street
On First and on Fifth day.

Those wayworn men, their faces removed
Those friends are most all gone.
Yet friendships dear, and forms we loved
Still live in memory's urn.

The coopers then had full employ;
You'd hear them from the street
Play "cooper's march" a sound of joy
They played it so complete.

Uncle Abihu and his spouse,
They lived upon the hill.
Who can forget them, or their house,
That e'er went o'er the sill?

Next east, though several years before
They say "Aunt Thankful" lived;
She left her "kitten-box"—nothing more
We think of her survived.

The brothers Folger, lived near by,
A few rods down the street,
Their house was long, not very high,
But orderly and neat.

In leather jacket, good and strong,
One brother could be seen
And heard to say, "go long, go long!"
You'd guess his name, I ween.

We can't forget the narrow lane
Where our first breath was drawn;
'Tis "Traders" now, "Politeness" then—
The olden name is gone.

The house is gone, where first we learned
To read and write and spell,
But Phoenix like, one has returned,
Which marks the spot as well.

The Nymph that on the Lodge we saw
Was charming in our eyes;
We knew not then what it was for,
Why—pointing to the skies.

In short, there are so many things—
The street you know is long—
That we must clip our memory's wings
And thus cut short our song.

A POPULAR RESORT.

ONE OF THE MOST SUCCESSFUL SEASONS
KNOWN IN NANTUCKET.

From New Bedford Mercury.

The season which is now closed has been a success. Since June 1st by the regular steamers, excursions and yachts over 15,000 persons have visited the island. During the month of August every hotel was crowded. The weather has been clear and comfortable, fogs have been few, fishing excellent, and tourists coming expectant have enjoyed their visit and left the island satisfied. A few will remain during September, and some even to Thanksgiving.

The patronage received from prominent persons has contributed much to Nantucket's success. Charles O'Connor until his death lived in a \$40,000 mansion on the Cliff. This property is now owned by Judge Breckenridge of St. Louis. A. B. Lamberton, proprietor of the Rochester Democrat, and General Barnum who conducted the recent procession in New York in honor of Mr. Blaine, annually occupy their cottages at Sconset. Charles H. Webb, who was associated in 1849 in California with Bret Harte and Mark Twain, and whose delightful contributions appear in the Tribune and Harper's over the name of "John Paul," spends every summer at Nantucket, and any day may be seen in his sail boat, called the "Black Lady," skimming about the harbor. "Pansy" and Mrs. Austen have both written stories in which the scene is located in Nantucket. Robert Collyer and Burdette have spent several seasons here. H. A. Willard, proprietor of Willard's Hotel, Washington, has invested considerable in real estate which returns him a good income. Thurlow Weed Barnes owns a fine cottage on Brant Point. Rev. R. R. Shippen, secretary of the American Unitarian Association, has just bought a cottage on Orange St. Prof. Joseph Allen of Harvard University spends the entire summer at his Cliff cottage. Prof. Henry Mitchell of the U. S. coast survey, W. H. Starbuck of New York and R. Gardner Chase of Boston, prominent brokers, are all natives of Nantucket. Dr. Workman of Worcester, whose wife is the daughter of the late Gov. Bullock, has recently built at the Cliff the finest summer residence on the island.

The three men to whom Nantucket owes most are Rev. Daniel Round, E. F. Underhill and A. T. Mowry. Forty years ago Mr. Round was pastor of the Baptist church, and in 1878, after 30 years' absence, he returned to the island, and since that time has been industrious in establishing Nantucket as a seaside resort. It is largely due to his perseverance that a cable joins Nantucket to the Vineyard. He is now engaged in developing Wauwinet, that part of the island where the head of the harbor almost joins the ocean.

E. F. Underhill is official stenographer of the New York surrogate court. Through him Sconset has become famous. He has built 20 cottages, bought a dozen more, and thus invested over \$20,000 in real estate along the "Bank." He is a man of unusual energy and a favorite everywhere. All the sports and amusements so constant at Sconset during past summers have been organized by Underhill. He is the leader of all business and social enterprise. Being a journalist of a high order, he has so skilfully advertised Sconset that it has eclipsed the other localities of Nantucket. But for him the railroad company would never have extended its track beyond Surfside.

A. T. Mowry has been a dry goods merchant at Nantucket for several years, and recently has established a successful real estate agency. In all the circulars advertising Nantucket Mr. Mowry solicits correspondence, and as a result he has hundreds of letters asking for information about the island, which he answers at his own expense and without compensation. Many of his correspondents have visited Nantucket and bought summer residences.

During the past ten years real estate in some localities, particularly near the water, has risen in value beyond all anticipation. In 1878 the only dwelling on Brant Point was connected with the lighthouse, and over most of the point land could be bought for \$5 per acre. At the cliff, O'Connor's house, then being built, seemed out of town, and the land in the vicinity was not worth claiming. On the south side of Sconset Underhill had begun his operations, which have since proved so successful, but land about his "Patch Work" village was considered of little value, and between Sconset and Sankaty there was no demand for real estate. In one decade all this has changed. At the end of Brant Point has been erected a hotel costing \$30,000. Numerous cottages have been built in the vicinity, and land is valued from \$200 to \$1000 per acre. O'Connor's house is no longer out of town. The intervening land is now occupied by buildings, and several, notably, Dr. Workman, have built beyond. Near the O'Connor house a lot of half an acre recently sold for \$1800. At Sconset the change is more surprising. The "Patch Work" village has ceased to be a suburb. All the land about it is covered with cottages. On the north side the village has rapidly extended far toward Sankaty, and at the end of another decade it certainly seems likely that there will be a continuous line of residences to the lighthouse. In 1878 the property holders of Sconset were assessed for \$57,000, of which non-residents owned \$6700. In 1888 they were assessed for \$174,000, of which non-residents represent \$80,000.

Two improvements could be made at Nantucket which would render the experiences of visitors more agreeable. Better facilities for reaching Sconset should be provided. The accommodations furnished by the railroad are not sufficient. This summer many people have been carried by its trains but frequent mishaps have prevented many more from going. The two locomotives were worn out when brought to the island and were not improved by being left out of doors all last winter. The track is so poor that several times trains have been derailed. Increasing travel to Sconset will force the railroad company to furnish cheap and safe transportation, or rumors of another road will be verified. Another source of annoyance is the excessive price charged for extras. The rates at the hotels do not vary from those of other seaside resorts, but there are no cheap boarding places. The lowest price charged is \$10 per week. But to see the sights exorbitant prices are paid. Boats and carriages the last season reached city prices. This will result in greater competition and those who depend entirely on the summer's visitors for their year's living will finally be supplanted by strangers who will furnish a better article at a cheaper price.

Correspondence Inquirer and Mirror. A NANTUCKET TEA PARTY.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—A few evenings since, the writer was invited to join a "New England Tea" at the residence of Mr. George F. Worth, on Pacific avenue, San Francisco, Cal. It was a gathering of old-timers from Nantucket, and represented the earliest pioneers, the average age being 65 years. The following persons were present: Mr. George F. Worth and wife, Mrs. James Mitchell, Mrs. Thomas G. Barnard, Mrs. Nathaniel Tallant, Mrs. George F. Barker, Capt. William B. Swain and wife, Mrs. Susan Fisher, Mrs. Oliver W. Easton, Mrs. Alexander Coffin, Mr. Charles W. Cook, Mrs. Joseph C. Palmer, Mr. Henry C. Macy and wife, Mr. William O. Reynolds and wife, and Mrs. Mary Ann Watson.

As the guests were bidden from 2 to 10, P. M., there was an early gathering, and the Nantucket of former times had a good warming up; each guest had a quaint story to tell of long ago, and many queer characters were resurrected; and as the old associates of thirty or forty years ago were brought vividly to mind, we seemed to be again walking the streets of our childhood home, and were proud of the fact that so many men and women, who have made their mark in the world, claim Nantucket as their home.

As our host is a "dyed-in-the-wool" Nantucketer, the centre table was well supplied with photos of the streets and by-ways of the town; and as they were passed around they greatly assisted in calling up the past, while busy memories found expression from all who were present.

The plain New England Tea took the place of the usual six-o'clock dinner, and eighteen persons sat down to the long table. The writer was fortunate in having a seat at the end of the table, and as she looked upon the guests assembled, was never more proud of old Nantucket. Time had done his work with the most of them, and the white and gray prevailed; with the maturity of age had come the unmistakable stamp of strength and individuality of character which life in this cosmopolitan bustling city, under this favorable climate, had developed. As we looked again, came the painful thought that many of the dear ones whom we joined here thirty years ago, full of bright hopes, had again passed on to a great undiscovered country; and with this thought came the comforting one that soon we should join them "beyond the gates," never again to seek a new home.

The tea-drinking was, as usual, very social, and according to the time-honored custom, when the second cup of tea was passed, the hostess was besieged for the recipes of the four kinds of cake. A toast was proposed for old Nantucket, but not drank standing, as it was a dry occasion.

After adjourning to the parlor, we were joined by the younger members of the families, and our old Fatherland again came to the front. Late in the evening one of the guests presumed to call for shellbarks and raisins, but was immediately "sat on" by the host, who informed her that in the olden time they were served only at the evening parties. There was a great absence of knitting-work, as California ladies are not noted for industry during the evening hours. At a late hour the "last car" was announced, and the old-time question was asked, "Who will have us next?" and I regret to say that the question has not yet been answered.

The present wife of Mr. Worth is not from Nantucket, but she entered into the pleasure of the entertainment with the greatest zest, and left no stone unturned to make the occasion an enjoyable one; her guests, one and all, voted the New England Tea Party a great success, and with an Auld Lang Syne in their hearts, they bundled into the cars for home.

ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., March 24, 1884.

Sept. 15, 1888

Apr. 5, 1884

Dec. 17, 1896

Childhood Days at Nantucket.

By Margaret S. Hosmer.

It has been said that the person is to be pitied who has not some one home of his childhood to look back upon, and around which his early memories gather; but to little Lucile and Amy, far more interesting than their own, seemed their mother's childhood home, which was a vacation home for them and reached only after a short sea trip full of untold pleasures. The children could not remember when they had not known and loved the ocean, and their summer vacations at the little island town of Nantucket were a never-tiring delight to them. To their mother, the home town with its quaint charms was an old story and became a thing of the past when her married life and new interests took her elsewhere; indeed, it even seemed to her lonely, on account of the many changes, when she returned there in later years.

But to Lucile and Amy, the grandchildren of the old home, who frolicked through the summer months in its antiquated rooms and about the little town, the delight of the place was unalloyed. "Step Lane" and "Stone Alley" became familiar names to them before they were old enough to appreciate their unique simplicity. And "garret" was such an acceptable name for the attic, and "shop" for what the children had supposed to be a barn, but in later years learned had been their great-grandfather's cooper shop in the days of the prosperity of the whaling industry in this little island town, when there were numberless coopers' shops where men were employed to make the casks that the ships carried to sea for the storing of the whale oil.

In the childhood of the children's grandmother there had been a great brick fireplace in the kitchen, though it had long since been replaced by a more prosaic stove. In those early days the Quaker mother had baked biscuit in the round "baking-kettle" hung from a crane over the open fire; and in the brick-floored oven at the right she had baked brown bread and beans, pies and thick loaves of cake. A long tin case, fastened against the wall over the shelf, had contained fresh candles laid length wise, for there were no lamps in those long-past days. The children's mother could just remember, as a little child, seeing the grandmother baking bread in the "tin-baker" which she placed on a stool in front of the fireplace, where the flames would shine upon it and thus bake the food inside. She could remember also the large tin spit, open at the back next the fire, in which meat was roasted.

Treloney Pompey, the colored woman who came from the part of the town called "Guinea" to help with the housework in those early days, sharpened the carving-knife by drawing it across the bricks of the fireplace. The grandmother had helped the little people of the past generation to boil candy in the round iron pot hung from the crane that swung out over the fire and could be shut back flat against the wall of the fireplace when not in use. Sometimes when there was no fire, the children used to stand inside the fireplace and look up at the small patch of blue sky directly over the top of the chimney.

But of these things, little Lucile and Amy of the present generation knew nothing. No one enlightened them as to the history of their surroundings, so they lived in the roseate present, enjoying things for their obvious merit. They were happy with a few pennies' worth of "Salem Gibraltars" or chocolate mice purchased at a little shop down the lane where a bell rang as one opened the door. They played in the garret with the antiquated baby-jumper suspended from the roof, and rocked themselves in the blue-lined hooded cradle which they called a boat—in which they did not know that they themselves had occasionally been rocked when they were babies.

In the "meal trough" in the garret their aunt kept her tumblers of marmalade—the same wooden trough into which the meal was poured when it came back from the windmill freshly ground, in the grandmother's childhood. Lucile and Amy "played house" with the old-fashioned gowns and Quaker bonnets and landscape-paper handboxes which the garret contained, and with the coffee-grinder screwed against the wall at the top of the stairs, without knowing that their grandfather used to come up these stairs every morning, in the years past, to grind the coffee for breakfast.

At the cheerful, sunny hour of noon the children liked to lie upon the low sea-beach in the hot sunshine, with the long ripples lace-edged with foam creeping up to their feet, and diamond wavelets sparkling on the blue water, and to hear the soft distant sound of the "Spanish bell" striking the hour in the gilt-domed church tower in the little town across the harbor. It was surprising what a sense of dreamy solitude would come to one, lying upon the sand, seeing only the blue sky overhead, the blue sea at one's feet, and the flat stretches of brown beach on each side. Lucile and Amy loved the blue harbor and the curved shores, and the little quaint, gray town awaiting them at the end of the harbor when the white-winged boat brought them home from an afternoon's sail.

For there was always the ever-fresh anticipation of returning home through the queer little narrow cobble-stoned streets, with their shingle-walled houses built close out upon the sidewalk. The town had become a summer resort; and besides the beautiful new houses of the summer people, the old homes with their gorgeous little seaside gardens were carefully and tastefully preserved by owners who had an appreciation of the antique; the high, pulpit-stepped doorways remained as of old, and the railed platforms upon the roofs where in former days the housewives had watched with spy-glasses for the return of the ships of their sea-faring husbands.

Within the houses were tall clocks that struck the hour with a tone as clear as a bell. There were secretaries with rolling fronts and handsome brasses, tall mirrors between the parlor windows; there were tiny windows called "lights" in the tops of the doors between the rooms; and on the walls hung large, gilt-framed oil portraits of the ancestors of the families, whose names, though their owners were long dead, could still be seen upon the doorplates beside the handsome old knockers. In the dining-

rooms were rush-bottomed chairs painted brown and gold, and on the mantels stood lamps ornamented with circles of glass prisms. There was an atmosphere about these dwellings that harmonized well with the gentle, cultured faces and well-bred voices of the ladies whose home they were, and who addressed one another by their quaint and pretty given names.

One could imagine the "tea parties" in the early days in these same

rooms. The ladies in their old-time costumes sat at table in the rush-seated chairs, and drank tea from the set of fine white china that the father of the family had brought from France in his ship. They drank from their saucers in those days, setting the cups meanwhile in the tiny "cup plates" that matched the set. The thin silver spoons bore a monogram of three letters entwined, which all the guests knew stood for the names of the hostess and her husband. Cold meat was served, and "tea biscuit" and cake; there were preserves, such as beach plums, cranberry, grape or quince, all of which grew upon the island; and sometimes there was preserved ginger, in its delicious syrup, brought by the merchant ships from China in earthenware ginger jars adorned with blue pictures and furnished with basket handles. The tea itself used at these parties was brought by the Nantucket sea captains in dark lacquered chests with Chinese figures inlaid on the covers.

But of the customs of those old days little Lucile and Amy knew nothing. To them, the interest of life was wholly in the present and its possibilities. To them their grandmother was the kind old lady lying on the sofa in the parlor—quite a distinct personage from her youthful portrait, which, done in oils, hung with that of her husband over the sofa; to Lucile and Amy their grandmother had no resemblance to the large-eyed young woman with the puffed hair and satin gown in the portrait.

To the children it was a pleasure to go to sleep in the big four-post bedstead in the front chamber, cuddled down in a feather bed with a curious "bolster" inserted under their heads. There were folding shutters that the many paned windows of the bedroom, and striped paper on the walls with bouquets of flowers between the stripes. On the high mahogany bureau stood two tall brass candlesticks, and beside the fireplace were brass tongs and shovel and a dear little red broom and a most interesting thing called a bellows. On stormy nights, the leaves of the big maple trees outside brushed against the window-panes, and it was homelike to see one's nurse sitting in the cushioned rocking-chair by the window. Sometimes at night in the fog and rain the fog horn could be heard very faintly blowing on "Pollock Rip;" and more often, the children could hear the romantically sad tolling of the bell buoy at the entrance of the harbor, just as it had tolled all day and night for many years.

M. S. H.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Aug. 31, 1912

The Days of Yore.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

I have read with much pleasure the many articles relating to the past, in your ever welcome paper and now that town meeting is over, can you give me a small space to write of the "days of yore." Only one writer thus far has gone back over fifty years, while I can write of the old times nearly 80 years ago. Perhaps there are some still living, who can remember those days and it will awaken pleasant memories of the past.

When I was a child I used to spend my summers at 'Sconset. My uncle and aunt lived at the end of the village, and my grandmother very near. The grassy streets which sparkled with dew in the morning, the little cottages, the ceaseless roar of the surf, I can never forget. 'Sconset is spoiled for me, for the old days were the best.

My grandmother used to go over the hills and gather the wool the sheep had left on the bushes in a tangle. She would wash the wool and when dry card it into rolls and then spin it into yarn. I can seem to hear the buzz of her wheel now.

When I was four years old she burned my arm with "touch wood." What kind of wood that was I never knew, but she thought it cured all diseases. Although 81 years old I have still the scar on my arm, which pleases my grandchildren very much.

Some one has mentioned the ponds in the south part of the town. The homestead of my grandparents stood on an eminence overlooking those ponds and near the Bear street school. Back of the ponds were old people whose grandchildren (some of them) are still living.

In the west front room of my grandmother's house stood a tall eight-day clock which now stands in the parlor of my city home in Seattle. In the east room were large, fancy, old oak chairs, supposed to have been brought over from England on the illustrious "tea ship," Beaver, of which my great-grandfather, Hezekiah Coffin, was commander.

The old house stood very high in front and sloped at the back (the style then). There was a large cherry tree, a garden, and a well with pavements around it. One of the grandchildren one day fell out the chamber window on to the pavements and was not hurt. He was about two years old and wore dresses which kept him up like a kite. He is now living at over 80 years in Wisconsin and he writes to me the thermometer is often 20 below zero, but he goes to the postoffice for letters and it is so cold he can hardly return.

When about six years of age, I attended a cent school kept by Mary Mitchell, who afterwards married a Dr. Russell. I still have one of her bills for my tuition. When about ten I attended the Coffin School, a tall building with high steps, which stood where Mrs. Schneider's house now stands.

My first teacher was a Mr. Dennis; then William Hughes, with his wife assistant; then Samuel Mitchell, Elizabeth Chase (Hutchinson), and Elizabeth Watson (Crane). I remember some of the scholars were Fred G. and Zenas Coffin, Ann C. Upton, Ann Elizabeth Dunham, Lucy Catherine and Mary Harriet Jenks, and many others.

I never thought then, when I was studying geography and especially about the large state of Washington and what we called the great desert, that my home would be in this far West. Where the Indians then roved the forest now stands the beautiful city of Seattle of nearly 300,000 inhabitants, and where we spend our summers is near the bay where the Indians fought their battles and where Chief Seattle, for whom the city was named, once plied his canoes. We never know when young, where our home will be.

We always had a test to try for the High school. I entered at twelve years of age, in the old building now gone. Augustus Morse was teacher, his wife often assisting him. Miss Maria Tallant (Owen) and Ann Mitchell (Macy) were assistants—teachers loved by all the scholars.

I can remember some of the scholars: Bruce and Putnam Upton, Johnathan Hazard, Henry P. Tallant, Caroline Tallant, Caroline Bassett, Sarah Jane Gorham, Maria T. Swain, Ellen Mitchell, Rebecca Watson and the Winslow sisters.

The lessons we learned then were far different from what we have now. I do not think I could even enter the High school now. There was Political Economy, Moral Science, Natural History and Botany. I was in Mrs. Morse's French class. What good is it to me now at 81 years of age!

I wonder if any of those scholars can now remember how we used to slide down the beams in that old attic. Those were happy days; I wish I could live them over. The remembrance of them awakens very pleasant memories and I think it will with others. I cannot take the space to write more about them.

I wish to add my recollections to J. E. C. Farnham's article on the colored population. My home was very near where we called "Guinea," so I know most all of them. Just below the hill on Silver street was an aged couple by the name of Ross. They were so neat you might eat off the floor—it was so clean. Their son James lived on the hill farther up. He adopted a lad who took his name, and the last I knew he was a Baptist clergyman in one of the Southern states.

Jacob Jones was a chimney sweep. In those days they built chimneys very large. He had rods in sections, with a broom at one end, and I remember that at one time he swept ours at the corner of Pine and Darling streets. In those days, coal did not make as much soot, yet sometimes the chimneys took fire.

Mr. Crawford had a daughter Julia, who died when a young lady, which was a great grief to him. He married Rebecca Pierce, who had two sons, Joseph and David.

Mr. Farnham mentioned Lucy Cooper. She and her husband, Arthur, were slaves. His daughter told me how they escaped from slavery, and the slave drivers came there to find them, but they did not find them, for they were hid in Ariel Coffin's attic—the house corner of Farmer and Fair streets, now owned, I think, by Frank P. Chadwick.

On top of a hill was a small building which was Zion's Church. The Methodist pastors used to go down there sometimes and preach to them.

Aunt Lucy used to clap her hands and shout: "Preach de word, brudder!"

There was a family named Barber with a pretty daughter named Rebecca. At one time Barber's wife gave birth to three boys. It was told they named them Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. I do not know how true it was.

There was Samson Pompey and his good wife Susan, a member of the Baptist Church; Lydia Green, the Porte sisters' grandmother, who used to be waiter at marriages. She attended my marriage 59 years ago. They often then had two kinds of cake and cheese.

A stranger colored preacher came to the little Baptist Church once. Charlotte Graves brought her children and some large pilot bread for them to eat through the service. The preacher said in his sermon that some time people would go over the Rocky Mountains to China. We smiled—my companions and myself—it seemed so absurd; but now it is so. They leave New York, come over the mountains and take a steamer for China and Japan.

There were many others of those people, but now only the Porte sisters remain. One has recently passed to the Better Land. Lydia Green's youngest granddaughter is president of the Epworth League of the Methodist church and active in all Christian work.

They are all gone from the southern hill. But the birds with their songs fly over them still; The swallows chirp sweet and the winds they sport free

O'er the home of my childhood, far away o'er the sea.

1913 M. F. C.
Port Madison, Wash., March 2.

Mary F. Coffin

Recollections of Half a Century Ago.

Editor of The Inquirer and Mirror:

In looking over your paper of December 15th I find mention made of much that was going on in Nantucket fifty years ago or more. I live in the village of South Hyannis, near the railroad dock. I was born in 1832 and have been marine reporter for the New York Herald, United Press and Associated Press since 1880 up to the present time.

I well remember when the disastrous fire at Nantucket occurred in 1846. I went from here in a small fishing smack with a party of friends, to look over the ruins of the burnt district. It so happened that we had no pilot and in a strong southwest wind we got aground on the west side of the harbor, so we were detained and had to stop over. I had relatives in Nantucket—a sister by marriage, who was later married to Obed Starbuck, who lived on Fair street. At that time the whaling business was thriving on Nantucket.

I saw mention made of vessels and steamers then at Nantucket. The U. S. steamer Verbena was built in 1871 and was commanded by Capt. Charles Gibbs. She went out of commission some sixteen years ago. Previous to the Verbena, the schooners Ranger, Captain Rowland Gardner, and Active, Captain Edwards, were used locating buoys and carrying provisions to lightships and lighthouses on the coast.

Speaking of schooners Onward and W. O. Nettleton, the Onward was run by Captain Snow as a packet between Nantucket and New Bedford, and she also brought grain, etc., to Hyannis. The Nettleton I recall as being in command of Capt. Henry Pinkham. She ran between Nantucket and Boston.

The schooners William F. Burleson and Lucy Church, Capt. Alden Adams, hailed from Nantucket, and later came the Abel W. Parker, Captain Snow. I can recall many other of the island "packets".

Regarding the steamers, I remember in the late 40's the steamer Nebraska ran from Nantucket to New Bedford, and she came on the Fourth of July one year and took some 100 passengers from Hyannis to New Bedford on an excursion. She got ashore in coming through Woods Hole and was detained on the trip, not getting back until late at night. Her name was later changed to Telegraph.

In 1855 or 56 the steamer Island Home was new and made her maiden voyage under command of Capt. Thomas Brown. He was her master for some time and she made daily trips from Nantucket to Hyannis, arriving here in time to connect with the morning train for Boston.

I remember well once when she was to leave the dock, a passenger had left her trunk in the station at Hyannis. Captain Brown, under orders from Mathew Starbuck, manager of the company, was ordered to his room and the mate, Nathan Manter, took charge of the boat. I think the Island Home ran to Hyannis until about twenty-five years ago. But when the railroad was extended from Buzzards Bay to Woods Hole, Hyannis was doomed. Soon after we had our machine shop, which was employing a big gang of men, destroyed by fire. It was rebuilt and later destroyed by fire again. After that the railroad work was all done in Taunton or Boston, and Hyannis suffered by its loss.

Someone referred to the old sloop Tawtemeo. Her captain was John Ray and when the steamer was laid up the Tawtemeo made regular trips here and to New Bedford. The Island Home had some rough times in winter seasons. I remember once when she left here at noon, and after her departure there came a heavy storm, with high wind and fearful seas. She got as far as Bishop & Clerk's light and had to anchor. Her whole forward doors were smashed in and after the gale abated she made her way back to the dock to repair up.

I recall officers on the Island Home with Captain Manter, as Mate Claghorn, of Edgartown, clerk Robinson—later Joseph Starbuck, and still later, Charles Crosby. Also recall Charlie Allen, who was express messenger. I doubt if any of them are living now.

I remember a Mr. Burgess and son who were in the meat business in Nantucket in the sixties; also John Winn, who used to deal in live stock and shipped lots of cattle on the steamers.

Very truly yours,
Aurin B. Crocker.
South Hyannis, Mass.

Feb. 16, 1918

No Place Like Nantucket.

Mrs. F. W. Evans, whose summer home is on Lily Street, is a columnist for the "Falm Beach Post-Times," writing under her maiden name, Emilie Keyes. Frequently Mrs. Evans devotes a column to Nantucket and usually we are fortunate in having some one of our friends see that we receive a copy of her article.

The latest column on Nantucket to appear in the Florida newspaper was printed Sunday, October 6, and appears below.

There's no place like Nantucket . . . no place . . . Where else could you indulge in the following conversation while waiting for the woman in charge of a shop to wrap up a package? . . . "Are you a native of the island?" "No, I'm the only member of my family born on the mainland . . . You know, my mother was a Hussey" . . . And not until you'd done a double take, do you recall that the Husseys were among the 19 original settlers who arrived back in the mid-17th century . . . And where could you encounter write-ups in the local paper about a group, known perfectly seriously as the Harmonious Hustlers, who've been active in one of the local churches for years . . . An interesting commentary on the way some of us johnny-come-latelys might acquire at least a surface patina of the antiquity, so important in a place where you're an off-islander even if your parents brought you over in their arms, was recently noted in the aforementioned nine-column "Inquirer and Mirror" . . . an ad placed by an upholstery shop regarding two portraits for sale . . . with added line in small type: "Could be anybody's ancestors."

(There is) a unique venture in youthful enterprise . . . Known as "Judy's Little Shop," it's located in a one-time playhouse in a lovely flowering garden off a main thoroughfare . . . 14-year-old Judy thought up the idea two years ago when her parents decreed she was too young to baby-sit . . . Insisting she must make some money of her own, she turned her doll house into a shop, learned to create attractive souvenirs out of native materials . . . such as shell mobiles . . . pressed seaweed pictures . . . driftwood frames . . . As long as there are the remnants of a summer crowd here after school begins, her mother attends shop . . . Judy is a real native, even though her maternal parent isn't.

Contrary to popular conception, geographically speaking the Island of Nantucket has a greater kinship with Wales than with Scotland, according to young Terry Carr, of New York and Mt. Lakes, N. J., who had joined her parents, the Gordon Carrs, at their vacation cottage here for a few days, following her return from six months wandering about Europe and the British Isles . . . Wales looks out over the Irish Sea . . . its mountains are in the distance . . . its days ranging from the blue and cloudless to the misty-foggy ones are remindful of the "How Green Was My Valley" land, in her opinion . . . "Both have a nice kind of desolation," she added, "and though the houses there are stone, they are gray like those here . . . Scotland she found much more mountainous than the softly rolling hills of Nantucket . . . the ever present heather giving a deeper purple to the moors there in contrast to the muted greens, bronzes, and hint of red now turning the countryside here into its annual fall paisley shawl effect . . . In Wales, she found everyone had heard of Nantucket, was interested in the island, where she has intermittently visited her parents during their September vacations here in recent years.

Small world department . . . The Marshall Miltimores, who spent several seasons in Palm Beach before becoming real year-rounders, recently returned from a business trip to New York via Boston . . . Whom should they run into that evening but Katharine Morrison and Mim Stowers . . . Also with the two Palm Beachers were Grace Powell, who has a winter home in Phipps Plaza, and Louise Skinner, whose new Algoma Road house was in the process of going up while she and Mim were vacationing in Canada and New England . . . But the world's not quite small enough to make it possible for even us avid theatre lovers here to drop over to Newport for an opening . . . Newport chances to be 65 air miles away . . . and you can't casually motor from an island community . . .

Also in the "Small World" vein . . . James Reid Parker, who does a monthly delightful human interest story under that general title in a widely known national magazine, is going to have to commute from Boston to Bermuda this winter, as he's hard at work on a new novel that requires considerable background research . . . He and his wife, Ruth, are still at their beach cottage . . . she'll go later to their mid-winter cottage at Bermuda . . . Rachel Wells followed her exhibition at the Flat Rock Playhouse with another at Asheville, with nice notices at each . . . Among her portraits exhibited was one of Lawrence Dame, who has been doing art criticisms in Sarasota the past year or two . . . just recently returned for a time to this island, where he formerly lived . . . Looks as though there may be a pretty good delegation from here at the opening of Orvy Bulman's second New York Show October 14 at the Grand Central Galleries . . . Artists John Sharp and Paul Crotchwaite, leaving here soon, hope to come in from New Hope, Pa . . . Edith (Mrs. Harold) Beach, prominent in Nantucket art circles, plans to time her Manhattan arrival so that she and her artist daughter, Ann, can be among those present . . . The George Vigourouxes may arrive at their New York apartment, where they expect to remain until they go to Palm Beach in early January, in time for the affair . . . We're waiting to catch a late plane that night so as to be there.

Nantucket's charm is as intangible . . . as William Oliver Stevens said in his "Nantucket: The Far-Away Island" expressed it: "Charm, such as a historic town possesses, has proved to be an elusive thing to catch and transfer to paper." . . . Mary Yates' whodunit has done a wonderful job of utilizing its local color in her sinister mystery . . . A favorite description from the book: "Nantucket spread its gray sun-dazzled roofs below . . . they marched down to the sea not in the orderly usual ranks of New England, but in the haphazard individualistic manner of the old Quaker town" . . . and referring to the title, "A Widow's Walk," the author gives the amusing description as a 'grandstand at everybody else's business.' . . . by-the-bye, Connie (Mrs. J. Timothy) Killen was responsible for unearthing this novel of World War II vintage from the Athenaeum's shelves as the library here is known . . . Speaking of Nantucket-inspired literature, an interesting encounter at a party . . . with Helen Wright, brilliant author of "Sweeper of the Skies," a biographical novel of Maria Mitchell, famed astronomer from here . . . Miss Wright was on a return visit to the spot where she spent many months in research and writing . . . now lives in California . . . And so on this day in which some of you may be reading this, we prepare regretfully to say good-bye for another year to the island . . . and to all of you until Oct. 21.



Top row, left to right: Mamie Defriez, Thomas Corey, Lottie Wyer, Emily Smith (Deacon), George Field. Second row: Edgar Chase, Lillian Murphy, Annie Pitman, Charlie Chinery, Anna Folger, Minnie Swain, Annie Ayers. Bottom row: Mamie Tracy, Will Gardner, Stanley Ellis, Ethel Coffin, Evelyn King, Phoebe Coffin, Eddie Smith.

Old Time Candy Hiding Frolics Brings Notes from Edgar Smith

Recently, in "Salt and Season," there was reference to the old time custom of Candy Hiding Frolics. Several people were interested enough to speak of the fun they had hiding out in peoples' attics and round cellars.

Edgar Smith writes about the time when Mr. Freeborn, who was a wall-paper hanger, papered a group of hiders into a closet in their home on Liberty Street and "still the boys did not smell a rat nor hear a snicker when they searched the Freeborn home." There are those in town who remember this incident well.

Mr. Smith is 87 years old and lives in South Lancaster at present. He's not too spry but keeps a few hens still. He got his apprenticeship in printing at "The Inquirer and Mirror" years ago.

In his nostalgic letter of old time Nantucket he enclosed this fine photograph by J. Freeman, Nantucket. It is one group of Hiding Candy Frolickers, and is not complete, as some failed to show up to have their pictures taken.

"This was before 1893 so it is at least 65 years ago." See Dr. Will Gardner there in front?

Annie Pitman, Ethel Coffin, and Phoebe Coffin were known as "The Sconset Girls."

Mr. Smith says: "What has become of Mamie Veeder and Amelia Holmes: Amelia taught me a lot about setting type."

The photograph is a very interesting study. Do you have any old ones of common interest you would like to share?

Mr. Smith's note: Tom Corey was a clerk in John Harp's store. Emmie Smith married Jimmie Deacon. Annie Pitman married George Grimes. Mamie Tracy and Will Gardner married. Phoebe Coffin married Warren Small. Ethel Coffin married Warren Austin. Lillian Murphy married Byron Pease.





